PILOTING YOUR LIFE

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PILOTING YOUR LIFE

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The Psychologist as Helmsman

By

Joseph Jastrow

Ph.D., LL.D.

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To E. J.

PREFACE

The present compilation, like its companion volume, *Keeping Mentally Fit*, owes its incentive and to a considerable measure its content, to the enterprise of conducting a daily column in which a psychologist confers and communes with his readers. But its purpose is more systematic. I began the undertaking with the intention of familiarizing the lay mind with the message and findings of modern psychology in all the many aspects in which the interpretation of our mental nature affects behavior. I soon found that a dominant interest was in the guidance toward better control of the mind's machinery, in the service of mental hygiene. Hence the adoption of the title, *Keeping Mentally Fit*. The most direct evidence of that interest was the large number of letters from readers suffering from the many minor varieties of mental disorganization, yet for the most part still carrying on with difficulty and distress and concern in the normal world; and another group who presented specific problems or symptoms that entangled their path. The informative purpose of popularizing psychology was continued, and the week's articles divided equally between my own selected points of presentation and replies to perplexed or inquiring readers.

Further experience, now extending to three years, brought forward the desirability of assembling the scattered precepts and principles in no formal way, yet with the continuity of a common purpose. That purpose is expressed as nearly as a title phrase can do so, in the present volume. To this end much of the material has been rewritten

or rearranged, topics briefly handled expanded to a more inclusive treatment, points of similar bearing brought together, articles especially prepared to round out the survey. It was hoped by this procedure to retain the readability and compass of the informal treatment along with the function of a single-minded guidebook to popular mental hygiene. It is as such a manual addressed to the lay interest that this present volume is offered. The decision found encouragement in the hospitable reception of the companion volume, now in its fifth printing.

The title, if not the project, can hardly avoid suggesting an ambitious intention; yet carried out, as it is, with a view of establishing a companionate relation between writer and reader, will minimize that implication. The course, from journey's start to journey's end, touches upon many interests yet with so much of a common purpose as the lay mind can easily carry in its travels. It seemed best, both in treatment and content, to adopt the presentation to the subject matter, with no aim at uniformity. The simpler topics have been more simply considered; and as the considerations grew in complexity the form was adapted to the scope.

The difficulties of this undertaking were considerable. If they have been successfully met, the credit belongs to the critical skill and discernment of my collaborator, Miss Elsie Junghans. The scheme of the presentation and the adaptation of the material to the present perspective is in the main her contribution. It is a pleasure to acknowledge my obligation professionally, and to record on another page my personal gratitude.

Joseph Jastrow

143 East 49th Street,
New York City.
February, 1930.

The Log

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INTRODUCTION

The Psychologist as Helmsman

The psychologist has come naturally and without presumption to assume the role of helmsman. With the increasing knowledge of human nature, came the desire to direct it to the interests of mental navigation. With a rush of converging currents, whose force is not yet fully realized, we find ourselves in many senses at sea. The world of mind has been enriched and enlarged; the sources from which it derives have been clarified. Psychology, a generation ago a forbidding word associated with formal academic study, has became a homely and familiar term. It appears in every column of the daily paper and now and then makes the front page. The ancient meaning of psyche has been restored. Psyche isn't mind as a logical instrument of cold thinking, but is warm with the glow of emotion, as complete as the whole of life that is lived not by bread alone. It is the fusion of the total endowment, the culminating issue of personality. It is our psyche that calls for guidance in the turbulent sea of modern life.

The psychological renaissance came with the frank recognition that in all things human the boundary between science pure and applied is illusory. It is true that psychology was rescued by way of the laboratory; and its data will continue to derive from controlled experiment. But psychology is the master science of the human group, in that all that man accomplishes finds its motives and its mechanisms and its organization in "mind." History is a

record of the "psyche" set in changing circumstance; in economics and politics it is likewise incorporated; sociology is frankly psychological throughout; morals and religion aim at codes of belief and behavior that have meaning only as reflected in the psyche; literature is another reflection; primitive mentality shows mind in the making in one setting, childhood in another. A common illumination shines upon them all, and ever with the steady light of interpretation, and the direction of the beam upon guidance.

Yet dominant is the practical temper of the age. The hope that we may apply provides the urge to learn. If knowing where human nature has its head waters and how its tributaries enter and combine in the flow, will aid to direct it into the channels of our desire, we are stimulated to follow its course. Morals and good citizenship haven't retired, but they are viewed as conditioned upon mental fitness. Psychology has acquired a clinical sense; and clinical means wisdom growing out of all varieties of experience, not bedside experience alone as it did originally. The therapeutic motive of relief of sick minds and handicapped personalities is an abiding one. If minds never went wrong, we should have a less keen interest in tracing how they work rightly. Mental hygiene projects the program of right living with the psychologist at the helm.

Modern life is exacting; it has placed a stress and strain upon limited areas of the brain that were developed under conditions of a free, varying, large-muscled, out-door activity, employing total energies in simpler ways. We have become reflective as we have become specialized; and yet more significantly, have become deeply and intricately sensitive to the hurts and wounds of a demanding way of living, and capable of suffering intensely from frustrations of natural desires and acquired ambitions. It is all part of one and the same evolution, part of the price

we pay in more poignant pangs, for higher thrills. The more highly organized personalities are the more readily unsettled; the over-reaction of sensitiveness, the distorted reaction of fatigue and strain, invite neuroses and disturbing complexes. They make the complications of mental piloting. They present enlarged the diagnosis that applies in moderation to all. It remains true that each must paddle his own canoe, pilot his own life; yet those who look for guidance appear in increasing numbers as they learn of the principles and interpretations that have come to the modern mind by way of modern psychology.

The psychologist is not alone in command. The nervous system makes body and mind one. The body-machine and the mind-machine have a single economy, yet with completely different modes of interaction. The Freudian contribution presents bodily symptoms as issues of emotional disturbance. Glandular psychology is a physiological contribution. Psychiatry, formerly taking its major clues from the basic medical sciences, without abandoning that insight, has reconstructed its technique under a psychological approach. By the same route crime ceases to be a legal or a social offense and becomes, in part, an issue of psychopathic trends.

For this array of reasons, psychology, touching life at so many points, may take its place modestly but confidently as a pilot in all stages of the journey from the cradle to the grave. By stages too complex to outline, we have arrived at a psychological age; we are mind-minded, as was no previous generation. Quite possibly we have our psyches too much on our mind. It is a long story of human progress from the old and the new Stone age, the age of Bronze, the age of Iron, the age of Steel and Steam and Electricity; yet these stages of invention mark only the easily recordable advances. The true ascent of man is psychic. We have

no accredited names for the stages of enlightenment which none the less represent the procession of mind. The ancient human nature persists, yet in such altered setting of circumstance and insight as to require a new order of equipment for its guidance.

Such is the justification of the present venture. The nature of its course will appear as the psychological helmsman directs attention to the human endowment and the problems it encounters, to the human scene and the situations it presents. Endowment and setting are alike too variable to provide simple schedules or detailed orders. The helmsman is no superman and derives his charter from only a more constant concern with the ways of human nature, which qualify for as they demand of each voyager the direction of his course.

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PASSENGERS AND CARGO

1. CHILDREN: THE TEMPER OF CHILDHOOD

AGE BARRIERS AND PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION—ADMONISHING THE CHILD—HUMAN FARMING—IMAGINATION—WHEN CHILDREN LIE—THE WHY AND BECAUSE STAGE—TURNING THE ADOLESCENT CORNER—RESTLESSNESS—THE PAMPERED AND THE HAMPERED CHILD.

Age Barriers and Progressive Education

VIEWED broadly, age is the barrier as well as the bridge of human intercourse. The family precipitates the problem of arranging life to permit the living together of all ages—of the old and the young, the mature and the adolescent. The biggest and the hardest problem is how to provide for children; they cannot grow up properly, as yet so many of them must, in the interspaces—the odd places left unoccupied by a crowding, grown-up population. We must face the fact that child psychology is so different in its needs and demands and its favorable mode of satisfaction that a child's world and an adult world have little in common. The great masses of men and women cannot provide for their children even a remote approach to the kind of a life that fits the child. Primitive life pre-

sented less of a problem in that it was free, irregular, easy-going and with a variety of occupations not too far out of the child's horizon. Civilization vastly increases the contrast if not the conflict between the ages.

Perhaps only so detached an observer as the visitor from Mars could see the situation in its true proportions. He would note that everything is adapted to grown-ups. The houses, the doors and windows, tables and chairs (with only here and there a concession by way of high chair and crib) are all several sizes too big for these Liliputian inhabitants. But if our Martian were psychologically minded, he would be far more impressed by the fact that there is almost nothing that father or mother or big brother or big sister does that can be of interest to the small child. The whole routine of adult life is not what childhood demands.

Childhood is sacrificed to the great god Convenience, and that means the convenience of grown-ups. There is unfortunately no help for it. The only practical policy is to reduce and ease the conflict of the ages. It requires a program of wise compromise. Since there is endless work to be done in the world and grown-ups alone can do it, it is going to keep most of them pretty busy attending to it. If we wanted to provide the best possible world for children, there would be but one occupation for the entire population. We should all be nurses or teachers or child-guiders of one sort and another, and only in our spare hours when relieved from duty, incidentally mechanics or clerks or trainmen or carpenters or butchers or bakers or lawyers or doctors or engineers. Yet we know that the machinery to keep the world going requires undivided attention to these occupations and professions.

The reason for stating this is to emphasize the in-

evitable conflict of the ages and the equally inevitable assumption of control by the busy adult workers of the world. Life must be adapted to adult needs or it can't go on at all. The psychologist, however, insists upon as great a respect for the life that the child grows out of, as for the life the child must grow into. His excursions into the realm of childhood form the basis of the modern theory of "progressive education." Though the real world remains the world of men and women, it is richer by recognition of the world of childhood.

Of course all generations knew something of the nature of children and the joys of having them; but they took them both too seriously and not seriously enough. They were too dead set on teaching them, and even more on moralizing to them. They kept on hand a ready stock of "don'ts" and used them freely. They showed by their manner that they were superior: when they were children they didn't pull the cat's tail, and spill the milk, and tear their dresses. Since they have no tendency to shout or romp or meddle or get their hands dirty or slide down the bannister or "sass" back, this proves how easy as well as how virtuous it is to refrain from these unnecessary or impolite actions. They regard the child as a creature to be recreated as soon as possible in their own image. To our modern way of thinking, even so good a book in its day as "Little Women" has a false name and emphasis. The major charm of a little girl lies in her *not* being "a little woman." This older view led to too serious a program for the child; taken back far enough, it touched the days when children were expected to read "The Lives of the Saints" and "Aids to Early Pietude."

The modern attitude assumed by progressive education is willing to take chances of loss in progressive learning and convenience of discipline for the sake of spontaneity

and freedom, and safer and saner emotional development. For that is where progressive education places an emphasis which is vital and far-reaching. This attitude is doing more to transform ways of living than the entire array of inventions such as the telephone, the radio, the automobile and moving pictures.

That foolish question so commonly asked of children: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" had better be replaced by "What are you doing now?" and "What do you most like to do?" And you will not and should not get the same answer to any of these questions as the years go on, for the child's progress is precisely the clue to the programs of progressive education.

But many of the older generation protest and can't let go of the standards by which they were brought up (with such demonstrable success that now they feel both well behaved and well educated), and which prescribed what children should do for their own good as the elders interpreted it. Well, nobody questions the importance of being clean and neat and polite, and using good language and running errands and doing your lessons and bringing home a good report-card. These values are by no means lost sight of by the progressive parent and educator. They are merely fitted into a bigger and better scheme in which the values are set by the needs and rights as well as the obligations of childhood. All of which means that the child must be understood and handled according to the standards of its own age—and not according to the standards of the grown-ups.

Admonishing the Child

"The burned child dreads the fire," but it may be questioned whether burning the child is the best way to

impress the danger of playing with fire. In the German picture-book the "scare method" was used; and little disobedient Paulina, who played with matches, is shown with her dress in flames, and then in a little green mound where she lies buried. Children survive even that method of teaching, but it is hardly the wisest procedure, or the only one. To the infant the flame is attractive, and the tendency is to reach for it and put the hand on it. The tendency for the mother is to seize the child's arm and stop it. This has been called the "frustration method." The result is two-fold; first, it sets off the irritation of the child at being stopped and a little rebellion against the person who did it; second, it increases the tendency to find out about that flame. If the child is old enough so that the mother can give it a warning, perhaps by placing her own finger near to the flame and pulling it away with a sign of pain, and letting the child do the same and feel the heat, the child will not feel frustrated and will have in the slight burning just enough pain to keep the finger at a proper distance, and not enough to be shocked by a severe burn or scared by too intense an emotional shock. Later on it will not need to be so constantly guarded, and it is set on the road to approaching certain situations cautiously. The other method is to rap the child's hand smartly when it reaches for the fire, or for anything else that you do not want it to touch.

These three methods of teaching a child the proper attitude toward fire—the "stop" method, the "taking the consequences" method and the "artificial pain or rapping the knuckles" method—may be considered as applying to training in general. There is something to be said for and against each method, and they may be combined.

The objection to the frustration or stop method is

that you may prevent useful experience and check desirable curiosity, or you may arouse resentment and strengthen the very tendency you want to check, or by the scare method you may develop a fear that persists and later limits and discourages inquiry. For children disposed to fear complexes, the fixation of fear may last much too long. Paulina in flames may scare an imaginative, timid child, while most children take it as a joke with a warning in it. Yet until the child understands, you must do some stopping; though as soon as you can you insist that the child itself must stop "it," whatever the "it" may be. The taking-the-consequences method has all in its favor, provided the consequences are not too serious. It is the one standard method that children will have to use throughout childhood and throughout life. But it has to be shaded and graded, and often you cannot possibly use it on account of the cost. You can't let children get sick and take the consequences of exposure and over-eating. The "consequence" method is sound, but its graded adaptation to each stage of impulse and sense is an art.

The "artificial pain" method has its champions and its opponents. Used moderately in infancy it helps to establish control without cramping freedom. When generalized to the universal spanking method, it is open to severe criticism, and soon raises many questions of humiliation, resentment, evasion and defense reactions generally. Since one must train the entire personality of the child in so many directions, indiscriminate spanking tends to destroy the perspective of behavior and to arouse an attitude of hostility and distrust that defeats its end. That there are both occasions and types of children for which spanking is often the simplest way out may be admitted without admitting that it is the best way. Even the

simplest beginnings of habit training are complex because they must steer between the too much and the too little. In the end we all have to use fire whether we play with it or not. We may as well learn how.

Human Farming

Some people believe there is entirely too much said and written about bringing up children, and advocate a simple process of human farming.

"Were it not for this rapid growth of the cerebral functions (the brain and all its thinking and feeling) the rearing of children would be a matter almost as simple and uneventful as the rearing of livestock." These are the wise words of a distinguished physician, Sir Hector Cameron, of London, who died recently at an advanced age. He lived to see his pioneering efforts to make clear the child's nature and the child's nervous difficulties the common property of intelligent parents. He witnessed a complete revolution in the ideas concerning children and their care, and he took a leading part in this reform. Our generation is the first to realize intimately what manner of beings children are.

If children hadn't the human kind of a brain, we could turn them out on a human farm and let them graze and grow up to man's estate. That nervous system of theirs is all that stands in the way of this simple solution of bringing up children. The meaning of this momentous fact that Dr. Cameron so pointedly states, hasn't penetrated under the skin of all otherwise intelligent parents and teachers, and some psychologists as well. There is still a yearning and a determination to simplify the problems of childhood, still an impatience with all this bother and pother about children and their ways. "Treat 'em rough"

and not like hothouse plants, and they'll turn out all right! As a wholesome offset to coddling and sentimental mishandling, that's a sound policy. But the reason why inconsiderate, roughshod, routine, repressive "to be seen and not heard" discipline is as bad and worse than foolish spoiling and indulgence, is one and the same. Children are not livestock; they have highly organized, sensitive nervous systems, and the "child" condition of that nervous system is a peculiarly sensitive stage of its development. Many a tough adult was a tender child.

The main point is to combat the idea that child-nature is simple. That's the fallacy, and the menace of the extreme form of behaviorism that makes its claims boldly and advertises them sensationally. Bringing up children! The simplest thing in the world! It is all a matter of stimulus and response. Condition them rightly, get them used to do the right things under the right stimulations, and you will have no trouble at all. Parents make most of the troubles that their children give them.

Now, there is just enough truth in this that it is likely to be taken for the whole truth. For very simple situations that do not involve so much of what Dr. Cameron calls the "cerebral function" it is almost wholly true; but just as soon—and that's early in infancy—as child behavior is profoundly affected by the rapid and complicating development of those higher thinking and feeling functions, what was at first a rather simple situation becomes in sensitively organized children a decidedly troublesome and complicated one. In the case of rather stolid, tough specimens few of these complications arise. They can be made much worse by false and much relieved by wise handling. So the evidence is not all one way; and there's something to be said for the simplifiers.

But they ignore so much, that the picture they draw

of child behavior is essentially wrong. It is a psychology without a fringe; the center is there, the focus is right, but the background is ignored. You can isolate an infant in a laboratory and learn important laws of behavior; but a child in a family nursery is exposed to such indefinitely complex stimulations and reacts to such fine differences among them that the fringe, the setting of the stimulation gets to be more important than the stimulation itself. By reason of the inconvenient complexities of the human brain we shall never be able to do human farming, nor will the training of a child ever be a simple matter.

Imagination

A PART of the charm of children is their imagination. Their minds are not fettered by reality, not bound hard and tight to the facts of the world. They play with their minds, and the vividness of their fancies and imaginings enters into their recreation as well as into their purposive pursuits.

In visiting a small boarding-school I found a doctor examining the throats of the children to make sure that all was well, for one of their number had developed a contagious trouble. Three little girls came merrily out of the doctor's room. One said: "I have pneumonia"; the next: "I have tuberculosis"; the third: "I have diphtheria." It was all such fun to make light of the whole matter and to play sick. Next I was observing a boy of ten slightly bored because the grown-ups in the room were discussing a matter of business. He began to play out loud, using as instruments of his game a pen-holder, a tray with a marble base, a pair of carved book ends and a small bronze model of a gondola. That was enough.

Playing out loud he said: "The gondola is going up to the marble palace (the tray) and now it's passing one of the great monuments of Venice (book ends)." Five minutes later all this was forgotten and he was wrestling with a companion. While the grown-ups were talking real business, the child was playing with his imagination, but ready at any moment for his real business—in this instance wrestling with his friend.

That all work (reality) and no play (imagination) makes Jack a dull boy is just as true after Jack grows up. Of course we can't keep that idle flexibility, but we should never wholly lose it. The artist in whatever field retains it; he can't create without it. It won't do to let reality crowd out imagination too much or too early. For once lost the creative, imaginative touch is not easily regained; with growing years, it must be put to new and more serious uses. But the plant must be kept watered, or the blossoms will fade and the leaves drop away.

The child's imagination is a precious gift; it makes the charm and the tone of childhood. It must be preserved even as it is trained. When it grows dull, at whatever age, we become stale and prosaic. We all get matter of fact soon enough. The realities of the world attend to that. Let us be imaginative while we can and remain sensitive to the thrills of make-believe.

But there's likewise the other side of the tale: too much imagination. Taking the imaginative not as play but as replacing reality is dangerous. Romancing of this character is called fantasy. Four to seven is called the fantasy age, when the typical child lives in a world of his own creation rather than in the world of reality. But when this stage continues much beyond these years, espe-

cially when it serves to glorify the child in his own view, it needs watching. For romancing and lying are of close kin.

When Children Lie

Children's lying, though real enough, may on occasion be partly romancing, with a touch of confusion between the worlds of the real and unreal. To cultivate the imagination in the interests of mental fitness and to avoid its service in creating an alibi is the pertinent problem.

Lying is serious. To understand it we must have in mind why and when children lie. The most common reason is to evade, to escape unpleasant consequences. By making consequences too unpleasant you increase the temptation to lie. Since the temptations to lying are so many and so common, the moral question of its control is important. Romancing for fun and lying for profit must be kept far apart.

One way of dealing with children's lies that doesn't work is moralizing and holding up extreme and unnatural examples. You may thunder and you may preach, you may denounce and you may punish, you may even wash out a boy's mouth with soap and water or describe future places of torment with specially uncomfortable seats for liars, or threaten to call the police or what you will, and you'll get nowhere. That has been done for generations with indifferent success. And I shouldn't be in favor of such methods if they did work, for as you cured the boy of lying and cast out one devil you might let in others and worse. Children's lying is a complicated matter, and any one who tells you he knows just how to cure it isn't telling the whole truth. The best that anybody can do is to give a few suggestions and leave the

rest to the wisdom of the parents and teachers, as the cases arise. It's the first-aid step in the right direction to recognize that the problem requires patient consideration and the art of diplomacy. If you know how to talk to children, to gain their sympathy and meet them and their problems on their own level, a good sound talk now and then on the meaning and the meanness of lying may do a lot of good.

Note that this child will lie about one thing and that about another. When something is broken or taken, be careful how you go about finding out who did it. And make it plain that you aren't easily deceived, for lying is often indulged in for the joy of "putting it over." Once the child has lied he is apt to stick to it, which complicates the problem. And the gang spirit must be considered. Children won't tell on one another; that tendency must be respected, yet cannot be allowed to interfere with truth telling. There are black lies and white lies and all shades in between. So it's rarely a simple matter and makes the handling of children's lies an art of diplomacy. You must not make mountains out of molehills, and yet must recognize that little liars grow into big ones. The habit must be watched and situations anticipated; prevention is better than cure. Lying is a great temptation; reduce the temptation.

Put the big emphasis on a right relation between teacher and pupil, between parent and child. You'll be a model teacher or a model parent if you're the kind that a child won't lie to. "What, never?" . . . "Well, hardly ever," as the Captain says in "Pinafore."

All of which is not a program nor an infallible cure for lying. It's a question of what is called morale, something like a workable ideal, a plane of living, a code that we all agree to live by. Nobody is completely dis-

honest; so few are perfectly honest that they may be dismissed from consideration. What we want to establish is a high morale, yet one within reach of the majority. You don't have to be a prig to be honest, but you're a bit of a cad if you lie for low, selfish reasons.

The Why-and-Because Stage

As the normal child develops, he passes through a stage, somewhat exhausting and trying to his elders, which we might call "the why-and-because stage." While some mothers are content to say: "Johnny is getting smarter and smarter every day," intelligent mothers with a flair for psychology will be interested in the details of how the child grows. Professor Piaget, who conducts an institute for child study in Geneva, found that very young children are interested only in themselves. Each has a circle of interest of which he is the center. When children of three or four years are playing in the same room they don't play together; each plays by himself in the company of the others. From that age on they begin to play with one another, and what one does or says the other responds to. Yet still for the most part one tells the other what he himself is doing.

The first type of "because" comes out of that personal relation. It's a personal motive; it tells why the child does things. "Why did you come home?" "Because I was mad at Johnny." "Why?" "Because he wouldn't let me play with his kitten." The early stage of reasoning operates almost wholly in this field of personal interest. The same habit of mind occurs in the childhood of the race. Primitive people's explanation of the wind and weather is all personal, and they invent gods and demons who act from motives similar to their own. When it thunders "God is

angry." Myth and fairy tale have something in common with the child mind.

As the child grows older he becomes less self-centered. He becomes interested in many things outside of self, mainly in things that he still plays with and controls, and in matters that enter into his ever broadening world. He becomes aware of the world of real whys or causes of things and their ways. He asks: "Why does my boat float?" He reaches this "why" by his own experience with things that float and things that sink; he doesn't just accept the fact that in his bath the soap floats and the china soap-dish sinks: he wants to know why.

In this second stage of "why" and "because," which is a busy, active stage, the child becomes a walking and talking question-mark and tires out his elders because every "because" leads to a new "why?" How far you can go in explaining why things float is clearly a matter of maturity. In time you can explain it in terms of specific gravity, why some things are heavier than others and that the lighter float. But the need of an explanation marks the growth of the mind.

There are a lot of arbitrary relations in this world which the child just accepts, but he accepts them with a little more insight year by year. "Why do I have to go to bed?" "Because it is dark." "Why doesn't Tommy go to bed?" "Because he is older." "Why can't you buy my ball to-day?" "Because it is Sunday and the shops are closed." "Why are they closed?" Well, you have your choice of answers. But all of them bring in a third order of whys—the social rules by which we regulate our affairs. So there are three orders of causes: physical, psychological (motive) and social. A child encounters them all. To answer all of a child's whys is a game of patience, but through it all you catch the growth of

a child's mind. Such is the common view of causes as motives, and cause-and-effect causes and arbitrary customary relations; yet these appear in all sorts of mixtures, so that the child is soon out of his depth and asks more whys than he can understand becauses. And, when you think of it, so do you. You, too, stop when your experience stops; only you have a little more of it, and so can measure the child's progress by his growing ability to share your world. But it's not an easy matter to trace this route, familiar as we are with its course. It is interesting to watch your child's whys and becauses and also your own.

Turning the Adolescent Corner

The focus of the problem of education lies in that period of rapid change when childhood recedes and manhood appears. Marked bodily changes accompany still more marked emotional and mental transformations. "Growing Into Life," on which Dr. David Seabury has written a big book, begins before that period and continues for many years after, until eventually a man comes into his own. But the psychology of adolescence is central; in the strenuous and often turbulent years that follow, the boy is trying to find himself, and the girl no less so, though differently.

So profound is the adolescent transformation that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we are twice born: first when ushered into this world, and again when reborn into the world of manhood or womanhood. The turn is often sudden. It is a decidedly straining experience at best, and the wonder is that so many go through it safely rather than that disasters are common. When all this comes with a rush, the boy grows so fast in some directions that the rest of him can't keep up, and he

seems to fall behind or get into trouble. There is strong evidence that much of this rapid growth-process, and the mental and emotional difficulties accompanying it, are instigated by those powerful and somewhat mysterious organs known as the glands of internal secretion. The change in glandular balance is notable when the life of sex asserts itself.

Then, above all, nature must be respected. The artificial direction that we call schooling, in terms of which we are too apt to measure mental development, and the economic plans of life—important as both are—may well give way to the imperious demands of nature's program for growing into life. In such cases the physical growth-processes have the right of way. Inevitably for most boys and girls we do no more than provide as best we can for an environment that meets these growing needs. These form the very center of the school years, and the feeling is natural that the process of schooling must go on or time and continuity be lost. Yet schooling also is preparation for growing into life. It is so much a part of our conventional program that often we forget how artificial it is. The school of Dame Nature has superior claims.

Adolescence is so special a problem that it requires a peculiar aptitude in leaders, whether they be teachers or doctors or ministers or big brothers or just fathers, and above all, mothers, to direct its career wisely—a parallel but different problem for each sex. Just because it is so largely a sex-toned problem can men help adolescent boys —and women adolescent girls—most effectively. Childhood is a totally different matter, requiring a different flair for its understanding and direction. For boys, especially at this age, it is of great importance that most of their contact in guidance, with teachers particularly, shall

be with men. The ideal boy scout-leader is a specialist in adolescence. To be that, he must be more than expert in the ways of the world and technique of self-help, and the social art of getting much out of his men while yet one of them; he must be a psychological scout-leader and know intimately the secret places of a boy's heart, the gateways to his pride and the springs of motive to release his best efforts. Boy-scouting expresses that freer type of activity helpful to those growing into life too rapidly. If it can be combined with schooling so much the better. Often it is best to let schooling go for a time and let Nature complete her part in growth of body and maturity of mind. In these civilized days artificial adolescence is too apt to dominate over natural adolescence. Nature's program must ever be respected.

This is the period that particularly tries the nervous child. It brings into the life of the restless and aggressive child a new order of disquiet. The restless adolescent fiddles and dawdles, interrupts, rebels, objects to routine, declines to join the groups, sulks, is unruly generally. A growing sex irritability complicates the situation. In contrast the recessive child becomes a picture of shyness, with explosive outbursts of irregular behavior. Greater poise is the common objective; it must be reached by different compensations. The aggressively unstable adolescent may find in the group the restraining influence he needs, for he is apt to be more unruly alone; on the other hand, the group sets off the handicap of the timid child. A good part of school work is done in groups; and facing the group is often the trying part of the performance. The recessive child may well be spared too much social strain; the aggressive child encouraged to socialize his activities. Shyness should not be penalized by school-marks intended for ignorance and neglect. Even so simple a measure as rehears-

ing lessons at home aloud may associate vocal expression with the confidence of knowledge. Companionship of opposite temperaments is helpful to both. Adolescence calls for a new order of management.

Restlessness

A SPRIGHTLY letter from a sensible if concerned mother brings out the well known restless temperament of children. She says:

I am one of those mothers who pooh-poohed a good deal of this child-study, because it seemed too much ado about what a little common sense would manage well enough. So my two children grew up as normal, and if you like, as commonplace as they make them. They do well enough in everything, not *very* well in anything, and badly only in whatever requires imagination. They are tough as nails, sleep like tops, eat anything that's food. Tom is just ready for High School, and Mary is two years younger and up to her grade.

But Jerry! That's the burden of my song! Jerry! I never believed that anything short of a flying squirrel in a cage could be so restless. Jerry is a-quiver from morning until night. He never walks, always runs or jumps; often yells. The other night he was in bed ready to go to sleep. It was windy; a door banged. Before I could rise from my chair, Jerry was at the top of the stairs, scared. It took me seven steps to walk with Jerry back to his bed. How he got there without being shot from a gun, I don't know. He fidgets and fusses, can't play because he hasn't the patience; and so on to the end of the chapter.

He wears us out, and he wears himself out. How anybody, even an 8-year old, can live at that pace and survive, I don't know But what I want to know is how you can keep down that restlessness. Jerry is bright, everybody says so. But unless he gets some control of his impulses, he will never do anything. I don't mind his naughtiness; but I am appalled by his restlessness. What is the cause?

Extremely restless children like Jerry are born and not made. When one child differs so markedly from his brother and sister though brought up in the same way, it looks like a difference of nature. But for one Jerry there are a score of near-Jerries; and it's the near-Jerries,

inclined to restlessness, who can be turned to near-normal by wise treatment, or made worse if wrongly handled.

Restlessness is a symptom of an active, irritable, nervous system; so are the common twitches and spasms and fidgets. Restless children are bundles of impulses. Nervous children are ordinary children exaggerated; now one phase of childish behavior dominates, such as anger tantrums—now another, such as night and day terrors—now still another, such as food difficulties and aversions. The mother selects the one thing to be cured in her problem child that most worries her. Restlessness is seldom absent and is frequently the storm center of concern.

There are other Jerries, whose restlessness is not so troublesome as their resistance to all discipline and their complete loss of control of temper, their screaming and yelling and throwing things when crossed. But whether you regard your problem as the lowering of restlessness, or the curbing of anger, or the acceptance of discipline, it's all one and the same. It is taming the aggressively nervous child, reducing his irritability, keeping him as calm and quiet as his nerves permit.

There is no motor-center soothing syrup. Each neurologist has his own technique for handling over-excitability, and none feels very sure that his way is best. They recommend peaceable surroundings, calm but firm routine, generous consideration for the child's weakness; abundant sleep, frequent rest-periods, playing with calm children, planning ahead to avoid excitement, using every opportunity to teach patience in management. It's a vague and unsatisfactory program at best. Energy-patterns run too deep for any superficial treatment. They illustrate pointedly the temperamental set of childhood. They will yield only to a wise, tolerant treatment pursued for years.

The patterns of nervousness are of several orders, and

they shift with the years, notably changing at the period of adolescence. The child whose nervousness takes the form of shyness is likely to find his difficulties increased as he approaches the awkward age. That same transformation may tone down childish restlessness, or give it another turn. A mother's work is never done, and a parent's troubles are never over when the child has "nerves," until the problem becomes his own.

The Pampered and the Hampered Child

The Freudian psychology deserves credit for bringing the family relation into the center of the human scene. Whatever we think of its value, it has made plain that a wise attitude of parent to child and child to parent is a vitally important factor in the life of every one. This is as obvious as it is natural, for it is a long continued and intimate relation during the most sensitive and responsive period of growth. At that period parental influence is the dominant factor. Every other relation is secondary.

The Freudian view is against domination and for independence; it opposes both kinds of over-attention, alike too much tender solicitude and too much severity in guidance. A too solicitous parent, more commonly a mother, binds the child too closely to her own guidance: the apron strings become soul-strings and bind what should be set free. The situation becomes critical as independence becomes imperative to growth. When to shelter, when to release and even expose, that is the question. If the mothering is overdone the mother-image becomes fixed, and a boy may later be hampered in his courtship because he can't find any girl just like his mother. A further Freudian consequence is that he becomes jealous of his father and antagonistic to him—

wishes in a sense to take his place. You then have the makings of a family tragedy and a youthful neurosis. On this basis each Freudian rolls his own story. How much of it and how generally it applies is another story.

There are similar versions of the father and daughter relations with the same morals attached. The whole set of distorted relations is called the family romance. So far as it applies, it is in my opinion a neurotic romance or a neurotic family. The underlying doctrine is sound enough as a precept of mental hygiene without seeking enforcement from the extreme cases in which plainly unhygienic relations, emotionally speaking, obtain between parent and child. Not primarily to avoid neurosis but to secure a proper degree of independence should children be not unduly hampered nor unduly pampered. And it is hardly a helpful question to ask: "Which does more mischief, the pampering parent or the hampering parent?"

The over-sheltering prevents a freely developing life by protecting and hot-housing and wet-nursing: it is too much father or too much mother, and not enough boy or not enough girl. The hampering parent is the more familiar type of domination. The tyrannical form of it is going out of fashion, but the spirit of it endures. It leads either to revolt or to helplessness. Even though the domination is kindly, the result is the same: too much parent, not enough child.

The Freudians on the whole have less to say of the hampering parent. But they trace antipathies to such source, and the difficulties in emancipation from routine and tradition, when the boy or girl must choose and stand alone. A narrow plan of living has much to answer for in this respect in so far as it sets great store by rigid conformity to observance, and sets up restrictions that impose rather than guide.

The argument for domination is that there must be a master in the house; that children must have their problems solved for them; that youth cannot have its fling unregulated; that the world is going to pieces for lack of discipline; that license is mistaken for liberty, and the Freudian ban on repression is taking the lid off all proper social restraint. The reply reads that firm direction is not domination; that authority need not be domineering; that the goal is self-government in increasing doses; that domination sets a bad example and incites rebellion.

The problem is one of mental hygiene and should be considered from the point of view of normal people in normal relations, not with the Freudian bugaboo of impending neurosis as the major consideration. Every one with any wide acquaintance with varieties of home surroundings and the kind of men and women who emerged from them, must acknowledge that he knows of many unfavorable domestic relations which the children happily survived, and as many favorable relations which did not prevent the children from growing into failures as handicapped men and women. There is no certainty about educational issues. The world seems to have settled to the opinion that independence is a value worth training for, and that a spirit of domination stands in its way. But the opinion is equally established that there is no substitute for discipline wisely administered, and that means with due regard to circumstances and the varieties of human nature. It is often said that the best form of government would be that of the beneficent despot; the difficulty is that despots are not apt to be beneficent. The same is true of the domineering temperament. The problem is not of avoiding the abnormal but of establishing a rational mental hygiene.

2. MEN AND WOMEN: THE ADULT STATURE

Sex as a Way of Life—Implications of Sex—The Cave Man Within—The Level of Performance—Living at One's Best—Defects of Qualities—The Cult of Youth—Stimulating the Mature Mind—Sensibility, the Master Quality—Uncommon Clay—The Rewards of Maturity.

Sex as a Way of Life

Sex is to begin with and remains a provision of nature to continue the race; but it is also a complete determination of a way of life. There are no human beings, only men and women. If Mars were inhabited by creatures otherwise wholly like ourselves but not divided into male and female, we shouldn't recognize them; they would not be human. Masculinity and femininity run through every phase of what men and women are and do. Sex determines comprehensively the total equipment for living with marked characteristics at every stage, though increasingly so as the sex urges reach full expression. Your life as a man, and yours as a woman, has far wider implications than what may fall to your lot as lover and husband and father, as beloved and wife and mother. It means that the entire endowment, character, outlook and occupation are all differently perspectived in the male and female version of the personality. Much of the difference in the picture is conditioned by convention and tradition, by what is encouraged and what repressed; but by far the more essential part of the composition is set by nature.

The human world is the richer, and life the more interesting and rewarding, because of the two orders of

beings that compose it; without that theme of contrast and complement, life would be lived on a lower and duller plane. Yet if sex were all-absorbing, the world would never have been explored, nor cities built, nor trade established, nor the arts and sciences developed, nor a setting created for an intimate family life and an elevated social order. Each of the characteristic human ventures continues to reflect the qualities derivative from sex. With the present complicated social structure, and with the new emancipation of women allowing them to take part in it more freely and more adequately, there have arisen in the new order revised tests of an ancient quality: how we bear our parts as men and as women and how we accept and express our relations to the other sex.

In respect to endowment the modern outlook is both clarified and obscured; we seem to know more why and wherein men and women are alike, and to be more puzzled as to why and wherein they differ. Mental tests and school performance, now extended to college education and beyond, reveal no marked differences in grades of intelligence and capacity to learn; each sex has its minor advantages. Certainly intelligence is not a sex-linked trait. In respect to achievement, the contrast of what men and what women have contributed is so marked that it can hardly be reconciled with the measure and range of the sex-differences demonstrated by tests and experience. Much of it must be due to variations in incentives, ideals, expectations, traditions attached to the sex-roles, and to enforced limitations to which women have been subjected in the several systems of social control. Yet alike when these have been largely removed, and in fields such as music, the arts, literature, religion, in which they obtain but moderately, the contrasts in grade and quality of achievement remain decisive.

On the stage, where the personal qualities count so directly, the achievements are most nearly equalized so far as they are comparable, since the sex-role of the actor is continued in his part. In musical endowment women hold their own with men; likewise in musical performance. But in musical composition men lead immeasurably. In painting and sculpture the comparison is fairer, yet the honors are far from evenly divided. Where emotional sensibility personally expressed is a basis for performance—and this includes phases of the literary arts—the orders of achievement of the two sexes become more comparable. Where the objective pursuit dominates, the disparity grows.

Women excelling in science are rare and in philosophy almost nil. The comparison should not be restricted to the highest achievements, but should include marked proficiency of all grades. Certainly the superiority of the masculine endowment, when liberally conceded, cannot be as marked as is indicated in the mentions allotted to the two sexes in biographical dictionaries and current "Who's Who's." Nature's distribution of endowment and nature's laws of heredity do not provide for such glaring contrasts. How can they be accounted for?

I suggest four lines of contributing influences: interest, incentive, opportunity and supporting qualities. Women's interests differ from men's, not wholly but sufficiently to contrast their achievements. Even within the intellectual tests of college courses, women's preferred studies differ from men's. They are not excluded but exclude themselves from engineering and law. They haven't the same urge to throw their energies into a career as have men. Nor does the social system, however liberalized, give them equal opportunity, equal inducement to convert endowment into career. One might argue that had they equally vital urges, backing strong interests, they would

provide the incentive and create the opportunity. The supporting qualities may go far to determine the issue.

With similar yet not identical mental endowment, the efficiency or working edge and potential achievement varies considerably. The emotional equipment is the more fundamental, and brings it about that men are more pugnacious and self-assertive, persistent, strenuous, determined, enterprising, having as well a stronger bent for direction, organization, competition, construction, invention, reform. They feel the call to action more realistically.

Men take life more objectively, with wider venture and a more self-directed swing. Women tend to be more socially and emotionally centered, and in their enterprises suffer more from conflict of interests, with the personal, social, emotional ones dominating. However regarded, whether in terms of endowment or achievement, the psychology of the contrast remains consistent.

How to appraise the varieties of sex differences, all derived closely or remotely from the differences of the sex-roles of nature's decree, is a difficult matter, and remains a sharply controversial one with prejudices rampant. Those who set great store by formal tests conclude that the large differences in behavior, interests and achievements, result mainly from the differences in what the environment expects and encourages in men and women. Others are impressed by the large differences in expression in all respects, and regard the tests as bearing on just those expressions in which the differences are slight; they hold that the significant sex-differences, however derivative, are established by nature, and run through every detail of the supporting endowment and the resulting achievement. Even small differences when cumulative may count heavily. Moreover, nature's scale of significance counts above the artificial one of man's de-

vising. So far as our world is a man-made world in a masculine sense, qualities strong in men will find greater opportunity and reward. If the progress of the world and the preferred way of living depend, as they clearly do in some respects, on following masculine trends, in so far masculine dominance is assured; so far as that progress depends as decisively in other respects on qualities favored in the female, will the place of women attain importance.

In my opinion, the differences of men and women throughout their range are so decidedly set by nature and appear so pre-eminently in all expressions, personal and professional, that I should stake the entire system of education upon it. Men and women are different in most considerations that weigh heavily. Even when they show comparable performances, they accomplish them in different ways, on a different perspective of supporting qualities. While education, including tradition and the entire social structure, can do much to make men and women more alike or more different, nature has done by far the most of it. In our direction of human affairs nature should be respected and followed. There is no question of superiority or inferiority, but of nature-set differences. These must be considered in our ideals of right living. The piloting of a woman's life is a different art from that of a man's.

For many reasons, how men regard women comes to be the central consideration. Alike by virtue of the role assigned by nature and of the control exercised by men, this decision, whether both vote at the polls or not, preponderates. It goes by no recognized name and much goes into the making of it; seemingly vague, it is vital. On the one side it is affected by the economic condition of women and the service they perform; on the other it

takes form by way of the sex-life of courtship and mating. It would be a psychological disaster if either of these should crowd out the mutual influence of men and women in the interests of nobler ways of living. Until a better term is available, let this be called the cultural value of the relation of men and women. Civilization enthrones it; it becomes the test of the rightness, no less of the economic status in which sex is supposed to be minimized than of the intimate relation in which sex is all.

Chivalry in some form is an expression of the cultural value of men's relations to women, not as concession, nor yet romantic admiration, but as deep appreciation. The word, if it can still be made to do service, may be used not in praise of an ancient virtue, but with the intent to incorporate into it a fairer modern appraisal. The enduring qualities remain; the charm, the sympathetic understanding, the devotion of women, the feminine enrichments of life, require no paean of acknowledgment; but in restating the cultural role of women all who believe that human welfare and right living depend on high standards in this central of all human relations have an interested voice. Psychology re-enforces the verdict. The attitude of approach is a rational though emotionally supported understanding of the contributions of women, of women at their best no less than of men at their best, to what most makes life worth living.

It is obvious that the relation of men and women can be lived on any plane from the crudest to the most refined; obvious that this relation is the touchstone of human worth. Because in such significant matters the individual man takes his clue, if open to such educative process, from the ruling and higher standards and ideals that prevail, is the general interpretation of this relation momentous, not as theory but as practice, not as preached

but as lived. To be a member of a social order in which the influence, the opinion, the values cherished by women, and men's relation with them, are all set on a high plane, is itself a social inheritance that goes far to order the values of life for both men and women. That is the basis of the new chivalry, if such it may be called; it makes the issue not the traditional "woman question," but the cultural "man-woman" question. Whatever lowers the plane on which men and women meet is a social, a cultural liability; whatever raises it is an asset. This becomes the supreme test of the wisdom with which any social order realizes the implication of sex.

Conditioned unquestionably by the economic status of women on the one side, and by the complex regulation of sex as sex on the other, the cultural status of women dominates in the total issue. By reason no less of the masculine endowment and its limitations, as well as of the masculine control of affairs, the feminine component has a large redemptional value for masculine psychology. Hence the justification of what otherwise would be a one-sided emphasis. The same considerations justify the estimation of men according to their capacity to appreciate the qualities of women. Certainly at all times, and notably in our day, have fine men shown their worth in their relations with women. Yet the place of this quality as a guide to right living is a matter of moment because of recent disturbing, subversive discussions of sex.

The economic value of women will stand on its own footing; it will shift with the needs of the times; it will be wisely achieved only as it cherishes and embodies the cultural value. So far as the economic value depreciates, or at the worst exploits the feminine qualities, will it make for a worse and not a better state of affairs. That it can provide for their freer and more favorable expres-

sion is a reason for its arrival and approval. The cultural value remains the arbiter.

The regulation of the intimate sex relation is subject to the same criterion. Sex-consciousness and sex-behavior no less than sex ideals can be expressed on any level of refinement or degradation. The over-attention to sex incidents is itself an impediment to the recognition of the finer implications and obligations and realizations of sex, and a most powerfully disturbing one. The exploitation of sex has ever been the sign of decadence. The current strident tone of occupation with sex as an over-reaction against a former prudery endangers all higher sex values. The ideal is to accept in its complete implication and not deny in any aspect the role of sex in human life, not to minimize it, scorn it, nor yet degrade it, but to recognize its potency to make our living as men and women a wholesome and elevating way of life.

Implications of Sex

The most momentous determination of your fate was that which made you man or woman. The qualities of your personality thus favored may be called the implications of sex. They launch large, practical questions. How shall we provide in the work of the world for the differences of men and women? What shall be the desirable relations of men and women in their joint enterprises, in their sharing and dividing the varied problems of living? And the culminating issue: How shall the most intimate of sex relations be directed to yield its choicest values?

To arrange matters so that what men do better shall be done by men, and what women do better shall be done by women, and what is about equally well done by either,

though differently, shall be open to both, available and adapted to both; all that is a fairly definite problem. Its mere statement indicates an intelligible, though far from simple, solution of the world's work. The varieties of occupation in the industrial order go far to secure a fair adjustment. But to suppose that the apportionment of jobs solves the "woman question," even when feminine needs are rightly considered, implies a half-blind attitude that simplifies by ignoring.

Sex intrudes at every turn, both in the theme and the obligato of occupation. Nature does not retire in the presence of economics. Family life and the care of home and children must continue under favorable conditions. There is a woman question and not a man question because the total economic organization is centralized about, and takes its set from, qualities provided by nature but patterned by men. The masculine patterning of our economic life is as unmistakable as the masculine control. Men would have as much difficulty in finding fully adjusted places in a feminized world as women frequently do in the actual order. Women have pressed strenuously and labored long for their present status. Yet some women believe that the modern, especially the most modern position of women, entails as much loss as gain. Others hold that ours is only the beginning of a new era, that women in the future will be more influential and more authoritative, as well as more emancipated in their personal behavior. The momentous power of economic forces to shape the entire scheme of living, carrying with it the relation of the sexes, must be freely accepted. To admit, indeed to emphasize, that so large a share of the work of the world follows a masculine pattern—even that the very structure of governmental and economic rule carries a strong masculine implication—does not completely deter-

mine the social order nor woman's place in it, however the authority is vested. Every social order, past and present, Oriental or Occidental, aristocratic or democratic, reflects a version of the desirable relations of men and women. It is in no remote sense an implication of sex. The ideal emerges that in a proper control of human relations, men's interests and women's interests shall have an equal voice, and both freely reach expression. That implies woman's share in determining the values and organization of life. It is not likely to result from a too dominantly male-controlled world with minor places reserved in it for women and children.

Approaching the subject somewhat differently, it may be stated that biology makes the primary claim. Men and women are conservators of the race and in that function develop an elaborate psychological relation. Nature does not go far in telling man how to live. His way of living is largely his own invention; it is done by his wits, following the urge of his instincts. The life he lives is sociological; certainly in civilized living that far outweighs the biological conditioning. In that sociological setting the economic factor, what man does to earn a living, assumes a large importance.

But however they live, human beings live as men and women. The actual relations of the sexes is a complicated product. What we are interested in is the complementing of men's lives by women's influence, and how the lives of women are complexly affected by their relations with men. The biological man and the economic man in a very true sense become subordinate to the psychological man, and no less is this true of the woman. Such are the implications of sex; and by that warrant psychology speaks with intense interest upon every phase of sex-relation. It is what men mean to women and women to men above their

biological and economic relations, that determine in such varied ways the range and quality of human behavior. Early and late tradition presses heavily on that relation. To trace the psychological course in the historical patterns is a difficult task.

All of which sounds rather formal when stated, but is practical and familiar, is indeed an everyday, homely fact. Psychology attempts to bring reflection to bear upon what we experience by living rather than by thinking: to set forth what is implied in the psychology of being a man or of being a woman. The complication is only this: that above the simpler rather obvious matters, how these relations develop is so largely a matter of tradition and circumstance, that the male side of life and the female take on the pattern of acquired characteristics. So great is man's power to reshape his mode of living that how he accepts his sex-determined and sex-favored traits is overlaid by the cultural patterns which he develops. The implications of sex are apt to be lost in the coils of culture.

That the fair name of psychology has been taken, not in vain, but with a mistaken zeal, to sponsor a sexualization of life, gives pertinence to a psychological correction. The menace inherent in what has irresponsibly been called a sexual revolution is most serious just because it threatens the cultural value of the relation. Nothing will more disastrously lower the plane of that relation than its over-emphasis of the very factor from which it derives its strength. To use the language of the same psychology, the sublimation of an urge is its only redemption; sublimation is a name for the direction of urges from their primitive to their civilized service. The present concern is with the implications of sex, not with sex hygiene. It is the sex-infused background of the social

setting that determines the human scene. It is what we make of the sex-role that colors so largely the quality of civilization.

There are in the typical masculine nature tendencies to strong temptations and detracting weaknesses that must be regulated if the better man is to dominate; and no less so, though differently, for women. The influence on one another of men and women is the noblest warrant of the higher life.

The Cave Man Within

The cave man within us survives. Part of the difficulties of the civilizing process is the persistent strength of primitive human trends. Just how far back we must go to reach our pre-human ancestors is uncertain; humanity was long in the making. The human age may be 150,000 years, or 1500 centuries, 400 or 500 generations. The old-Stone Age was vastly longer than the new-Stone Age and that much longer than the historical period. By far the largest number of human generations have lived in cave-man fashion, low down in the scale of humanity. The period of recorded history during which man emerged in his constructive glory covers no more than a small fraction of his human living.

The humanized life, as we live it, is, in this comparative scale, a rather recent issue. Hence it is a difficult achievement, and in the great majority of humans, is far from complete. It is not merely that the upper level type of civilization is a veneer over the layers of cruder habits—scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar—but that in each generation we have to meet with the resistance established by age-old tendencies. We have to pierce the biological shell underneath the cultural one, to dislodge or

re-educate the cave man before we reach even the Tartar.

The portion of the total human psychology in which cave-man traits survive and operate most strongly is the emotional domain; for that is the most fundamental aspect of human nature. The highest type of cave-man skull is quite comparable to that of the twentieth-century humans.

As a craftsman and a thinker the cave man was in our class, if by our class we mean the average man with the average thinking capacity. Primitive man put that brain to work in quite different patterns; he did differently; he lived differently. He converted a crooked stick into a wooden plow, where we drive a Ford tractor. The difference is due to training; the ease with which Negro or Indian or Malay adapts himself to modernized ways of living makes it probable that the cave man could have done the same had some one shown him how.

A full-blooded Indian driving his auto through the streets of Tulsa carries no deep-seated incongruity. He and we have the same biological inheritance for learning. The type of learning in driving an automobile is in essence no different from that involved in paddling a canoe. On the roofs of caves in Southern France are realistic drawings of animals now extinct, that show the same craftsmanship that appears in modern paintings. In all this the cave man survives without let or hindrance, for there has been no need of any radical transformation. The cave-man mind had only to be put to work upon new patterns. There is no difference in the mental ability needed to speak Choctaw or Chinese or choice English; it is just a matter of the special patterns to which the common ability to speak and put ideas into words is trained. With an early start any language can be acquired by any race.

But the emotional nature of man presents quite a dif-

ferent story. The reconstruction necessary to make a modernly-feeling man out of a cave man is a radical one, if we take the historical evidence as convincing. To our way of feeling the cave man was a brute whose brutality hung on persistently through many ages. The attitude toward human life shows the contrast of then and now. Until comparatively recent times life was held in slight regard. Head-hunting, exposing superfluous girl-infants to the elements, killing off the aged and infirm, human sacrifices, blood feuds, massacre and extermination, torture, cannibalism—such was the dismal story. Once property rights were established, this violent cruelty was expended upon the thief; hanging for theft, with the crowds taking a holiday to witness it, was a common occurrence. The torture chambers of the Towers of Nuremberg or of London, to us museums of unintelligible practices, show how recently or how partially man has been humanized. The excesses of the human mob in war and riot and revolution show the ready reversion to cave-man psychology.

It is the psychologist's task to trace in the records of history and anthropology, the persistence of the dominant human motives so deeply set in human nature that they offer resistance to efforts of the leaders of men to raise the level of humanity. They survive, and only through constant discipline are kept under control. If the social restraints were completely removed, there would be released the emotional cave man with his primitive appetites and cruder urges, no different to-day than æons ago. Men were jealous, vain, cruel, vengeful, timorous, domineering, passionate, tender, cringing, moved to heroic efforts, cast into despair; and men plotted and planned under the domination of their emotions then as they do now. The profound difference in the modern world lies only in this: the manner of repression and the mode of expression. We have vastly

changed the perspective of value attached to the same items in the human repertory.

The childish excesses of emotion follow in part the caveman type. The child is selfish, cruel, tyrannical, full of revenge and resentment, passionate. Only because he is constantly surrounded by his kinsfolk who present other patterns of behavior, discouraging these tendencies and encouraging the sympathetic emotions that are equally part of his remote inheritance, does he grow up a considerate, friendly, law-abiding citizen, and not a cruel, vengeful, cut-throat taking the law into his own hands. But the strong tendency that must be curbed and redirected is there. Such is the racial biography repeated in the history of each generation. Because the record of the history of human emotions is what it is, does the emotional education of children present a formidable task. And for the same reason is the humanizing of the human race the limiting condition of social progress. The problem of policing and governing the human mob has the same basis; the reduction of crime, the abolition of war, the removal of prejudice, the curbing of greed, the pursuing of worthy enterprises, all meet with the same limitations—the survival of the cave man within us.

The Level of Performance

An important factor in mental fitness is the activity level. Whatever the source of the energy supply, the manner of its release varies. Each of us works according to a favored release-pattern of energy, yet that, too, fluctuates with conditions. We are not always at our best, nor our worst. Some have a high others a low activity level. There is a type of person who is by temperament active, energetic; and there is his opposite: slow, deliberate, inactive, unenter-

prising. The one may even be noisy, restless and explosive; the other quiet, inert and listless. In energy release-pattern they are as peak and valley.

What sustains this temperamental difference is something deep-seated in the physiology. Recent findings associate it with the balance of the glands. In the highly energetic person the adrenal glands are supposed to be particularly active; the thyroid gland also affects the activity pattern, and presumably by way of the equally fundamental emotional route. Strong emotional zest goes with high activity level: emotional excitement goes out through the muscles. When angry you raise your voice or shake your fist. You may shout and jump and throw out your arms for joy. When afraid you shrink with terror, tremble or shriek. Emotional excitement favors a high activity level.

But the same glandular and emotional system provides for the opposite fluctuation. The listless, inert, low activity level, so characteristic of illness, is based on a letdown of the energy-supplying mechanisms. As you get well you recover alike energy and interest. A sharp contrast between the two levels occurs in a common form of mental disorder, called manic-depressive insanity. You visit the patient in one phase and find him moving about restlessly, talking incessantly and in a high, loud voice, never tiring, perhaps noisy or even violent. You visit him six weeks later and you hardly recognize him as the same person. He sits motionless, dejected, huddled, answers, if at all, in a low whisper, declines to eat, is wholly passive and inert. What produces this amazing swing from high to low level, is not wholly clear; but it is primarily a picture of emotional contrast, organically conditioned.

Differences in level, in the amount of energy expended, are but part of the total activity-pattern. The pattern

registers the manner as well as the intensity of the release. We may think of it as tension. The tension of emotional strain seeks all sorts of channels of outlet, including the diffuse restlessness, characteristic of the fidgets of children and the mental unrest of adults. For the adult, when nervous and troubled, cannot sit still, shakes his foot, wrinkles his forehead, purses his lips, twitches and turns and changes his position, lights a cigarette, takes a few excited puffs and throws it away, turns from one occupation to another and finds it impossible to relax. At other times he is calm, and works steadily with regular well-poised movements.

The fluctuations in level obviously vary with the nature of activity; chopping wood and peeling potatoes involve different amounts as well as patterns of activity; a blacksmith and a jeweler present different pictures of energy-release. But the tendency to fluctuate is itself temperamental. Do you work as easily and regularly one day as another? Or do you find your level changing irregularly with mood, now working well as if on oiled tracks and again as if ploughing through mud? The daily fluctuations are significant. Persons of neurasthenic disposition tend to fluctuate; they have a hard time in the morning, and feel better and work better in the latter half of the day. Early rising is a waste for them; it is paid for by excess fatigue at the end of the day. The other side of activity is fatigue. Fatigue lowers the activity level and upsets nervous equilibrium generally. Taking food or rest restores energy and the normal activity-pattern.

Most important is the organization of activity, the manner and measure of its control. That is slowly acquired; that shapes your work-habits. Observe a child in its early attempts at writing; the legs are crossed under the desk, the body is twisted, the fingers trace scrawling movements,

the head leans to one side and the tongue protrudes. In the expert writer, the energy goes directly to a few finger-muscles in a clear-cut discharge. For that reason handwriting, as well as posture, gesture, habits or other organized movements, are somewhat indicative of personality by way of the activity pattern. Skill expresses the fineness of organization, and is in so far temperamental. You are awkward or graceful and skillful through your native organization to begin with; your actual performance is the issue of the training to which you have subjected it. Some need remarkably little training; the majority a great deal. Talent is temperamental but the performance of a talented individual is an issue of training.

We judge people by their expression, their habits, the total variety of their behavior as it is manifested through their muscles. Much in life depends, not on how you feel or what you think, but on what you do and how you do it. Both the satisfaction of it to yourself and your rating by others is in active, energizing, motor terms.

Much of that doing is in the mental field, thus reflecting what you know. That is the practical test of your efficiency, your level of energy. You cannot practice anything without skill of muscle as well as of mind. The organization of your activity-pattern determines the nature and success of your career. Your achievements represent your energy-level at its best. Each of us should determine what is his most suitable pattern of energy and arrange his work accordingly. Almost every one above the average, when working at his best, is something of an artist.

Living at One's Best

If we could solve the problem of commanding our energies we should do wonders. The idea was well expressed by Wil-

liam James, who said: "We all have the habit of inferiority to our full self. As a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess. Every one knows the feeling of being more or less alive on different days. Compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources. The human individual thus lives usually far within his limits."

As far as physical energy goes, we know of extraordinary capabilities called forth by extraordinary circumstances. Men of normal build but abnormal mind, laboring under a delusion, may exhibit such strength that it takes two or three attendants to hold them. People escaping from a fire have been known to scale walls or carry burdens which they couldn't have done by any amount of ordinary effort. Unusual stresses call out the reserves.

Most of us are impeded; our brakes are too firmly set. We rarely let ourselves go; it takes an unusual emotion, excitement or danger, to release completely the brakes of our energy. We lack or cannot supply the proper stimulation. We work like dull drudges, when we should work as inspired artists. Those who by training or favorable constitution command these reservoirs of potential force are heroes of energy, experts, or as the term goes, virtuosi.

The most frequently cited great man of this type is Napoleon. His energy was dynamic. He could get along on a few hours' sleep; he had his traveling carriage arranged so that he could stretch out and take a nap between important occasions. His energy was at the service of an ambition quite as remarkable.

I have known two university presidents who were heroes of energy. Their energy was harnessed to intellect, on a different, calmer pattern. Both were tireless and did at

least three men's work. They would sleep on the way to a meeting or an address and arrive refreshed. They had their reserves well under control, could apparently throw the brakes on or off as they chose. Among the living there is Edison, who can get along on half an ordinary ration of sleep, work incessantly and profitably, and keep it up into the years at which ordinary men are resting from their labors.

In his studies of "Hereditary Genius" Sir Francis Galton found that as a rule these great men were of fine physique and unusual energy. He thinks he could have selected a formidable football eleven from them.

Certainly in whatever we undertake, energy is a valuable asset. In rough terms we may say that a man who energizes below his normal maximum fails by just so much to profit by his chance in life, and that a nation filled with such men is inferior to a nation run at higher pressure. Here is another way of putting it: "The busiest man needs no more hours of rest than the idler. Each is adjusted to his own mental gait. The idler needs prodding; the busy man may be pushing himself too hard. But the successful man lives nearer to his best. How does he do it? How does he escape the common failing of living far below par?"

The answer is: because he can supply himself with the necessary stimulations to keep going. He has his interests, his ambitions, his duties, his well-considered goal. He doesn't get stale, he doesn't drift into a bare and dull routine. He lives in and with his job and has his vision set on further possibilities.

Two points must be kept in mind. It isn't a matter of rate or pace alone. It's always a matter of quality. We can do routine at almost any level of energy; we can do our best only when fittest. We feel a growing sense of power when we do our best. There are moments of inspiration to

the chosen of men. But we must be able to relax, or we shall exhaust our powers. Nor are we free to use any form of stimulant to attain that super-condition without running the risk of the abnormal. Drugs and intoxicants may prove lures to a dangerous course; but an occasional letting go seems vital to some men to release their latent or obstructed energies.

A resolution may assist one man; something that parallels a conversion or revelation may do it for another. Something pushes them over the dam and they go ahead for long stretches on a new lease of life. A goal or an obstruction becomes a challenge; but what challenges in life we respond to depends upon what manner of men we are.

Such is the lesson of the reserve energies of men; but with it goes the counter lesson of subjection to routine. It won't do to wait for inspiration, or to depend too much on the spurts that send us forward. We are plodders all and must be so to hold our jobs. That likewise is a habit, a plan of action that we incorporate into the program of right living. The human machine is a pretty complicated mechanism to keep going. It stalls and it chokes and it knocks and it misses and doesn't use all the cylinders of energy with which it is supplied. Most of all it grows stale and needs an incentive to inspire new efforts, to set increasing goals. The energies of men are not measured in foot pounds, and successful men rise on their dead or outgrown selves to higher things. Living up to one's best is a lifetime discipline, a lifetime ideal.

Defects of Qualities

There's a French saying that a man has the drawbacks or weak points that represent the cost of his strong ones; it's universally true and important. As it bears on mental

fitness, it means that the same factors that, when well composed, make for the highest type of fitness, in their failure may involve mental unfitness. It isn't merely that the tightly stretched bow is the one that sends the arrow farthest, and also the one most likely to snap under the strain, but that the finer mechanism is necessary for the finer product, and when it doesn't work just right, works quite disturbingly wrong.

Here is a statement of it by Dr. Austen Riggs, who has a lifetime experience with nervously and mentally disturbed patients. "It is a curious fact that the very characteristics which are obviously the most precious assets of the greatest lives we know, constitute in themselves the liability to neurotic maladaptation. We could hardly imagine a Christ or a Lincoln without exquisitive sensitiveness as well as a high order of intelligence. Yet these very qualities when wrongly valued, misunderstood, badly managed, or wrongly combined, are to blame for the vast majority of failures in adaptation to civilized life."

My only comment is that it is less curious than natural. The simpler mechanisms, whether of nature's or of man's devising, are less likely to get out of order; and if they do, they keep going fairly well despite slight damage. Dr. Riggs continues: The common form of breakdown is "the typical response of a very normal person, of one, furthermore, who possesses to a high degree those very qualities of sensitiveness and intelligence which are in themselves so valuable when rightly used in the difficult problems and demands of civilization. The people of this world who are most apt to maladapt are potentially and often actually its most valuable citizens. They are really the checked and obstructed fellows of the great and heroic."

Now that doesn't mean that there are not many varieties of mental unfitness of very different type, nor that every

one who becomes a nervous wreck can take comfort in the reflection that he is an unusually fine fellow who has gone wrong. It simply expresses the fact that a tendency to break down is in some cases the defect of the qualities of superiority. When the sensitiveness isn't balanced by intelligence, and even when it is, it runs a higher risk; for it plays for a higher stake. Balance remains the ideal; but highly sensitive, overstrung natures do break down under conditions of just such stresses and strains that nervous systems, built for rougher usage, endure without mishap.

The other side is the quality of one's defects, or better, limitations. I asked the question in two cases, the one that of a successful college president, the other of a prominent statesman, as to how they came to go so far in their careers, and received the same answer from close and admiring friends: It's because of their limitations. They had great singleness of purpose, were not troubled by doubts and hesitations that would have disturbed a more sensitive personality. They used their intelligence to the utmost. Many things were beyond them; but what they attempted and to the limit of their understanding, they did well.

Rare qualities cost and have to be paid for. Doubtless the world needs more men of the intelligent type not too much troubled by sensitiveness. We often call them practical men, and sometimes even hard-boiled (that's the limitation); but they drive ahead and get there. The point of their arrival isn't quite as high in achievement as in the case of the rarer mind with greater powers to cultivate intelligence to offset sensitiveness. That's the wisdom of balance; and the same wisdom recognizes one's capacities and one's limitations. Every one of us in small measure or in greater degree has the defects of his qualities and the qualities of his defects. If we manage to make the best of our qualities and minimize the defects, we succeed. The

more sensitive run the greater risk of failure. They fall, when they do, from a greater height, and suffer accordingly.

The Cult of Youth

It is as old as the hills: the desire to stay young!

In primitive days magic potions were used which were supposed to throw off the years in the twinkling of an eye. At St. Augustine is still shown the well in whose rejuvenating waters Ponce de Leon is supposed to have found the Fountain of Youth, in quest of which he had journeyed to the New World. Faust, as the type of the medieval scholar, sold his soul to the Devil in order to regain by one compact, wisdom, youth and a maiden fair.

In our own day science takes a hand at it, and for a time rejuvenation was attempted by way of operations on glands. The lucrative practice of the beauty parlors advocates the cosmetic route of at least appearing young. Keeping young by rational living is always effective; golf and tennis and the rest of the outdoor life point to the athletic way.

To-day youth is in the saddle as well as in revolt. The cult of youth is the vogue in dress and manner and behavior. The call of youth is heard and answered even by those for whom it carries a long-distance toll. Growing old has become so unfashionable that few have the courage to undertake it; all are bent on growing old gracefully, at the least.

Inevitably psychology has a say in the matter, and it would have been well if that comprehensive guide to right living had been consulted in the first place. Psychology has given new slants to the age-old question "How old are you"? What you tell the census taker is only how many years you have lived. Even school children know that that

isn't the essential matter. They are tested for their mental age, which tells them while they are growing whether they have minds above or below par and how much.

More recently we are determining emotional age for young and old alike. There's a book in the form of a game called: "What is Your Emotional Age?" If you answer the questions frankly, you may find out that you are still somewhat childish despite being adult.

You may be tested by science or appraised by your friends, and learn that you are as old as is the lens in your eye, or as old as your arteries, or as old as you feel, or as old as you look. We all dislike to show our age, and half the adult population doesn't like to tell it. Sifting it all through the psychological strainer, we come to the conclusion that you are as old as your interests; and that the way to stay young is to keep alive the power to acquire new interests. Don't get into ruts and don't reminisce. When you are young your outlook is forward. Keep on having a forward outlook, keep on acquiring new interests, keep on doing things and keep up the zest in doing them, and you'll do the best that can be done to deceive that insistent rascal, Father Time, who in the end, if you live long enough, will have his hoary way. Don't take Time by the forelock; just show him the door and tell him to call again later on—much later on.

Since younger people—that means grown-up younger people—have forward-looking and progressive interests, associate with the younger generation; and you'll find that if you are not an old fogy, they'll take you in. Don't let them show too much deference; let them help you on with your overcoat but stop there. Be chummy with them; never mind about dignity, it isn't worth the price most people pay for it. And if you have dignity inside, it will show through.

Psychology hasn't an infallible nor an easy formula for staying young, and joints and arteries are no respecters of feelings; but I know and you know many people no longer young who are inspiring examples of youthful age.

Stimulating the Mature Mind

Everybody knows the phrase: Adult Education. It was at first a movement to supply the opportunities for schooling for those who did not have them when young, or who somewhat later in life wished to fit themselves for occupations for which they had not been trained. Quite naturally the term has been extended to include all forms of education in which adults are the students. It has raised the question as to how far the adult mind can learn. That "you can't teach an old dog new tricks" doesn't apply to the human animal. It is vital that a matter of such great importance should be properly understood. The message of adult education should be broadcasted from as many stations as can be induced to include it in their programs.

That adults can study has been demonstrated by extensive tests and abundant evidence. Your mind, if kept fit, can keep on gaining new knowledge and building it into your mental muscle after you are grown up as well as while growing up. In your school days the main business of life was studying. Later you have other things on your mind; but you will manage them better whatever they are, if you keep up the habit of study, of exercising your mind intensively in some direction that interests you.

Speaking roughly, your ability to study increases steadily up to a period of from 16 to 22 years, at which for the great majority schooling stops, also for many the ability to go on with set study. The next few years show no decided change, but from age 27 to 40 or 50 or later, you in-

crease your ability to use your adult mind, if you have the kind of a mind that is interested in ideas and knowledge and understanding the world you live in.

There are as many kinds of learning as there are things to learn and minds to learn them. If you have an alert mind you are learning something all the time. The purpose of study is to improve the mental grasp. Studying is doing systematically what you would be doing casually if you followed your interests.

If you have been working in a shop or at an office desk and haven't kept up the habit of tackling substantial mental food, if you have just played with your mind and let it dawdle over feeble stories and never held it to more than a few minutes' attention, you are going to find your mental muscles pretty flabby for a while. If you have had responsibilities and the care of a family and all sorts of distracting interests, you may be handicapped by lack of freedom to put your mind on your newly accepted task. If you have never given up the habit of being intensely interested in something apart from your livelihood occupation, you are all set for study at any age. You will be surprised to find how soon the rust wears off, and after a little oiling the works run smoothly.

There is no special psychology of study other than that of any concentrated task; your power to study is your ability to make a mental effort, together with your power to penetrate, to get under an idea and absorb it, to pick a situation to pieces and put it together again. A child studies a new toy, but only with a child's limited interest. An adult enrolls for a course with all the advantage of sustained interests, earnest purpose and a large experience in thinking for himself. Every one who keeps mentally alert is studying something all the time.

That adults can and should study is established; but

the message to be broadcast is broader than that. Instead of stressing adult education, it should emphasize rather the question of stimulating the mature mind.

Maturity is an advantage in learning because the mature in mind, whatever their schooling, have settled interests, know what they want, are eager for guidance. The idea is not that of a continuation school or a schooling of any kind. The mature in mind don't need schooling; they need stimulation and direction. Some are content with stimulation alone, acquiring new interests, keeping up with the procession of new knowledge and modern views of human nature and social relations; others are bent on useful acquisitions which they can apply. All mature minds need stimulation.

Sensibility, the Master Quality

When I was asked what trait of the total mental make-up I should place at the top of the list, I had no hesitation in answering, even though the question was asked at a dinner party, where not too serious an answer was expected. I named as the master quality, sensibility. Unless you are keenly sensitive to sights and sounds and the feel of things, and to tastes and odors no less; unless you react vividly to the world about you—the sensory world to begin with—you lack the fundamental conditions to share in finer living. Not that you can't live successfully, satisfactorily and happily without it; millions do, perhaps even more readily in a rough, give-and-take world than those sensitively endowed. And yet it remains the master quality—the master key to life's choicest possibilities.

Sensibility extends far beyond sense, and is, like all else, subject to large cultivation or neglect. You can nip it in the bud or neglect it at the root. Fate and circumstance

may do either. But the quality is ever the same; and, however essential, it grows only in favorable soil. Your sensibility is born with you. Many and convincing are the cases in which one member of a family alone has it, and all the rest lack it.

I have in mind a hard-boiled, well-intentioned, plodding business man with four sons, three like him, one a lawyer, the second a realtor, the third a merchant; but the fourth an artistic architect, whose world the others could not share or even comprehend. He lived in and by a different set of values—the values conferred by sensibility. He saw and felt differently the surroundings which he created for himself, and spoke in a language which his able but insensitive brothers could not understand. This was a contrast in esthetic sensibility—a quality indispensable to the artist—and more plainly so to the musician, who enters his world through the gate of tone. Sensibility to form and color make the painter and the sculptor and the decorator.

Important as is esthetic sensibility in shaping the master quality, emotional sensibility is yet more dominant. This makes the man of deep feeling, the poet and the dramatist, the humanitarian in the best sense, and supports that significant company of men and women—of women notably—who react vividly, intensely, discriminatingly to the finer touches of social relations. Their sympathy is an art, their understanding an intuition, their presence a radiance, their influence a blessing. In no relation does the master quality so richly come to expression as in the art of human relations.

Yet sensibility has its intellectual expression no less. It makes for the nicer discrimination, the critical insight, the choice of phrase, the subtler shades of wit and humor, the amenities of compliment and the refinements of appreciation. A fine mind, no less than a fine feeling and fine

taste, is built upon sensibility. Combined variously, though ever in rich measure, the issue is a personality living on a high plane.

Is the master quality reserved only for the few—for the gifted and the elect? To the measure of creative expression, perhaps, yes; but for appreciation, decidedly no. The life of sensibility is open to the many who seek it, elect it, cultivate it with such measure of fitness as their nature confers. The rule for all is to live as appreciatively of the finer things in life as endowment and opportunity make possible. Each of us is the sum of his sensibilities.

Yet in all things overdone there is danger, and in none so plainly as in the oversensitive life. Children are much too sensitive, too intense in likes and dislikes, too capricious and self-willed emotionally. They must be toughened to bear the blows of reality and to lose their fears and disgusts, to learn to endure without upset, and to subject sensibility to the sterner commands of duty. But they must not be dulled or hardened.

Sensibility, too, is gained at a price. The sensitive shudder more often than they thrill; the depths of their sorrows and despairs exceed the common measure even more than the height of their joys. The dull may be happier, yet lose the momentary acme of bliss open to the sensitive. Neither for comfort nor for happiness should sensibility be carried too far. We agree that we must be built for a workaday world, yet may still make a worthy place in it for the master quality.

Uncommon Clay

Unusual ability does not guarantee unusual success. Achievement and ability are irregularly related. Many

who succeed do so on rather meager orders of ability; and many who though they do not wholly fail, fail to attain the grade of distinction commensurate with their endowment. There is slight purpose in insisting in a moral temper that any one with marked ability will seek and find the pathway to achievement and recognition. Endowment, which is governed by psychological laws, and the direction of achievement, which is so largely controlled by human provisions, are both too complex to assure the issue. To a measure achievement is a test of ability, but with many exceptions to prove the rule.

That doesn't mean that recognition of ability is a matter of chance, though in a complex world luck plays an increasing part; nor that circumstances favor the issue here and obstruct it there, which is likewise true; but that some high in ability may lack stimulation or encouragement to bring forth what in them lies; or they may lack confidence or initiative. The important point is that it takes a combination of many factors to bring about a career in which achievement and endowment—what you actually do and what it is in you to do—are rightly matched. The combination just doesn't happen in many cases where it might, and so upsets the relation of ability and achievement.

And quite as important is it to make plain that superiority is real, whether or not it comes forward in such achievement as receives general recognition. There are people who are the salt of the earth, definitely superior to the common run. This applies to the general fundamental qualities that go into the making of personality as well as to such special abilities as are commonly called genius—musical or scientific genius or literary genius or organizing genius. There are persons in whom are combined in exceptional measure the desirable and choice

qualities that go into the making of a superior personality. They are uncommon clay.

Our standards of human quality are warped by the conventional ways of estimating it. William James regarded as the most critical test of education the ability to recognize a good man when you saw one. The application was a bit unexpected, as he made the statement in a commencement address to a women's college; but the truth stands. It takes a touch of "uncommon clay" to recognize that quality as well as genius in others; both often go meagerly recognized. The idea embodied in Nietsche's superman, that the purpose of all this life struggle of ours was to develop a saving remnant of superior persons, is intriguing but not likely to be well received in a democracy. His way of stating it was extreme: a small company of the elect, the masters, living by one code, and a great mass of slaves subject to another. It isn't a question of authority but of recognition that we are discussing. It isn't supermen and superwomen that the world needs, but a finer and more general appreciation of uncommon clay in our fellowmen.

To be built on large human and humane lines, to have a fine character, to cherish what is choice in human value and to exemplify it in some measure in one's personality, is to be made of uncommon clay. The recognition of it shouldn't be left to the funeral eulogy; it should, and in a world in which appreciations are properly disposed, it would be recognized even though when not associated with uncommon achievement.

The reflection concerning "mute inglorious Miltons" in Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was a tribute to uncommon clay. They exist in the flesh to-day; and because, despite modern emancipation, women have not as fair a chance to convert ability into conspicuous achieve-

ment as have men, a goodly number of them are "Miltonesses."

If we prefer we may think of the elect as exceptional examples of human stature, personalities that tower above the average. There is no common measure for the many different patterns of superiority by which human stature is obtained and expressed. We are left more or less to impression; and we are not all equally impressed by the same traits, virtues, talents, graces, excellences of all sorts that go into the making of a great human. We are fortunate if we know some of the humanly great, and equally fortunate if we can recognize them when in their presence. What I am pleading for is the critical power to judge men by their real qualities, to recognize those of extraordinary human stature whether the world does so or not.

Certainly there are far more such persons than the ones who have their biographies written; and some pretty small men have had that honor, if it be one. Those great in intellect have the best chance for the reason that their works can, as a rule, be pointed to; though many of these are not appreciated until after they are gone.

Some one achievement may enroll a man in the hall of fame. A small man can hold a big office; democracy proves that if nothing else. But greatness in human relations, which contributes more to human stature than anything else, is not infrequently neglected and often blossoms wholly unseen and unrecognized; sometimes it lacks the full measure of appreciation.

It is fortunately true that frequently one whom the world knows as distinguished, is also known to a small circle for the true human stature that is responsible for that distinction. And here and there you will find both in biographies and in the human lives that you encounter,

a similar small circle who appreciate the superior human stature of one of their group. They have no intention or desire to cry it from the house-tops; they just appreciate it and their good fortune in knowing to what heights human nature can rise. Nature once in a while brings into flower, a specimen of so much rarer worth than even the superior run, that all the rest of us can do is to appreciate and be grateful.

We must have ideals and people to look up to and examples to emulate. Men and women of large human stature serve a most important social purpose; they make life seem worth living. All of us are better humans for knowing a few of extraordinary human stature.

The Rewards of Maturity

The rewards of maturity are many and significant. They need to be loud-spoken in these vociferous days when the voice of youth fills the air, not always with pleasant or sensible sounds. The discrimination against the middle-aged in so many callings has come to be a serious economic menace. It flies in the face of the established fact that the mature mind in normal vigor can learn as well as the youthful one; it ignores the triumphs of medicine and hygiene that have not only prolonged human life, but have extended the vigorous age of best activity even more. We not only live longer if we live rightly, we live better; and the best part of the benefit is the extension of the period in which we are at our best. The employer's prejudice against the middle-aged is stupid; it shows a poor sense of value.

It has been said by many a philosopher deploring the shortness of life that so soon after we have slowly reached the height of our powers and have learned how to live

wisely, we must make our preparations to leave this earthly vale, and our wisdom is wasted; for the next generation heeds us not. There will be less cause for regret as we learn to cultivate the rewards of maturity.

Maturity can look forward and backward. It is supported by the zest of youth for those who have used youth wisely and can accept with serenity the limitations of the years, knowing their compensations. The work of the world demands largely the steady judgment of those who have come through ups and downs and have a perspective of the enduring values. A sober sense of value is one of the choice rewards of maturity. I hold no brief for mere age, nor do I pin my faith to "live and learn"; for so many live and do not learn. Those who do, alone reap the rewards of maturity. They will replace the bare vigor of energy or the crude zest of enterprise, itself tempting to rash decisions, by the sober judgment of what is worth while, and husband their resources accordingly. Learning goes but wisdom lingers; it lingers only for those whose learning has matured their powers. For work that is responsible and far-sighted and complex calls for the poise of maturity.

If all men matured early, the span of maturity would be longer, men nearer to supermen, and Utopia less of the idle dream that it is likely to remain. The retrospective view of middle age is fortunate if the crop of mistakes is not too great, the vain regrets not too discouraging. The assurance of youth is profitably exchanged for the confidence of maturity.

Storm and stress, the experimenting and venture have their unquestioned thrill; their dividends are added to the capital they afford for mature investment. When a man comes to himself his maturity begins. In the modern view normality implies the power to grow. Minds of meager

capacity reach their limits early; the better minds go forward to a richer harvest in the later years. Your complete normality can be determined only by your capacity to hold your own in middle life and later. Precocity is a good test of ability, for it shows a favorable start; keeping active in the later years is the supreme test. The notion that this applies to intellectual powers but not to the emotions, is far more false than true. Those who remain mentally sensitive remain emotionally fit also; mental vigor is of one texture. With the progress of years, their aggressiveness is softened, their ardor chastened, their sympathies become more tolerant; yet not if their personality sets too early and their habits fall in ruts that narrow the highway. Maturity feels as well as thinks more wisely.

In all this maturing the man's role and the woman's take their separate ways; and nature divides the rewards impartially. Women mature earlier, reach the years of discretion more readily, and are thrown more upon their inner resources and their influence over others for the rewards of maturity. By the same token the feminine maturity attains at its best a nobler completion. Men may look more to what they have done, women to what they are, in contemplating the program of their lives. As in so many other respects, the right attitude is to take naturally the progress of the years; not to have your age too much on your mind. It is the process of maturing that is the vital concern, to grow with the years, and reap the rewards of maturity.

It is these reflections that raise the significant question: What is the adult stature? For that is the very core of the question. When are we men and women grown-up specimens of mankind? When childish ways have been put aside and youth has had its fling and settled down, what

do we settle to? Whatever the answer, it is our personal rendering of the rewards of maturity, the measure of our success in the uncertain venture of growing up. When you have accumulated your capital and are prepared to spend the interest, what will be your resources, and what your budget—not in coin, but in the satisfactions of living?

To many a man this reflection comes when he is contemplating retirement, only to find that even though he has something to retire upon, he has little in the way of occupation or interests to retire to; too absorbed in accumulation, he has failed to accumulate the rewards of maturity. We are ever looking forward to days of security and leisure to indulge our tastes and interests which yet we fail to mature as we go. The capacity to mature becomes the supreme test of how well we have used our equipment to its best service. The pity is that so many age rather than mature. A world of men and women who have well attained an adult stature would resemble little the passing show of waste and friction, of aimless trifling, and unprofitable drifting in work and play with years passing and no maturing. You can't live indefinitely on your childhood start or your youthful exploration. If you don't go forward you become a victim of mental and emotional arrest. How much of human conflict and failure is due to the immature behavior of those who, old enough in years, have never grown up, or have made a mess of their growing-up, is a pertinent if sad thought for even an optimistic psychologist. The preparation for the rewards of maturity is nothing else than the goal of life.

EQUIPMENT

1. INHERITED AND ACQUIRED: THE GIST OF HEREDITY; THE PLAY OF ENVIRONMENT.

THE TREND OF NATURE—HOW FAR LIKE BREEDS LIKE—THE CASE FOR ENVIRONMENT.

The Trend of Nature

BORN SO or made so? That is the question, as baffling as it is ancient, and even more puzzling since we know rather intimately how the heredity is carried in the germ-plasm. The indication is pretty strong that as we grow, we just mature and develop what we are to begin with. "We can bring no more to living than the powers we bring to life." When we learn that Einstein, the great mathematician, is also an excellent violinist, is it proper to ask whether he is musical by inheritance and mathematical by training? That's a wrong way of putting a right question. There is a trend of nature in both gifts; it is easier to establish it for musical ability. The trend of nature, of what I am by my special heredity, sets the limits to how far I could by any amount of effort and training play the violin; and that is about equal to scratching a simple tune haltingly. It sets limits likewise to my career as a mathematician, which ended at college near the top of the class. You can't divide your present attainments—your equipment for living in any respect—and assign this

to nature and that to nurture, which means the total influence of your bringing up and the direction of your endowment. The trend of nature dominates; what you make of yourself is determined largely by your original make-up.

You and I start differently, despite so much that we have in common. That "pigs is pigs," or people human, is the result of a common heredity through vast ages; but how the pig gets to be just that kind of a pig, or a human that type of human, is what interests humans, however indifferent to pigs. The vital question in heredity concerns the special traits and their combination—not what we are generally and share with others, but what we are particularly and individually. That we all inherit ears and hands and brains, inherit the makings of them in human form, is hardly worth stating; these structures go so far back in our common biological ancestry that the trend of nature is evident and set. But in regard to an outstanding ear and a short-fingered hand and a high-grade brain: Are these transmitted from parent to child? They are. There isn't a single fundamental trait of your body or mind that is not in part determined by what you are to begin with. Yet, everyone knows that children of the same parentage are often very different from their parents and from one another. Of course they are; the trend of nature accounts for that quite as well.

It is a vain hope to predict that if Tom marries Mary, and Dick falls for Jane, and Harry mates with Harriet, what kind of children, handsome or plain, bright or dull, musical or mechanical, enterprising or lazy, good-natured or quick tempered, frivolous or serious, practical or dreamy, each couple will have; vain to predict in which family to look for future leaders of human affairs. Yet the prospects of one couple for raising "successes" or

"failures" is by no means the same as that of another; and each Tom, Dick and Harry jr. and their several sisters as well, though a chip of the old block, is a new venture in the combination of the elements of a human individual.

You and I are interested in heredity individually, as it may affect our special endowment; but that isn't the way to catch the trend of nature. This appears in the general run, in the mass production. Take enough pairs of intelligent parents, and you can predict that a larger proportion of their children will be intelligent than will be so for a similar number of unintelligent parents. Make the contrast in intelligence of the parents sharp enough, and it comes out strongly in the children. In California the 200 brightest children were selected—the best by test. Now what kind of parents did these most gifted children have? At the one end of the social scale, carrying with it a rough indication of endowment, are the unskilled laborers; and at the other the professional classes. According to their numbers in the population, the laborer parents contribute only 1/77 of their quota to the youthful geniuses, and the professional classes contributed 10 times their quota. By far the greater part of this amazing contrast is due to the differences in parent stock. While undoubtedly home influences count heavily in opportunity and stimulation, the capacity to respond to them with profit is a trend of nature.

In terms of the genes, which is the name for the microscopic bearers of heredity, it may be put thus: "Average people will usually have average children, but by a fortunate combination of genes may produce a genius, by an unfortunate combination may produce an imbecile. The subnormal will tend broadly to have children about like themselves; but they will have some duller and a few

brighter—only a few, because they have relatively fewer desirable genes to give the child." (Popenoe)

What next you must understand is that the mechanism of heredity in the male and female cells that unite on a fifty-fifty basis for father and mother, to produce a new individual, is such that there is no telling from which of their common ancestry two brothers, or a brother and sister, inherit most; they do not inherit equally from all ancestors. You really are not "related" to most of your forebears, even to those of your near ancestry; although you are very closely "related" to some of them, you can't tell which. If John Doe marries Mary Roe, some of the children will be more Does than Roes, and some the reverse; and what most determines for each Doe-Roe descendant what manner of man or woman he or she will be, is the particular selection of ancestors in either family from which they happen to derive their dominant traits, together with which traits, desirable or otherwise, they strongly inherit. Let the Does and Roes be ever such good families, there will still be among them many Does and Roes of average or poor endowment, and any young Doe or Roe may inherit from either the well endowed or poorly endowed members. It may thus come about, though rarely, that two brothers may be so unlike that it is hard to believe that they have the same ancestry; if each happens to inherit mainly from just those ancestors from which the other doesn't, they are really but slightly "related." Heredity provides for all kinds and degrees of resemblance and difference; but the general trend of nature is set strongly toward family resemblance.

Most of the measurable data and striking facts of heredity come from the study of bodily traits; and some of these in turn point to definite mechanisms. Pigmentation, whether in blonde or brunette, especially in the color of the

eyes (iris) is carried differently for the brown-eyed and the blue-eyed. Two blue-eyed parents almost never have any brown-eyed children; but frequently two brown-eyed parents may have a blue-eyed child, because one or other may carry the possibility of blue eyes (through descent from one brown-eyed and one blue-eyed parent generally). Similarly most deaf children have hearing parents, one or other of whom, though they do not show it, may carry the possibility of deafness. When a brother or sister is born deaf, the chances are about 250 times greater that another will be deaf than where there is no such deaf brother or sister. Brown eyes dominate over blue in the general human heredity, and normally hearing ears over deaf ones; while color-blindness is still more peculiarly carried on in that it is linked with the determiner of sex, being far more common among boys, who, however, may inherit the defect from mothers, themselves of normal color-vision but descendent from color-blind fathers. Clearly, it is all complex enough, and yet the trend of nature shows through, making family resemblance the rule.

It is possible that some few of our mental traits are carried on by such definite mechanisms as produce blondes, color-blindness or congenital deafness; perhaps this is true of the sense of pitch, the foundation of the musical ear. The more important fact is that most of them do not so behave, but conform to such general bodily traits as tallness, slimness, strength, skill; these are matters of degree and are measurable or estimable. And summing it all up, the conclusion stands that our mental traits are inheritable by way of the same mechanisms as our bodily traits and to the same extent. "It is unreasonable to suppose that a given degree of resemblance in the body is due to the heredity, but the same degree of resemblance in the mind is due to something else" (Popenoe), when we know that

underlying every mental trait is some minute and delicate organic combination of bodily (nervous) organization, though we have slight hope of finding out precisely what it is.

Your heredity is both a composite one from many ancestors, and a specific one, in this respect or that, from some one ancestor (your parents most frequently, grandparents next so), whose qualities, as you inherit them, may be desirable or undesirable. Birth is a chance; it's your parents' chance in you, and yours in them and their parents for a few generations back. To recognize that heredity shapes much in life leads to understanding and acceptance and wise direction, not to fatalism or despair. The problem for each is to make the most of his heredity and shape effort and training accordingly.

Heredity sets definite limitations to what we can make of ourselves by education. The leopard cannot change his spots nor the human his genes. "If they have sketched out a five-foot man, not all the food and exercise that the human body can endure will make it into a seven-foot man. If they have laid down an I.Q. of 75, not the most industrious tutor can raise this to an I.Q. of 150. But taking the genes as they are, the product of one can be encouraged and the product of another checked; this is education. The second will not stop short of a minimum; the first will not go beyond a maximum; but within these limits there is room, for an amount of selective development that the world has rarely seen and the ordinary educator scarcely conceives" (Popenoe).

What heredity offers is a favorable or an unfavorable endowment for this or that career, a trend of nature that makes adjustment easy or difficult and most variously so; that makes a happy and successful life an easy issue or a hard struggle. The trend of your specific nature and

mine offers facility or handicap to our ambitions, and as variously as the wide range of the qualities of men. You are well fitted to do some things at which I should make a poor showing; and you may be willing to admit the same for me. All men are not born equal; our differences determine our course in piloting our lives. The goal that we are making for is some kind of a platform, with its planks, though based on scientific findings, framed largely on the most likely guess in a most complex situation, never a certainty. What we seek is a guide in rightly appraising the part of heredity and of environment in interpreting what manner of human beings you and I are and can become.

How Far Like Breeds Like

An important argument for heredity is based upon the degrees of resemblance among those of near kin. The question isn't whether like breeds like; that is obvious enough. The offspring of men are men and not apes, and of apes, apes and not men, and of negroes, negroes and of white men, white, yet also of their blend, mulattoes. The question is how much more alike are those closely related by ties of blood than those distantly related or unrelated? The answer affects our understanding of the sources of the human equipment. A close-up view of human resemblances is helpful.

Since intelligence-tests have been introduced, we can measure not only the general intelligence of a child at any age, but determine where he stands, above or below the average and how much, in any number of special abilities. The striking fact is that brothers and sisters show greater resemblance in mental tests and in school-work than do unrelated children. Let a class of school-children be seated

two at a bench quite by chance. Compare in all sorts of performances how much alike each child is to his companion; take hundreds of such ratings and call *A* the *average resemblance,* when you are just as likely to have a bright child sitting next to a dull one or one of average intelligence. Select from all these pairs, brothers or sisters, and compute their ratings and call the degree of resemblance found *F* for *family resemblance.* The convincing fact, without going into details, is that *F* the family resemblance is much greater than *A* the average resemblance. Of course in any such class there will be many pairs of children who stand about alike in the tests and who are no more related than is one family to its next-door neighbor. Much of the general human resemblance makes people alike enough to be able to deal with them as a group; and a good deal more of this resemblance in behavior is the result of common ways of living. But this very special and close resemblance, as revealed by measurement, points to a resemblance due to a common immediate family heredity. It is a profile or grouping of mental features, comparable to the composite of bodily and facial features by which we so often recognize father and son, mother and daughter, brother and sister. It is a composite resemblance in many respects, intelligible only as the issue of a common heredity. Continuing with this view, let us ask when are two children most likely to have the most closely similar heredity? The answer is when they are "identical" twins—the issue of a single germ-cell that has divided at an early stage. Such twins prove to be decidedly more alike in bodily and mental traits than are other brothers and sisters. Such twin-resemblance is *twice* as marked as the brother-sister resemblance. Reduced to a scale, the resemblance of a boy to his neighbor's boy would be *0;* the resemblance of a boy to his brother is *40;* but to his twin brother *80.* The

resemblance will never be perfect, or 100, for nature never repeats herself; but in some instances it approaches "identity." The closer heredity makes for the closer resemblance. Just ordinary twins—two births at a time, many of them brother and sister—are no more alike than any other two members of the family.

There are further reasons why we are justified in accepting this close family-resemblance as evidence of the dominance of heredity in shaping our equipment. There is the fact that the I.Q., the standard index of intelligence, changes little from age to age, even under different opportunities for development. Now and then there is a case of a child deprived of all the usual home and school training, even kept indoors, half starved and ill treated, who when rescued with slight tutoring tests quite up to normal. If the mental level is inborn that is intelligible. Remove the common family influence, as in the case of orphans raised in an institution, and still the brothers show the same degree of resemblance. Again, brothers are by test as much alike at five as at fifteen, though the ten years of similar training might be supposed to make them more alike. The inheritance of defects, producing similar deficiencies among the offspring, points in the same direction as the inheritance of similar special abilities, such as appears in musical families or in intellectual families.

Like breeds like in racial strains though in more diffused fashion. You have no difficulty in recognizing a Japanese, because of such universal racial traits as color of skin, straight black glossy hair, set of eyes; and you can make a pretty good guess in the recognition of many nationalities in which a racial strain dominates, while the typical Jewish features (racial) remain despite varied national habitats. That racial resemblance in mental traits may

be similarly carried on is altogether likely, though their recognition is complicated by the overlay of resemblance due to common customs, ideals, standards and ways of living. Moreover there are all sorts of racial mixtures; most humans are mongrels.

There is no hope of separating accurately, but only of estimating roughly, how far a complicated mental resemblance is the issue of close family relationship as one factor, of native trends recurring in type by the inevitable repetitions of similar endowments as another, and of the imposed action of training as a third factor, always influential. It is inevitable that, with the common ingredients in the human formula, similar proficiencies appear in many quite unrelated family strains. To accept the statement that poets are born and not made, means only that all poets have something in common by original endowment in the way of sensitive feeling and imaginative expression. This they certainly do not have by virtue of the fact that all poets are related by common family blood-relationship. Poets arise among all peoples and all races and at all times. There may be some resemblance in poetic temper between Omar Khayyam and Kipling, or in scientific insight between Newton and Einstein, which obviously has plainly nothing to do with a common family heredity—not even in these instances, a common racial one. It expresses to an extraordinary degree, the result of a favorable development of a quality that arises frequently in moderate measure through fortunate combinations of genes.

A common heredity implies only that such combinations occur more frequently, and in association with other resemblances in mental and emotional make-up. Since the resemblance in structure and color of hair among the Japanese is so general, it becomes a racial, not a family

trait; since the color of hair in Western Europeans and their transplanted descendants called Americans is so variable, a closer similarity in that respect becomes a family trait, but a trait recurring in many family strains, since blondes are as common as the gentlemen alleged to prefer them; and a chance pair of blondes is no more likely to be "related" than a blonde and a brunette. Yet the evidence of close resemblance remains valid for the dominance of heredity in determining human structure and behavior, including the types of mental behavior conveniently referred to as traits, alike desirable and undesirable. It remains valid by reason of the very close degree of resemblance in specialized patterns.

Foster-children, especially those placed as infants, offer a favorable opportunity for such estimate; their heredity is of one source, their environment of another. Reared in a wholly unrelated family, their traits may be compared with those of their accidental companions. In one such study it was concluded that heredity accounts for differences of intelligence in the ratio of at least four to one as compared with environment, and presumably the argument holds for resemblances as well. The argument is not conclusive but it indicates the gist of heredity, making it the dominant source of the distinctive differences and the close resemblances of the qualities of men.

A discussion of heredity unfortunately requires rather close thinking. It is worth the effort. Unless we can think properly of how much of our equipment is the result of what we are to begin with, how much and in what directions it is the issue of the forces playing upon us and our response to them, we shall never think rightly of the nature of the human equipment which goes so far to determine how we shall live, with what measure of success or failure. To pilot a life, your own or another's, you must know

something of the geography of the course. A survey of heredity and environment supplies that geography for human nature.

The Case for Environment

If the case of Heredity, Inc., vs. Environment, Ltd., with the point at issue, which is the more responsible (or shall we say guilty?) for human behavior, were tried before a popular jury, the argument for Environment would easily prevail; but a scientific judge would weigh the evidence more critically. It is so obvious that our habits no less than our achievements have all been acquired, and often learned slowly and painfully, and that we are what we have made ourselves, that the verdict seems a foregone conclusion. In addition we know that acquired characteristics are not inherited; the entire work of education has to be done over again for each generation. We must each build our equipment for living according to the specifications set by the environment.

It was a bit of a blow for the moralists to learn that it wasn't true that when the fathers ate sour grapes the sons would have their teeth set on edge, nor true that the drunkard who acquired the habit of looking on the wine when it was red, would by reason of that sin have bibulous sons, no more than that generations of cramping the feet of Chinese women produced smaller feet in their daughters. It is indeed fortunate that we do not so inherit; for though it might be convenient to inherit the worthy achievements of our ancestors, it would be a misfortune to be saddled with their errors. "It is probably a good thing that one generation cannot brand all of posterity with its mistakes, but that the next one has a chance to start with a clean slate and make a better job of it" (Popenoe). But

it isn't on moral grounds that the verdict would rest, for as a fact there are sins of fathers that are visited on sons.

True though it is that like breeds like generally and specially, it is still more plainly true that you cannot become like your father by inheriting your father's knowledge and experience, nor his habits and ideas, as you can "inherit" his bank account; in fact you merely accept both so far as you acquire them. You may be the son of an eminent philologist, as I happen to be, and have a brother of like distinction, and yet not share their knowledge nor their capacity to acquire it. All you can possibly inherit is a grade of mental ability that furnishes a good foundation for becoming a scholar of some sort, if you train yourself properly, and perhaps a philologist if you choose that calling. All this you acquire. The abilities of a father and son may both be notable yet in different directions. The son of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn was the father of the musical composer Felix Bartholdi Mendelssohn. The riddle of the relations of general and special abilities has not been solved. In arguing the case for environment—a strong case indeed—we must ever have in mind the background of heredity as well.

Personally and professionally we must make ourselves what we want to become, though in that pursuit we build upon our native as well as upon our acquired equipment. In that sense we are all self-made or society-made or custom-made and not nature-made. That half of the truth, which is so conspicuous, makes training the big thing in life and for the moment retires heredity to a back seat. Yet there are sound and unsound ways of pleading the case for the environment.

Some psychologists make much of the fact that infant reactions are meagre and imperfect, and show little that is unlearned. Since next to nothing of a behavior-pattern is

inherited, they conclude that the patterns of behavior that soon are established are all acquired. The usual name for the completely patterned, unlearned, ready-made, type of behavior is instinct. Spiders spin webs by instinct; chicks peck their way out of the shell, walk and pick up grains on their first day and need no mother to show them how. The human young do nothing comparable. Their ready-to-work equipment is near to zero. They suck if the lips are properly stimulated; they are startled by a sudden loud sound; they show distress if their support is removed—just little rudiments of bits of behavior that in a few weeks or even days expand to quite a repertory. But it takes a year before they can walk as well as a chick does in an hour, and they won't grasp as well as a chick pecks for many months. The fears commonly observed in early childhood, of cats and dogs, or mice or snakes are not there to begin with; they are acquired. But the tendency to play and to fear is instinctive, coming to expression under some form of training. So from the start we can be on our guard to train the child to play with animals and not fear them.

To conclude from this important role of learning in infancy that there are no human instincts, and that all our behavior is acquired, and that one kind of behavior can be acquired as easily as another, and as readily by one child as by another, is a pretty large jump at a long-range conclusion. That argument for environment overstates and mis-states the case. But it has actually been held that a chance selection of men from "Who's Who" and from a jail or poor-house differ only in the conditions of their lives, that you can make as much out of one normal human specimen as of another, by training or subjecting him to the proper influences; that we all start at scratch with nothing, and are not entered more in one class in life's

race than in another; that the goals we reach are all the result of training and circumstance. Such a view completely ignores the vast and complex facts of heredity, and is sufficiently refuted by the overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Of course we humans are too complex to inherit ready-made patterns. Your ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower and their ancestors have spoken English since the days of King John, and still you do not inherit any more tendency to speak English than the infant whose parents arrived last year from Russia or Czecho-Slovakia. What and how a child speaks is of course wholly a matter of imitation; it would be ridiculous to suppose that a child could "inherit" a foreign accent. But children inherit different facilities to speak and to acquire language; some speak earlier, command a larger vocabulary, speak better in every way than others with substantially the same opportunities and environment.

In some acquisitions the role of heredity is plainer; in others not so clear but presumably quite as real. Try to make a musician of a child with just ordinary musical capacity and see how far you get. Musical and similar capacities depend upon a sensory make-up; it is easier to understand that a more sensitive ear is a gift of nature; likewise that a more responsive emotional temperament is so, or a skill of hand with brush or chisel; these we can suppose depend on some minutely delicate structure of the nervous system, though we don't know what it is.

But we need only carry that supposition a little farther to conclude that a better brain in this respect or that, a special ability for mathematics or for creative literature or a keener logical sense or imaginative sense generally, that these depend equally on some slight differences in original equipment. The case for Heredity seems weak because it depends on supposition, inferences from results and ig-

norance of precise causes; but taken all in all, with its impressive wealth of support from so many sides, the verdict in my judgment goes to Heredity.

Yet it is clear that this notion of dividing the result between them is not a useful or correct way of considering the matter; achievement ever depends upon a joint action of the two. Heredity determines what you or I can do; environment what we actually do. One man may have excellent abilities and waste them or leave them undeveloped; another have but moderate abilities and make the most of them. The one succeeds on a poorer equipment, the other fails on a better one. Your mental abilities, by which you make your way in the world, hold your job, compete with your rivals, depend for their cutting edge on supporting qualities, which are largely emotional—your perseverance, your ambition, your social aptitude to impress your good points on others; you don't get on by abilities alone but by the support they find in the rest of your make-up. "Every child, even the dullest, has more talent than is now brought into expression—just as he also has more bad traits than commonly get into action. The wide range of human characteristics means that no child has an even level of endowment. Proper education will profit the best endowed child even more in proportion than it will profit mediocrity, but it will profit them all" (Popenoe).

Because in so many persons the hereditary traits are not markedly specialized, will the direction of achievement fall to environment. There will be a general tendency to do what you can do best by native endowment; but as the world goes, many must do what they can find to do, what the environment imposes. Occupation is but one expression of endowment and need not be as fundamental as the temperamental trends by which we steer our way in the maze of social relations of which life so largely consists. In

every direction we acquire on the basis of many interlocking trends. The efforts of education will not stop because the forces of heredity indicate that we are not equally educable. But the efforts of education will be most wisely directed if they take account of the different capacities that nature supplies. Again we must think closely to think wisely. Piloting a life is not a simple art, because we start with different ships, more or less seaworthy and with different qualities of freighters and liners, and because our voyages follow different courses from port to harbor.

2. DIVERSE: VARIETIES OF ENDOWMENT

Suggestion and Imitation—Imagination and Fantasy—Intuition—The Pleasure-Scale of Emotion—The Range of Sympathy—Balance of Traits—Moods and Temperament — Egotism — Versatility — Incentive and Achievement.

Suggestion and Imitation

We all take a proper pride in leading our own lives, as we call it, providing our own self-starters and doing the driving and the directing of life's journey. It needn't disturb that worthy ambition unduly to point out how largely what we do follows from another's lead; for it still remains true that while the world provides the makings, we can more or less roll our own. If we can't all be masters of our fate, we need not be mere passengers in the caravan.

Nature starts us with two provisions: a tendency to follow impulses from within, and another to take the clue from without. The child has a strong if limited battery of impulses and at first an unchecked freedom in their ex-

pression; but it lacks knowledge and resources; its small self has a small world. However it is richly provided with the means of enlarging it, both because of the drive of its own initiative and its capacity to respond to the environment. From infancy on, the child is suggestible and follows your clue; it smiles when you smile and takes on your mood of fear or calm. The suggestion pattern in its early stages, is a simple one. The odor or sight of appetizing food makes your mouth water; that's nature's built-in response to suggestion. Notice how your hunger grows sharper when at a restaurant you are waiting to be served and you observe others eating. Your natural appetite is increased by suggestion. But if you don't know quite what you want to eat and decide to order what your neighbor is eating, that is full fledged imitation. Suggestion and imitation are the two great regulators of our behavior. Since so large a part of what we eventually do depends on what we have learned to do, imitation plays the far more comprehensive role; though the stream of suggestion is never inactive; the two often combine.

Suggestion is the more fundamental pattern. For suggestion enters into expectation and anticipation and preparation for action, without some element of which you couldn't act at all. Suggestion operates not only on the program of your behavior but on the spirit in which you perform; it becomes emotional suggestion. If you are going to jump a ditch and have a strong doubt whether you are going to make it, that emotional suggestion of failure may interfere with your best efforts. Thus is introduced self-suggestion. For suggestion doesn't come wholly from without; some part of you that suggests, affects what another part performs. Some years ago Monsieur Coué came from France to tell us that all suggestion is self or auto-suggestion, and asked people to do a daily dozen by

repeating: "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." But to suppose that you can in all respects suggest health to yourself and attain it ignores as much as it recognizes.

In the field of persuasion, advice, and argument, suggestion takes care to conceal its art. You would like to have your client (or victim) feel that he is acting on his own judgment. Too direct suggestion arouses opposition, for we all like to believe that we direct ourselves. The hypnotized subject can be managed by direct suggestion or command, as his resistance is in abeyance. He believes whatever you tell him, does whatever you say, however absurd, because the self that directs is dislodged by the peculiar mental state; but not wholly so. Suggest something too outrageous, and he resists. Consequently for the normal state subconscious suggestion works best, in that it avoids the opposition likely to be aroused by direct command. Once you have the good will and co-operation of your subject, you set patterns to imitate. The teacher assumes that his pupils want to learn and he shows them how to do things. They copy the teacher, follow the leader. Learning first by imitation, they go ahead on their own account; they accept the model, but not entirely. For again, it won't do to be too imitative; part of your behavior must come from within.

In so far as we want to learn to speak good English or have good table-manners or dress properly, we look for patterns to those who know how and copy them in the hope that soon these graces will be our own. The same holds for arts and crafts and trades and everything else. We graduate from the suggestion-stage of childhood to the school-stage of imitation, to the life-stage of directing our own affairs. We never cease to be suggestible and imitative, just as from early years we were never without

some self-direction. As we grow mature, we direct our own affairs more and more, yet do so largely by choosing for imitation in our own way, among the endless patterns of behavior offered by our complex world. If we do so satisfactorily, we are leading our own lives.

Imagination and Fantasy

There are two trends to that valuable quality of mind that we call imagination. One is fantasy (in the special sense) which means romancing, day-dreaming, building castles in Spain, indulging in pipe-dreams, or whatever substitute for reality appeals most to our yearnings. We use this escape from a too prosaic reality to exalt our own personality, to satisfy our longings, perhaps to compensate for what we lack, to realize in imagination a more glorious future. The imagination is turned inward; it is a spot-light turned upon ourselves and the star performances that are to be ours.

The other type of imagination is turned outward toward the beyond. It is a searchlight sent out to explore the horizon. This imagination is constructive; it designs, solves, invents. It takes its plots and clues from reality, although not too literally, and carries them on to what is yet to be. It accepts facts, but goes them one better; it has a realistic anchor to windward. It, too, modifies and glorifies reality, but its center is not the self.

Imagination may be used for either and all kinds of imaginative exercises. Though in its main trend objective, it may find its object in self; it does so in the gentle art of exaggeration, or in the not quite so gentle one of lying. This method of going truth one better veers back toward fantasy. Baron Munchausen was a glorious liar, quite the prince of the craft; yet he exploits his imagination in

the interests of his personal exploits—bringing down a string of wild geese with one bullet. "Tartarin on the Alps" is an enthusiastic climber, but he climbs much more dangerous peaks in his imagination than in reality. Imagination purely in the service of self-enhancement, and with a touch of faith in its reality, is fantasy in bud or blossom.

It is interesting to trace the budding of this richly blossoming plant in imaginative children. Children are imaginative because they are not so tied down to the hard and fast distinction between the real and the unreal, and because their imagination runs so far ahead of their comprehension of the difficult stages that lie between imaging and realizing, between wishing and getting. You tell an imaginative boy about an airplane, and he tells you of one belonging to his (imaginary) friend that flies much faster, carries more passengers and lands safely anywhere. He may even invent special devices by which a flyer can fly straight up or down; but though it is all done by turning a lever, the mechanism lacks details; like that of the magic carpet—it just does it. All of which makes a good story and sheds a little side-glory on the romancer. He isn't lying, he's just romancing.

The critical point in such distinctions is that of the conscious relation of the real to the imagined. When that is completely disturbed, as in the dens of delusion, the wards of the insane asylum, the real world is lost and the mental controls are wrecked. In between is the half-way house of delusive fantasy of which I can give a telling example: A woman of sixty, attractive, young looking, lives alone in a simply furnished bedroom; she reads light novels and munches chocolates. She holds her young friends by recitals of her palmy days, her dashing husband, her two sons (shows the photographs) who were killed in accidents; she, herself, served as a nurse in the war. She has

had many love-affairs, expects to inherit an estate from one of her admirers, and promises to take her young friends to Europe in grand style. Some of it may be partly true, but most of it is self-deceiving fabrication, including the two sons. There is fantasy gone astray, and all in compensation for her bare life.

What then is the helpful employment of the imagination? In the main to turn it outward. Get outside yourself, but take your imagination with you. Be a bit of an artist and not too much a mere recorder, a registering machine of what comes your way. Must you divorce your imaginings wholly from that pleasant intimate theme of yourself? By no means. There is a place for self in the visions of what may be, of what we may become. But ambition must be made of sterner stuff than vain imaginings. Imagination may well take wings, nor is it quite putting Pegasus in harness. It is making of it a constructive power, not a futile self-indulgence. Without vision the people perish; vision is controlled imagination.

Intuition

In general, psychologists do not recognize intuition as a distinct source of knowledge. When the orthodox psychologist uses the term he puts it in quotation-marks to indicate that he doesn't believe in it. The word is usually associated with mysticism—thinking guided by faith and emotion and imagination, rather than by reasoning. As one psychologist puts it, there are only two sources of knowledge: what the senses report and what reason proves. Any third order is mystic; the mystic is an intellectual slacker. When you say that you can't prove what you believe but you just know it by "intuition," you part company with most psychologists.

But that isn't the whole story. It may be possible to give the word a local habitation in psychology and not merely a name. In the older sense, intuition undoubtedly was associated with mysticism; it was akin to a revelation in the religious sense. But what all psychologists recognize is that our thinking is not strictly logical; it goes about so far on the straight and narrow path of logic, and then adds a step or two of conclusion not so defensible. It goes beyond the facts, with an element of vague impression in it that inclines us to believe what is pleasant and dramatic, and what justifies our attitudes however reached. An intuition is a sort of a guess, a "hunch," a presentiment or a prejudice, something that you act upon yet can't defend. You don't easily give up the idea that it can be rationalized; yet if it can, the mysticism is taken out of it.

We may begin with the term "impression." There was recently a front-page trial to determine whether a portrait of a woman claimed to have been painted by Leonardo da Vinci was really so, or whether it was a copy of the genuine masterpiece in the Louvre in Paris. Only the opinion of experts could decide. The expert proceeded thus: his first glance conveyed a strong impression that the painting was not genuine. On closer examination he found a dozen reasons to prove how and why it was a copy. But the "intuition," if such it be, was that of an expert: you have impressions or intuitions only on matters on which you have had much experience.

Intuition is apt to be exercised upon more subjective matters. Can you judge whether a man is honest by his looks and manner? Whether he is genuine or a fraud is a far more complex and psychological decision than whether a portrait is so. A "credit" man must decide whether it is safe to let this man or that woman open a charge account. In his "once over" he forms an impression. Because that

impression cannot be analysed and its basis explicitly set forth, it takes on something of the quality of an intuition. We are frequently moved in our attitudes and behavior by just such impressions. Even a sober judge on the bench was known to tell younger judges that often their decisions might be right, but the reasons for them wrong: they intuited as much and better than they rationalized. Since fully conscious diagrammed reasoning is a rather late development, "intuition" may represent a more fundamental, more primitive way of using the mind. As we think more, we intuit less.

Having so many varieties of decisions to make that depend upon complicated human relations, we come to recognize the impressional or intuitional side of the insight that guides them. We tend to apply the term to attitudes and decisions, guided by feelings but with the reactions emerging as reasons. Jung, the distinguished psychologist, goes farther and makes "intuition" important in his system. He gives the word a special meaning. He holds that these subconsciously received impressions represent something ancient and vital in human life, out of which reason as a conscious process developed. "Intuition" in a revised sense may retain a psychological standing.

It means that our thinking is constantly directed in the interests of our feeling. In dealing with our fellow-men, we are trying to penetrate their disguises, appraising their true motives and reactions. In tone, manner, emphasis and the general emotional accompaniment of what is said, we get hints of the sincerity, the attitude, the cordiality of a sentiment; it forms part of the social sense. And in the political arena where equally but differently men speak for effect, whether or not their words ring true is tested by what we may as well call intuition. Certainly that quality of forming opinions of others enters intimately into the

mental equipment. Some are keen and others dull in the art; and how it is learned is no more evident than how it is practised. In some such sense as this there is a place in psychology for "intuition." Women are doubtless better at it than men and use it more freely. If you say that you trust a man's judgment and a woman's intuition, you may be speaking of the same process of reaching a conclusion, with more dependence on reason for the man, on feeling for the woman.

The Pleasure-Scale of Emotion

Some of the most fundamental qualities in our psychological equipment are apt to escape attention just because they are so familiar. "Still waters run deep"; which means that there may be a deep mystery with not much evidence of it on the surface. The stream of life is a series of pains and pleasures even more fundamentally than of ideas and actions. "How are you feeling?" is as important as "What are you doing?" The susceptibility to the various ranges of pains and pleasures, our tendencies to make small or large excursions along the pain and pleasure scale, to taste deeply or superficially of joys and sorrows—this emotional capacity is a vital part of our equipment. Hence the interest in determining, so far as psychology can, how this part of our nature operates.

So to the question: "How are you feeling to-day?" you might reply: "Oh, not so very well," and if pressed further, you might explain: "Didn't sleep very well," or "Touch of rheumatism." You are not likely to say: "I feel afraid," or "I feel angry," or "I feel worried," not in answer to that inquiry about your health; but you might explain (and this is an actual case of the reply of a mother whose son was off on a hazardous geological expedition):

"I feel miserable. I am afraid something has happened to Edgar; I feel angry at him for not writing; I feel worried." As you see, the mother's painful state of mind has an emotional cause, though it is also true that lack of sleep or an aching joint would contribute to the misery. If you try to discover just what is going on in this emotional experience, you will get into deep water which many professional psychologists have found over their heads. Thus we are at once subject to special emotions as well as to organic feelings, and both contribute to the feeling-tone of pain or pleasure. To explain how pain and pleasure come about is far from simple. The complicated varieties of pain make part of the doctor's difficulty in guessing what the trouble is when you tell him where it hurts.

Pain is protective; and if you could have a finger bitten off or seriously injured without feeling it, you might not have any fingers left. Emotions are also protective and defensive; if you had no fear you'd get into trouble, if you had no anger you wouldn't stand up for your rights, and if you had no love life would scarcely be worth living. This whole life of feeling is strangely mixed up with your instincts and their satisfaction on the one hand, and with what goes on in your body-organism on the other. You enjoy eating but only proper food, and you can get as painful (nasty) feelings by way of the food-tract as in any other way. Sex feelings are involved in the most complex emotions. Back of it all is something going on in your body, in your glands particularly, that may make you feel active or dull, grouchy or cheerful, and send aches and pains all over you, that may disappear when you get a piece of good news. So it is all rather complicated, to decide just why and wherein you find the particular distribution of what gives you the pains and pleasures of your existence.

On general principles we can agree. Negatively, there is the large field of avoidance, of which pain is typical. What hurts is the clue: and though it is a long step from "that sore on my finger hurts me" to "I am hurt by your neglect and I feel sore at you"; that evolution is the actual course of our emotional development. The physical hurt or pain comes first, the mental follows as we grow in mind and heart and personality. The negative feelings, those that detract from the fulness of living, are the strong and insistent ones, because they arise in urgent situations. To be relieved of pain is a supreme pleasure, and the happiest man I ever saw was a patient at a doctor's office who was shown his x-ray picture and told that an operation was unnecessary. His fear was complicatedly emotional; he feared the pain most, but the expense and the absence from business was also in the list of dreads that contributed to his misery. So our loves and likes are, to begin with, bodily gratifications; but they travel a long way before they become our romances and enthusiasms and successes. These are the positive, pleasurable emotions. Anger, is peculiar in that it is not avoided or sought. It comes in with the aggressive side of life in defending what we love, removing obstacles to our desires, in immediate irritation against our thwarting, in resentment upon an attack upon any phase of our personality. The relief of fear turns to pleasure; the failure to get what we desire becomes the pain of disappointment or loss. All this is a superficial peep into deep psychology, and leads to the consideration of another vital emotional mechanism—sympathy.

The Range of Sympathy

Sympathy is the most constructive of human emotions. Without sympathy your emotional equipment would be

bare, and your life pleasures and pains meager. Sympathy operates at all levels. Sympathy grows with experience; children are not notably sympathetic, leading as they do rather self-centered lives. But the basis of sympathy is provided by nature; it has a mechanism within. It is not without reason that the major division of that secondary nervous system of ours is called the *sympathetic*. The name used to be applied to the whole of the accessory nervous system, which is really the primary one since it regulates the vital processes, including the emotions and their expressions. Yet all this complicated basis of our sympathetic life comes under the control, more or less, of the central nervous system through which we think and act. The other large partner in the emotional plant is the group of glands. The tear-gland is particularly the gland of sympathy; but other glands come into play when our sympathies are aroused.

Sympathy becomes pity so far as another's suffering becomes your own. Pain reactions are typically more violent than those of pleasure; the mere sight of disfigurement, suffering, of blood or sores, upsets; the reaction is visceral. To share another's pleasure, to take pleasure in making others happy, shows the other half of the picture. To enter into another's life is the core of emotional sensibility; it is the foundation of the helping hand of fellow-feeling that makes the world akin. It culminates in the love that leads to sacrifice and altruism. We ascend on the ladder of sympathy from the organic to the spiritual. Sympathetic by nature, we become capable of socially refined living.

The importance of sympathy in the human equipment lies in the vast range of behavior which it affects. If we recognize three great trunk lines of emotion, fear, anger, and love, we equally recognize that the first two are self-

centered, defensive, but that the third goes out to others. There is no one adequate name for it; we may call it love or tender feeling, but quite as properly sympathy, because its object embraces another. The capacity for sympathy is a standard value of the human equipment. It is the great offset of fear and anger, which are the war emotions; sympathy is the peace emotion.

It is through sympathy that we become socialized. We are gregarious to begin with, but become sociable through the give and take of our sympathetic nature. Out of anger we develop hate, out of fear dreads and worries, and stop there; but out of sympathy grows a vast array of sentiments that compose the higher pains and pleasures of living, the nobler joys, the deeper sorrows. You are "sentimental" as you are sympathetic; we should not limit that fine word to the too soft sympathy that disregards the sterner virtues of discipline and courage. All our higher devotions are sentiments; they are incorporated in institutions as well as attitudes in the interest of human welfare.

The measure of your sympathy is a vital factor in your personality; your capacity for joy and sorrow, for thrill and horror, for living fully, responsively and responsibly, finds its roots here. Cultivated sympathies are what we live by. Drama arises as an enlargement of our emotional experience, appealing to our sympathies with another's fate, enabling us to live more richly in another's life. But it lacks the warm touch of actual sympathy, the support that we find when under emotional stress in the kindly feeling of another. It is as true of pleasures, making it difficult to enjoy the play alone; it isn't only misery but gaiety that loves company, for we are socialized throughout by the sympathetic quality in our total emotional life.

Your interests represent, in part at least, your intellec-

tual sympathies. It is true that we use the word as well for your vested and your profitable interests. What I have in mind are your "disinterested" interests. Your hobbies, your enthusiasms, your devotions are expressions of pursuits which you have adopted to round out your sympathetic life.

You are, indeed, as alive as your sympathies; if you do not feel, do not care, are not interested, you are just so far dead. Sympathies are not luxuries; they are a second order of necessities, once the bare necessities of living are secure. You cannot postpone the cultivation of sympathies until you can afford them in time or money. They are part of your growth, of your growing equipment to live adequately and wholesomely. The right-minded man has right sympathies.

Balance of Traits

A WELL-ROUNDED life requires a balance of traits. If we raise the question: "What is it we live by wherein we attain the major satisfactions of life that help or alone make life worth living?" we are thrown back upon the several orders of equipment. The answer for most persons is clear: just human relations. What they know, what they do, what their jobs are and what their surroundings may be, are all less decisive than whom they meet and talk to and get into human touch with emotionally. Playing, flirting, dancing, loving, squabbling, teasing, hating, gossiping, arguing, partly about things, partly about people, all make for a sense of being alive, a sense of sharing and giving and taking, of being in the human traffic. It isn't as a sense of needing and expressing affection, nor a still more primitive symptom of gregariousness, that the matter here comes forward, but as so intense a dependence upon the

maintenance of tolerable human relations that in their absence life becomes intolerable.

Home for the children is a center of kindly human relations; if it fails in that it falls short, however inevitably and regrettably, of completion. The first question in any case of mental maladjustment is: What was and is the home life? What is the range of human relations? What friends have you and what do they mean to you? And if marriage doesn't bring another intimate set of human relations, it is a "flop." Marriage is the most decisive of human relations, and because that relation can reach its choicest development only with the sole devotion of one man and one woman, is monogamy psychologically justified.

Thus first and foremost is the emotional life, in terms of the relations that normally engage it. How we appraise, how far we are dependent upon a happy emotional adjustment makes item number one in the balance of the traits. In this very personal equation appears our individual problem. The matter may be considered concretely. This very human document does so.

I am a successful and not lonely young business woman with many friends, in a position that is interesting and demands brains. Everybody likes me; nobody loves me. I am the most normal of persons, am not unhappy, have no nerves or queer streaks. I can imagine myself happy either married or unmarried. Am I deceiving myself? Am I really starved for love, or am I just fuddled by so much that I have heard and read about it?

For the normal man or woman affection is indispensable, yet some get along with very little of it, while others have an insatiable appetite and never get "fed up." Some need more somebody to love; others need more somebody to love them. Some crave an outlet for their affectionate nature, some are more eager for the affectionate regard of

others. The love of children is a tremendously effective discharge of the affections, while children themselves express the same need in their love of pets. Yet as nature has ordained matters, the life of affection, despite its many expressions in family, friendship and devotions generally, reaches its normal climax in the devotion of man and maid. To experience something of the grand passion, to know the thrill of undivided devotion with a touch of rapture, is vital to most of us for the full development of our emotional powers. Under the inspiration of a great love men and women have done great things, and many have risen to the best that was in them.

Yet when all homage has been rendered to emotional devotion as a unique enrichment of life's value, a voice of protest or warning makes itself heard. It may be the voice of those who question with the doubt of suspicion the rule and the rôle of emotion. Emotions derationalize; they distort the perspective even when they are friendly or constructive. The frenzy of anger, the panic of fear seem no less abnormal than the infatuation of love—fanaticisms all, hostile to the rational life. A distrust of emotionalism may result, as a barrier to reason and a menace to sanity.

The voice may be heeded; and it will be in point to cite one who has tried to do without emotion and see how far she has succeeded. I cite the case from Professor Herrick:

"I know of a woman of mature age, college bred, married, who told me that throughout her adult life she has purposefully and rather strenuously sought to bridle her emotions and to subjugate her feelings, sentiments, and passions to her reason. Indeed, she goes further and says that, since most of the mistakes and tragedies of life are directly due to the tumultuous drive of some uncontrolled emotional outburst, the emotions themselves are bad; they represent the bestial elements in our natures. They should

be controlled by reason at all times and absolutely suppressed and annihilated so far as possible.

"Now my friend has not been very successful in this quixotic campaign of hers. True, she has herself well in hand; her disciplined intelligence is in the saddle and directs her life into very useful and satisfactory paths; she is well balanced, efficient, sane, scholarly and accomplished. But as for destroying her emotions, fortunately this ambition has not been realized. She is, in fact, a very likable, capable and livable woman, which means that she still has plenty of emotions, she still yields to the drive of impulse, she still effervesces with good humor or anger on occasion, she has keen enjoyments, fine sentiments and healthy aspirations. She is also a devoted and affectionate wife, a good sport and a jolly good fellow, a person one enjoys living with. Her lively emotions give her verve and her trained intelligence gives her poise."

There issues the far saner voice of the balanced life. Unquestionably the primary and more important use of the intelligence is to control the emotions, even more so than its more versatile use in solving the problems that our situations richly provide. To derive from the emotional reservoir the driving power of our intelligently directed energies becomes the practical guiding principle. Reason and emotion if properly trained, make an efficient team, never mated, and pulling together only by the skill of the driver. The ideal equipment is a fine balance of traits.

Moods and Temperament

It is surprising how little is said in the psychology books of this big and important factor in our emotional, and by that route, our mental condition. Mood strikes deep into the roots of the psychic life. Unquestionably it is pro-

foundly affected by bodily condition. As the venerable wise-crack had it, whether life is worth living depends on the liver. The morning mood is quite different from the evening one; the after-dinner mood contrasts with that before breakfast. Illness affects mood tremendously, and differently; it makes some querulous and irritable, others tender and resigned.

> The Devil was sick,—the Devil a monk would be;
> The Devil was well,—the devil a monk was he!

Since mood is such a fundamental variety of mental condition, it shows markedly in children. They fluctuate in large sweeps, but their moods do not last long. A rapid swing of emotion, running the gamut from gushing joy to deadly depression is the child's way, and may be the way of all keenly sensitive natures, poetic or otherwise. The seven ages of man have their dominant moods as well as their favorite occupations. Youth is a protracted mood.

But when all is accounted for by way of bodily condition, including digestion—for a grouch is the dyspeptic's mood expression—and by those mighty and mysterious dispensers of mood, the glands, there remains the larger determination of temperament. This represents the more finely balanced tendencies of the nervous system and the mechanisms of higher control by way of thoughts, determination, and the dictates of reason. Temperament refers to a more complex organization and a more permanent set of the emotional supports of action. Subjection to moods is temperamental. Some are as constantly subject to moods as others are free from their sway. Women are rated to be more susceptible than men. Some ride high on the crest and sink deep in the trough of the waves of circumstances; others run smoothly on an even keel in quiet waters. Interpreting moods enters into the fine art of human inter-

course; it tells us when and how to approach our fellow men. So far as mood is determined from within, we make our own emotional weather; the mood-barometer changes both when there is a storm in our circumstances and when there is not. "Some men," says William James, "are born under a cloud." Their emotional barometer seldom reaches normal. "In all my life" said an Oriental philosopher, "I can count only twelve happy days." Others are constantly bubbling over with sunshine, all silver lining and no clouds. Temperament determines the dominant mood.

Depression is the more obvious and disturbing state; "moody" is apt to mean "sullen." But the decisive characteristic is the tendency to fluctuate. In extreme cases of mental disorder you would hardly recognize the patient if you saw him first in his excited state, and then a month or two later in his depressed mood. One of the great discoveries in mental medicine is just this recognition that the same nervous condition that induces the pendulum to swing so far in the one direction, when it starts the other way, goes equally far toward the other extreme. The normal emotionally well-balanced man, as well as the insensitive one, keeps nearer the perpendicular all the time.

We all know the answer well enough to advise others; how well can we follow the advice? For one who is really deeply sensitive to moods, struggling against them is about the hardest work that he is called upon to do. For those who don't know intimately the battle of moods, this sounds like Greek. They start when the whistle blows and keep going until it signals to stop. But it isn't so simple when you are complexly built. Nobody advocates indulgence; but moods are real, and we should at least be respecters of them. We do well to take advantage of favorable moods for our best efforts.

For most of us the working schedule takes little heed of

mood; it might be well if it were more flexible. To adapt a temperament to a task is one of life's problems. It finds expression in the artistic temperament which is alike real and exaggerated. Yet everybody has some kind of temperament. Will you direct it, or let it control you? That your temperament is born with you is agreed; you run naturally on a certain level and pattern of activity and emotional set. But you can do much to direct the varieties of impulses to which you are temperamentally inclined.

The too free indulgence in temperament isn't good for anybody, artist or business man. Many who fall back on the excuse of an artistic temperament are far more victims of an undisciplined temperament than they are artists. There are any number of well poised artists who have themselves well in hand, and accept their responsibilities as human beings like the rest of us. Unquestionably temperamental persons are more difficult to educate; they respond less readily to routine; they are full of strong impulses not easily controlled. They have the same problem that we all have, to direct the temperament toward mental fitness. It won't do to confine the artistic temperament too closely; but a life of unrestrained emotion is a life of dissipation. Respect the artistic temperament, whether you have it or not; but if you have, remember that you will do more with it if you harness and train it.

Egotism

Besides what you are and what you do, there is a third determiner that plays a part in life's issue; it is what you think of yourself. In that sense we must all be egotists, since we must have ourselves on our minds. Yet egotism we rate as a failing, and it may be a deadly one. That ego of yours is both pilot and passenger. One's self

is one's deepest problem. It may aid to get one's self off one's mind to consider the varieties of egotism.

The simplest definition of egotism is thinking too much of yourself. There are many simple varieties of egotists as well as some complex ones. Modern psychology is not as hard on that failing as were older codes of morals which made overvaluation a pretty serious sin.

"Pride goeth before a fall." Doubtless it often does; and the fall may bring the victim to a fairer sense of his own value. We have in mind that deadly sense of undervaluation, called in these Freudian days an inferiority feeling. That interferes so decidedly with mental fitness, that it throws the emphasis toward having a proper sense of one's own place, and is willing to run a little risk of overvaluation.

You must be able to hold up your head and face your fellow men as an equal to bring out the best that is in you; you must have self-respect. Injure that too deeply and a man, and no less a child, loses a valuable incentive.

The simplest form of egotism is vanity; just what it is that you are vain of makes a difference in the feeling. Vanity of appearance is again the simplest, and most of it is innocent enough. That a pretty girl should be ignorant of the fact or ignore it, is asking too much of human nature; pride in appearance leads to neatness and self-respect. Pride in ability or achievement has the same psychology; overdone, it goes by the name of conceit. It's often necessary to knock some of it out of a young man; and other young men, as well as the hard blows of experience, may be counted on for the service.

You reach true egotism and the obnoxious kind when it affects conduct in either of two ways. The first is the more obvious in that it leads to a superiority feeling and interferes with a proper attitude toward your fellow beings.

Pride of birth, station, wealth, reputation, may bring it about; and it is as often to be pitied as blamed. Egotism plays a headline part in every complex society. Millions and millions of dollars are spent in satisfying it.

The second effect is the central one; for it makes the individual self-centered, and that is the deadly egotism. It begins in the easily understood selfishness of children, of which greediness is the simplest form. It isn't the moral fault of selfishness that worries modern psychology so much as the impaired kind of personality that results from having self too constantly on the mind. Join that to a certain sense of superiority, and you have the full-blown egotist.

In our type of society the readiest temptation to become an egotist is that surrounding the man of great wealth. There are so many ready to do his bidding, so many eager to flatter and gain his favor; he is so naturally the center of things that it takes a strong character not to yield to all this and become self-centered. That type of egotism runs deeper than the mere sense of superiority that may make a man distant and formal in manner.

This psychological egotist may be in manner, modest and easily approachable; but he regards his affairs as more important than yours, and whether he wills it or not, he judges everything as a means of feeding that appetite for self-appraisal.

He comes to value his own opinions highly and becomes dictatorial; he is unhappy unless some one is bringing him tribute; he rarely gets self out of his mind; yet he may be generous and sympathetic and large-minded otherwise. He is not a shut-in personality like the miser; on the contrary he needs and is dependent upon the contact and good will of his fellow men. He makes good friends despite this failing and is an estimable citizen; but essentially he is an

egotist, and egotism in that form makes against the best use of one's powers and a well adjusted life. He is by no means the worst example of his breed, only the most readily detected, and in our type of society is naturally prominent. Yet he would get far more out of life if he could lay aside this tendency, sometimes a mild and innocent one, as though it were a cloak worn to conceal defects, sometimes running deep, and part of the innermost nature of the man.

Why is egotism, even on a small scale considered a pretty serious handicap, and why is modesty esteemed a most desirable virtue? These formerly moral questions have taken on a psychological turn. We have become interested in becoming well-adjusted persons, and cherish that ideal because such persons get the best out of themselves and out of life. There are many, many ways of having self too much on one's mind, and all of them are bad. Egotism is one of them. It spoils many an otherwise fair or fine equipment. It does so because it interferes with helpful social relations. The egotist rarely has many friends. The wealthy egotist buys rather than makes them. The shut-in egotist just doesn't make them. One of the problems of each of us is to appraise not only others but himself. The well-adjusted man has no tendency to over-estimate himself; he is generous in appraising his friends.

Versatility

What you are and what you can do, seem to be the burden of the equipment for living. And in these strenuous and specialized days we all have to do some one thing well enough and keep at it constantly enough to earn a living. This over-attention detracts from the right view of endowment and from the value of being able to do reason-

ably well a considerable variety of things. It may restore the perspective to consider what may be said in praise of versatility.

"A Jack of all trades and a master of none" throws a damper on versatility. "Shoemaker, stick to your last" is another saying to the same effect. They advise that only by concentrating on what you can do best can you become expert. By and large, the principle is right. Without selection and persistence you are not likely to get anywhere. There is a temptation to scatter your energies, especially if you don't do any one thing unusually well or have no very decided interests. Specialization is the order of the day; yet because of it many of us, especially in our job life, live over-specialized, narrowing existences. A cog in a wheeel can't be versatile.

And yet versatility adds to general fitness; being able to do many things reasonably well gives confidence; helplessness is unpleasant. Versatility may prove to be an intelligence test. Equally pertinent is the fact that it adds the specialized efficiency that enables a man to make a good living. We all have some general and some special abilities. The common notion that because you're good at one thing you won't be good at another is wrong. In studying a group of two hundred highly superior children, it was shown beyond a doubt that these children are far above the average in a good many respects. Of course the superior boy or girl won't be as good at mathematics as a boy who is an exceptional mathematician, but he will be far better at it than the average boy (that goes without saying) and better than the average of good students not in that superior class. So in a sense the more superior, the more versatile. Superiority in some cases follows a highly specialized pattern; in more instances it follows a versatile pattern.

High grade versatility implies something more than being bright all around; it means doing notably well in more than one field. Michelangelo was a versatile genius. He was a sculptor and a painter of the first rank; he was an architect and an engineer; and he took a leading part in the affairs of his day. A versatile genius of that order is rare. But able men who are also versatile, abound; and this means that the qualities that enable them to do their one big work well stand by them in whatever else they attempt. That is true of those superior children likewise. They don't stand equally well in all their studies; each has one or two in which he particularly excels, but he stands high in many, just as an all-round athlete may be a record breaker only in a 100-yard dash or a pole vault, but decidedly good in a lot of other things.

However, the common notion of versatility goes beyond that; it implies doing exceptionally well in a variety of things that depend upon somewhat different types of endowments. Here is a case in point. Frederick P. Robinson is president of the College of the City of New York; he is thus first and foremost a man of distinction in the educational field. He records that he learned to make a good etching, good enough to be exhibited publicly, in the spare time of one summer; that in sixty days he learned to play the 'cello well enough to pass as a musician, and both without any previous training. Music, drawing, teaching, administering certainly call for different orders of native ability. That is an exceptional example of versatility by any standard. Yet he gives the credit for this record to his powers of concentration, to his real love for whatever he undertakes, and to his determination to make good. He even modestly implies that anybody fairly well endowed can do the same, if only he tries hard enough.

That conclusion seems to me completely misleading. No one wants to discourage honest effort in any direction; but holding out false hopes is just as depressing in the end, and more so. The qualities emphasized by this versatile college president are most important in any undertaking, whatever the grade of ability, and therefore sound doctrine to preach to his students. But to suppose that effort will compensate for natural gift is not justified by a study of human differences. President Robinson is an exceptionally versatile man by native gift; you might scour New York and not find a hundred in his class. But what can be maintained is that a moderate amount of versatility is so common as to be the rule. If a census were made of men with more than one talent who could have made good in any one of several callings demanding quite different orders of ability, the tally would be considerable. It is so because general ability and the qualities supporting it, support special ability.

And there is the evidence that many men hesitate as to which calling to follow, having several strings to their bow. Often they might have done better at something else; who can tell? The more courageous find it out in time and shift their careers; most keep on by the fly-wheel of habit or because of the time and capital that they have invested in their career. Yet how often one hears the remark: "You have missed your calling; you should have been" this or that, very different from what the actual profession is now. Or we learn with surprise that this or that successful man has an avocation as well as a vocation; his side-show performance is about as good as that in the main tent. It is important to recognize the prevalence of versatility in order to have a right notion of the human equipment.

We may conclude that a poor Jack at any trade will

in all truth be a master of none; but an expert Jack at one trade may be a near-master of several others. Versatility is worth cultivating. To offset the prologue let this be the epilogue: "To him that hath shall be given."

Incentive and Achievement

The question arises in many ways whether what persons achieve is a satisfactory index of their ability. In some sense it is, but in more important ways it is not. Achievement becomes an index of capacity only under certain conditions, and then not too certain ones. The argument has a wide scope.

Take the simplest and commonest side of it, as it comes out in the schoolroom. In every class there are boys and girls whom the teacher tells you are bright, but their standings do not show it. You may call them lazy if that satisfies you; you may say that they have slight interest in their work; they don't try or they don't care. Whatever the reason, their ability is not shown in their achievement. Perhaps it will do so later on.

Take it a little farther along and you say the young man of ability lacks ambition, and so his achievement lags behind his capacity. Granted a sufficient incentive to achieve, and the relation between the two comes nearer into line. And that enters decidedly into mental tests which measure capacity; they must assume that the persons tested try, and try about equally. If they don't, the test just fails. They assume that those tested have the incentive to stand well.

In all cases of achievement there must be some adequate incentive. Persons of like ability haven't the same incentive to show it. There are thousands and thousands of able persons who have done substantially nothing to

show it. They haven't the stimulation of an incentive, not a big enough incentive.

The most common incentive is the economic one. You have to do something to make a living. If you have the additional incentive to wish to make as good a living as you can, if you like pleasures and possessions, and want to live as well as your neighbor, and especially if you want to marry and support a wife and family, then you, as a normal young man with the normal incentives, have at least incentive enough to try hard enough to make your ability count, and thus have your achievement measure your capacity. (But there, again, the relation may be spoiled because you may have bad luck or not as good luck as your rival; that's another story.) An equally good incentive is to make a reputation, to become known and famous. You want to be known as an able and successful man. The more of that you have, the more likely is your achievement to measure up to your ability.

Society provides a pretty wide range of incentives; and some of them appeal strongly enough to most men to make achievement a fair measure of ability in most cases. But the argument goes no farther than that. On the whole women haven't the same incentives to show their ability as have men; they may feel that they haven't as fair a chance to make their careers count; they have rival interests to weaken the incentive.

And there are men and women who for one reason or another lack incentive. Believe it or not, there are men and women who really don't care enough to be rich or famous or influential or hold office or what not, to make the effort and plan their lives accordingly. Some know or suspect that they have the ability, at least as much as those who achieve. Some prefer to be happy and obscure, or to use their abilities in ways more satisfying to

themselves, but which do not lead to achievements that the world recognizes. Well! then, how can you tell that they are able?

You have only the general power of judgment to fall back upon. You judge by what they say and how they say it; they impress you privately if you have the good fortune to know them and you yourself have the ability to recognize ability when you meet it,—a rather rare ability.

For myself, the older I grow, the less am I inclined to accept achievement as a test of ability. Some of the ablest men and women I have met have done very little to show it; some have done a great deal, and the world knows it. On the whole we shall never get a better test of ability than achievement; but we want to use it cautiously, and hold ourselves open to recognize ability independently of achievement. It's a great pity that so many able persons lack the incentive to show their ability. The world is the loser by the fact.

ROCKS AND REEFS

1. SHOALS AHEAD: *Disabilities*

Dwellers in Neurotica—The Hysterical Temperament—Shock and Hysteria—Adolescent Hysteria and Beyond—Neurasthenic Drags—Fundamental Urges and Phobias—Obsessions: Thoughts with Burrs—Timidity and the Timid—Inferiority Feelings—These Depressions.

Dwellers in Neurotica

We all know people with nerves and people who get on our nerves, which shows that we have them too. Are we, then, a nervous people, or is this a nervous age, or have we become nerve-conscious? A modified affirmative is the proper answer to all three unpleasant queries. There is enough strain in modern life to bring out what nervous tendencies we have; push and hustle and jazz and late hours and fierce competition and constant excitement without let-up, together with an intensity of emotional life, burn not the candle, but the nerve-cell at both ends; the result is irritable and exhausted nerves.

The nervous people are those who can't stand the pace. But one must not exaggerate the effect of the way of living. Most dwellers in Neurotica are born with a tendency to travel in the direction of that unenviable land; they have a harder problem than the rest of us

to live normal lives. That they can do it, and admirably, is shown by a thousand instances that are never heard of; we hear of the breakdowns, not of those who weathered the storm. Nervous people live more richly and abundantly; the world owes much to them.

A marked emotional susceptibility is the chief trait of what for convenience we call nerves. Two types of "nerves" may be distinguished, which, though they have much in common, are more distinctive than alike. The names by which they are known are not very fitting, but we must accept them. The first is "hysteria," an overintensity of emotional response; this is so natural to childhood that a distinguished neurologist has said that all children are hysterical, that, indeed, the human race is by nature hysterical, and that the process of civilization is to reduce our natural hysteria so that we may be calm enough to go about our business. Hysteria is getting too excited, and unwholesomely excited, about this complex business of living. Note, then, that hysteria is a source of energy, not the best source, but it sustains activity; we keep up on our nerves. What else it involves will appear as we go on.

People with an hysterical temperament tend to expend their energy in accord with this excitable pattern. In general women are more hysterical than men; and the false name that we retain for the tendency is the result of that recognition. Some writers do not hesitate to say that four out of five of all women have a touch of hysteria. That's the road along which they tend to travel; and if they go far enough they approach or enter the land of Neurotica. But there is plenty of masculine hysteria, though it tends to assume a somewhat different form. The sex differences are important.

The other great province of Neurotica is called "neurasthenia," and that means nerve-weakness. Carried far enough it becomes nervous prostration. The violent outbreaks of whatever sort are hysterical; the shrinkings, hesitations, shynesses, handicaps, incapacities, inferiorities are neurasthenic. There is a positive and negative contrast, and it appears sharpest in the emotional contrast of exciting anger and incapacitating fear. The liabilities of neurasthenia as they affect the problems of carrying on, are many, as will duly appear.

Neurasthenia is more common among men. This is a clinical finding. This is how nature has distributed the nervous liabilities of the race, and of men and women. That decree we must accept. To recognize one's nervous assets and liabilities is a first step in setting the course of life's ventures.

Dwellers in Neurotica are, more or less, the victims of disabling ways of living. If one could choose, presumably one would choose to be quite normal. It would, at all events, be the choice of the normal man and the normal woman. The finer sensitiveness, the more delicate and responsive organism has its compensations in the possibilities of rarer qualities and richer living. A nervous endowment may be the cost of certain ranges of quality and achievement. It is to be considered here as a complication, often a disabling one, of the course of human behavior.

The Hysterical Temperament

For the moment I am not speaking of hysteria as a disorder. I am addressing the lay reader; and if that lay reader, whether man or woman, and especially a woman,

were to discover some signs of an hysterical temperament in herself, and rush off to the nearest library and read an article on hysteria, and decide that she was headed for one or other or a good many of the symptoms there described, the result would be disastrous as well as hysterical. The medical student who found that he had all the diseases that his medical professors described but was puzzled by the fact that there was one exception called "housemaid's knee," may serve as a warning.

The hysterical temperament is hospitable to an entire colony of symptoms; this one of suggestibility happens to be conspicuous and common. Marked suggestibility as an hysterical symptom is only the beginning of a long story that has puzzled many a doctor, and which made the world sit up and take notice when the war developed thousands of cases of shell-shock—eyes that couldn't see, and ears that couldn't hear, and limbs that couldn't be moved or were all in a tremor, yet had no other source than the hysterical mechanism.

So, likewise, people who walk in their sleep, who go into a trance, who are easily hypnotized, also show some of the symptoms of hysteria that play an important part in hysteria as a disorder. And hysteria always arises from an hysterical temperament. You may remember that, provided also that you forget it as well. Not two in twenty persons who have more or less of an hysterical temperament ever develop any of the serious symptoms of hysteria. The most they ever do is to have a crying and laughing, a giggling or a gulping spell, or else they quite lose control, or fly off the handle, or do something outrageous on impulse, and come right back to their normal control.

The hysterical temperament is over-sensitive; it reacts

emotionally with great intensity; it is highly personalized; it works at a high tension. It may operate at a low level or at a high one. At the low level it is a tantrum, or bedlam, a frenzied letting go, or running amuck. A riot is hysterical; so is the crowd at a football game; so are the camp-meeting phenomena; so is the tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth in grief. Any emotion sufficiently violent overflows its banks and becomes an hysterical freshet. Too much repression accumulates like a geyser; and a good cry may be a wholesome outlet.

The hysterical temperament is unstable; it doesn't take much to upset it. The more personalized the emotion the stronger its hysterical trend; love is such an emotion, and the close relation between sex and hysteria is familiar. To take all the experiences of life personally, to have little interest in anything except what affects your personal welfare in the way people think of you or give you attention and admiration, is to cultivate the hysteria that is in you.

But there may be hysterical sympathy as well as hysterical conscience, hysterical martyrs as well as hysterical erotics, hysterical fanatics and hysterical workers for good causes. Since the life of women depends so much more on what they are and how they appear than on what they do, there is good cause in that alone for the tendency to hysteria in women. Hysteria has its advantages; it makes enthusiasts, it keeps people alive and young. It makes against poise and control; it makes for interest and activity. The hysterical temperament is not something to be cured, but to be utilized and controlled; age and experience tends to diminish it. It is important to recognize one's liability and accept it naturally. An hysterical temperament kept within bounds is a normal

though not the most desirable equipment for meeting the situations of life.

Shock and Hysteria

The war contribution to hysteria was not alone by way of the extreme and distorting excesses of fear and anger, of agonies of anxiety and passion of hatred—all examples of emotions overflowing the normal defenses and spreading mental havoc—but likewise by way of shell-shock, typical of the second focus of hysterical symptoms, which is its tendency to trance-like states. Trance means a partially altered, or partitioned state of mind, in which some normal powers are retained, others lost, and a strange relation obtains between them. Trance-states vary widely, and the state of so called "shell-shock" is one variety.

Here is an example remarkable for the insight which the "shocked" victim has of the mechanism of his disability.

> Perhaps you can lift a burden from my mind, a burden of ten years which I have never had the courage to ask any one to share. During the war I was "shell-shocked." For several days we had been going day and night. I was on the point of exhaustion. On a beautiful morning we took up a position and "dug in," or started to, but were interrupted by a terrific "straffing." Shells burst all around us, within a few feet of us. After several minutes of this I became hysterical, and when it finally ceased I was led, crying and talking crazily, back to a dressing station, thence finally to a base hospital where I was tagged "Debility." There I spent six weeks, during which I was treated mainly for the gas which I had absorbed in my lungs. Now, while I was in this state of "hysteria" I was fully conscious of what I was doing. I seemed to be acting, yet I had, or thought I had, no power to control myself. Since then the thought has constantly assailed me: Was I a coward, merely acting to get myself away from the horrors and exhausting grind of the war, or was I really beyond my own control? Could I have pulled myself together and gone back and finished as I started, or was I cunningly seeking a way out? My record on discharge was "excellent." I volunteered on the day war was declared.

I had never shirked nor shown any signs of cowardice previously. My disposition since then has been decidedly nervous and irritable. Perhaps you can unburden my mind, also perhaps, the minds of others, or let us know the bitter truth. I have heard a captain who served in the war declare to an audience that there is no such thing as shell-shock—that it was a clever ruse of some men to get themselves invalided.

The personal concern we can dismiss and advise the victim to do the same. Both he and his nerves are honorably discharged. The notion that such hysterical attacks are in the nature of flight or an escape into illness as an acceptable excuse for not carrying on—not returning to the lines in the case of the soldier, not keeping on with one's job and accepting responsibilities in the case of the hysterically minded invalid—is an idea true and important; but it is not the whole truth. Hysterical incapacity is a strange mixture of the real, hysterically real, but organically unreal. The hysterically blind person sees and yet is blind; the hysterically deaf hears and yet doesn't; and the hysterically paralyzed person cannot move an arm, yet when distracted, uses that arm without knowing it. Yet he isn't shamming or acting, while not wholly free from that type of unreality. Hysterical symptoms may go deep or stay near the surface. Shell-shock, though it may not last long, is often so severe a shock that the nervous system collapses under the strain, leaving the victim helpless to carry on. We may recognize its reality while still recognizing that it is of "nervous," which means psychic, origin.

We are in the presence of a conflict situation, and an hysterical solution. The awful scenes of warfare and the personal menace that they carry become too great to be borne; yet the soldier's sense of duty and the example of his comrades similarly exposed are powerful urges to carry on; to quit would be unendurable to his moral

sense. The escape, if such it may be called—for it is as much imposed by the nervous liability, as emotionally reasoned out—is subconscious; he falls into a condition that in itself puts him *hors de combat,* unfit for the struggle. As one psychiatrist puts it: "Without consciously intending it, he becomes incapable of service at the front; he breaks down in body and in mind; and is of necessity sent to the rear and the hospital where he escapes both an unendurable disgrace and an unendurable terror and disgust."

Why the incapacity should in one case affect eyesight, in another hearing, in yet another locomotion, is not so clear. The selected ways of hysteria are not past finding out, but must be sought in entangled, disguised trails, yet always along the course of personally significant emotions.

Adolescent Hysteria and Beyond

As a text this will serve: "In a group of friends on pleasure bent, one of the girls, for no apparent reason burst into tears because she felt like it. She had been working under pressure, was tired out, but there was no cause for depression." "Whence these tears?" is the young man's question who notes the incident, his masculine mind puzzled, his masculine heart concerned. The answer is simple: "just hysteria," and a simple form of it, quite common in girls of the flapper age and beyond. A crying spell is an ordinary innocent attack of nerves, and its most frequent incitement is a fatigued state of mind and body. We are all that way as children, some more so than others. When we were tired or hungry or hurt, we cried, more readily in the cradle than in the nursery, more readily in the nursery than in school. Our childish emotional equilibrium was uncertainly poised; under the

least provocation, we toppled over emotionally and burst into tears. Soon all was smiles again. Alternate laughing and crying are symptoms of hysterical instability of a mild variety. You may not want to do either, but you can't control them. Adolescent girls giggle more when they are trying to suppress laughter than when they freely give way to it. Conflict makes for unsteadiness.

What strikes this amateur psychologist as peculiar is that one should be in a happy mood and apparently enjoying one's self and suddenly become so depressed as to cry. It's the conflict between the desire to be happy and the struggle to command the mood. Since he himself must feel pretty blue before he cries or even feels like crying, he can't understand tears when on pleasure bent. But there is no deep depression needed to start tears when you are near to tears anyway; and tears don't mean grief or depression only. There are tears of joy, and tears of self-pity, and tears of excitement—and just tears because tears are on tap, and fatigued nerves secrete them. The tear apparatus, for reasons not wholly clear, has become involved with the mechanism of tender emotion, and only more distinctly so for grief. The course of emotional expression is ever from the physical to the mental. The child cries most readily for physical pain, then by transfer for mental pain or grief, for hurt feelings rather than for hurt fingers. But though a state of depression is the chief inducer of tears, other allied emotions will start the flow by way of sympathy. At the theatre during the tender passages, the house is even more moist than during moments of tragic doom. If built that way, when we are "moved," we are moved to tears with a touch of self-pity in the flow.

The common garden variety of hysteria is an exaggerated susceptibility to emotion, including the emotion

of being sympathized with. A girl of eighteen came home from her first week at a job dead tired. The family was seated at dinner. The moment they spoke to her, she burst into tears. All they said was: "Sit down, you must be hungry." If she had been able to control herself until she had had a few mouthfuls to eat, the spell might have been avoided. She had been under strain and holding back expression of her misery. With the first sense of relief the emotion overflowed its banks and tears came. No need to ask her what the trouble was; there wasn't any trouble. She was tired and just hysterical enough at that age to cry easily. Now ten years later, in her job of motherhood, it would take far more than a bit of fatigue to start the tears. She is better poised, better controlled.

Expression is a relief; and girls adolescent and beyond feel much better after a good cry. They get "it" out of their systems; the tension is relieved and calm follows. Rest will do the same. The young lady of the party was under strain to repress her absence of a gay mood. She yielded to the gaiety and excitement, forgot her fatigue and enjoyed herself. But the fatigue did not forget her; even joyous excitement uses energy. It's recreation when you are up to it and have spare energy for it, but it does not rest too tired nerves, not without a cost.

What is the desirable method to relieve cumulative or pent-up emotions? Aristotle had something to say on the matter some 2500 years ago: he called it catharsis, which is only a Greek way of saying: getting it out of your system. He regarded the theatre as a good outlet for unused emotions; for as we follow the play, we experience the emotions of the characters by proxy and so relieve our own. There may be as many people who go to the theatre for a good cry as for a good laugh. The confessional was another institution for relieving emotions,

talking it out, taking some one into your confidence; all these devices help to express instead of to repress. Freud gave vogue to the doctrine that too much repression is bad, as confession is good for the soul. So to-day we all recognize that draining off a little emotions prevents the overflow of big ones. If you incline to the hysterical type, you find it necessary now and then to let off tears. It's perfectly intelligible and falls wholly within the normal variation. The same mechanism applies to the aggressive as well as to the sympathetic emotions.

If overfull of energy, of animal spirits so typical of the childhood temperament, you must blow off steam somehow; and it is better to provide occasions for the excess. Football crowds, wild gaiety, social abandon, carnival indulgences, mass meetings, parades for returning heroes, have all something hysterical in their manifestations when they get a little out of hand and overflow their prescribed bounds. The more destructive emotions of excitement follow the same trend. Of these quite the most typical of the hysterical nature is anger. That equally is true to the child pattern of response. Tantrums are as characteristic of childhood as tears; and irritability is also aggravated by fatigue. The tired child frets, is cross and rebellious, and such "naughtiness" may produce a similar hysterical outburst of scolding and slapping on the part of the mother. The spasmodic, explosive outburst of hysterical anger is often responsible for cruelty, and "mad" attacks of quarreling and saying far more than one means. To give another a piece of your mind is often a relief; and when the storm is over, calm ensues and even regret—the desire to make amends under the sway of sympathy. Swearing may be an outlet of pent emotion as well as tears. Yet the technique of control of hysterical anger is different from that of hysterical self-pity. The

two symptoms are often combined in the same personality and add to its handicap in leading an adjusted social life.

With mental and emotional maturing, the hysterical trends alter their expression, yet with a tendency to continue or to revert to the earlier patterns of behavior. The hysteria of maturity reflects the adolescent type. Many outgrow the tendency with the growing calm of years; those with milder hysterical trends or with better organized control do so; the rest do not, or at least are subject to occasional or frequent lapses. It has been well said that hysteria is not cured, but outgrown or controlled. Social situations impose control. We don't let ourselves go before strangers either in the expression of our misery or our irritability. There are endless occasions on which we simply must not give way to our emotions. We cultivate calm, courage, and self-control. Every adjusted, mature personality has controlled hysterical trends, some far more so than others. Part of the difficulty and the evidence of growing-up is the adequate control of hysterical trends. This recognition is an aid to stability.

Beyond the turbulent sea of adolescence, where breakers dash upon the shores, lie the calmer waters of maturity. The work of the world and profitable social relations require reasonable control. What we should like to carry on to the maturer years of seasoned emotions that have successfully weathered storms is the youthful zest of adventure, the joy of experience, the energy of lively urges. We wish to be calm and controlled but not apathetic or dead. To cease to care is too heavy a price for an untroubled life. Piloting the emotions is a worthy art.

Neurasthenic Drags

"Neurasthenia" as likewise "hysteria" stand both for a temperament that tends in that direction, and for a developed set of symptoms which may be more or less chronically present, or culminate in acute attacks.

What are the typical symptoms? Fatigue, anxiety, depression, intense recurrent fears, a sense of unreality or confusion, difficulty in carrying on, poor sleep, a feeling of impending disaster, and all sorts of pains and aches, especially an intense pain at the base of the brain, sometimes at the top of the skull, flushing, sweating of the palms, twitching, and so on. For the neurasthenic it is difficult to hold the attention, hard to talk, hard to listen. There is misery, apprehension and a loss of zest in activity; the mind is perturbed, ill at ease, sluggish, lacking joy in living, dragging out a troubled existence.

The patient usually feels worse in the morning; this sickness is characteristic. The mood shifts and there are good days and bad ones. The neurasthenic is very much subject to psychic influences; with good news or the right companion, he goes up and the clouds lift. Under bad news, disappointment, and anything discouraging, the mental tone goes down. All this applies to marked or light attacks of genuine neurasthenia. Persons who have never had incapacitating attacks but have felt some of these symptoms in isolation or in groups reveal a tendency in that direction. Rest in time, and fortunate circumstances may prevent a true attack; or it may develop into brain-fag and a general run-down condition.

Is neurasthenia merely a bad mental habit, and can one by a sufficient effort shake it off? Is it just brooding and too much concern with symptoms which will disap-

pear with less attention paid to them? Decidedly not. It is notably true that excessive attention and brooding and giving in to the symptoms makes them worse, so that the chief attitude to be cultivated is as much neglect as possible.

The neurasthenic must put up a good fight, and nothing else will win. There is a constant struggle between unruly nerves and right reason. The nerves win again and again and hit below the belt. But though down he is not out, and presently he hits back and downs the fiend.

But unfortunately he often lacks the very sinews of war to fight with. The mental factor in the symptoms is a marked one; but it isn't all in his mind by any means. The symptoms are too real; they run too much in the same patterns in cases of widely different origin to suppose that they result entirely from a mental anxiety which accompanies them. Their cause is obscure, and so they are called functional disorders; they must be treated at once with medical relief and by providing the most favorable mental conditions for recovery.

Neurasthenics are among the finest specimens of humanity, the persons with the most sensitive make-up, doing the most difficult and at times important work of the world, but who, owing to the blows of fate combined with that sensitive make-up, find themselves for a time disorganized. They need rehabilitation, and many is the heroic and noble tale of those who have struggled to fit themselves to be seaworthy and to weather the gale, until again they encounter storms beyond their seamanship.

But the largest group keeps afloat at a slow pace, never with sails spread, never shipwrecked, never on an even keel. The best fate would be to steer them into the gulf stream of happiness. They don't belong on the high seas; they are too easily buffeted by every wave; they sail

best in smoother waters and should frequently lie sunning themselves in safe harbors. But, however limited and precious their cargoes, they must ply their trade and deliver the goods.

How to lead a neurasthenic captive out of the tangled maze is a task easier in the prescription than in its following. To quiet and allay the needless dread is a constant part of the treatment. The gloom always exceeds the reasonable justification for it, the disorder seems more serious than it is; to the patient such incapacitating pains and profound misery can hardly indicate anything but an extreme condition. Yet the assurance that it is not hopeless must be given again and again, however certain that though the fog lifts for the moment, it will descend again and again.

Occupation is essential, and the building up of an increasing pleasure and absorption in it. There must be provided somehow some rays of sunshine, some patches of blue sky, some momentary glimpses of joy, to keep alive the feeling of normality as something real and attainable. Nothing is so helpful as just the right person to go to, to look upon as a haven and refuge and a harbinger of blessed peace. To translate that prescription into a program is the delicate art of ministering to a mind diseased.

The way out of Neurotica is long and tortuous, the course uncertain, with hope deferred and courage failing. There seems no other way. It is well for those who dwell in a normal climate with only the usual variations in fair weather and foul, to realize the plight and the plaint of their fellow voyagers in their own families and their own circle of friends. It is well to read an occasional story of mental shipwreck, to realize our own more secure good fortune. Playing the game with loaded dice isn't easy, but it can be done.

How to shorten the process of recovery is a fine technique; any detailed advice must always be a matter of circumstances and personality. Many are the drags of neurasthenia; what relieves one relieves all. The invisible ball and chain forged of dread, pain, irresolution and despair are as real and as heavy as those of iron.

Fundamental Urges and Phobias

Fears are exaggerated expressions of normal instincts. What they attach themselves to is less important than the urges from which they arise. Two orders of such fear are common: the fear of open spaces, called, Greek-wise, "agoraphobia," and the fear of closed, narrow or shut-in places, called "claustrophobia." They correspond to two fundamental urges. When these urges are satisfied, we are at ease; and when they are not, we are ill at ease, and if so disposed, grow panicky.

The shelter urge or instinct is a variety of the still more general urge for security. We want to feel safe. "Safety first" becomes a popular slogan because the desire is in the first instance implanted in our nature. We feel safe when we are sheltered. William James drew attention to the fact that one seldom found a bed out in the middle of the floor; it is usually placed in the corner, at all events with the head against the wall, that being a more sheltered position, more protected from attack. By the same token people take the corner seat in a car. It is when this shelter instinct grows to abnormal proportions that the patient cannot cross open spaces. He feels dangerously exposed, though he knows as well as the rest of us how unreasonable that fear is. I know of several persons, some of them so well known that you would know them if their names were given, who go around two sides of an open square, hugging the buildings, rather

than venture a diagonal cross-cut through the park. "Nostalgia," or "homesickness," when carried to excess of panic and emotional disturbance when away from the shelter of home, is a form of agoraphobia.

Then there are persons who confine their walks only to the block on which they live. Others don't like to go on the open sea out of sight of land. All these are vagaries of the shelter sense. If we are built that way, we feel most uneasy when conspicuously unsheltered; we get as panicky as do children when they are lost and don't know their way back to home and security.

On the other hand there is the urge for freedom; we don't like to feel restricted. You can make any infant cry by just holding its arms tightly; we are all uncomfortable when held or locked in. Now extend that in an abnormal direction, and you may be afraid of confined places where you can't get out or just feel partly shut in. We find other types of nervous patients who can't sit under a gallery, don't like crowds, want seats on the aisle where escape is easy. Transfer that to allied situations and you have persons who are most uneasy in tunnels.

In the war there were soldiers who were panicky in dugouts, though that was the safest place, and who, when questioned, admitted general fears of shut-in places. So we need to feel sheltered but at the same time not imprisoned. Hence some persons can not work when the door is locked, and some feel more secure when it is. Once you get abnormally subject to such fears, they may develop in many directions. The explanation of fears goes back to normal instincts acting in an exaggerated or abnormal fashion.

Why are some persons so subjected? Because they have a certain type of nervousness (neurasthenia) which brings out the natural timidity and follows in its fear patterns

strong fundamental urges. Relieve their nervousness and you dispel their fears. We are all more timid when tired, and more courageous when rested. In some such way does modern psychology account for common excessive fears. They are not hap-hazard but grow out of deep-seated fundamental urges, essential to the protection of life. Shelter and freedom are alike necessary.

The nerve weakness which predisposes to such phobias has no association with mental weakness; quite the contrary. A nervous organization of the neurasthenic type occurs more commonly among the sensitive and intelligent.

In the British army it was found that the officers, representing the higher intelligence, were subject to nervous disorders as commonly as the men in the ranks. The grosser forms of such disabilities, such as blindness, tremors, paralysis were more common among the ordinary soldiers, the phobias and complexes among the officers. The mind breaks down on the same level as it is built up.

The psychoanalytic method attempts to get back to the origin of the disturbing phobia and by recognizing its source, increase the power to dismiss it. It frequently works. Childhood shocks may be responsible for these incapacities that come on later under stress.

A concrete picture tells the story better than a description. Victim A had a besetting fear that somebody would seize him from behind. As he walked, he constantly looked back over his shoulder. In a room full of people, he always looked for a chair next to the wall. He was uneasy in a theater with many people seated behind him. When he was 55 years old, he returned to his native town and learned that he had had the habit as a boy of taking a handful of peanuts when he was sent to the grocery on errands, and that the clerk on one occasion jumped out and grabbed him and that he fell in a faint. The patient did not know why

he had these fears and behaved so peculiarly, and when he found out some forty years later, the trouble left him. Yet that may prove no more than that his strong susceptibility to fear as a child stayed by him and developed according to the original pattern.

Victim B is a girl of seven who disobeyed her parents, wandered away in the woods and became wedged in a stream with the water falling over her. Later there came and persisted an upsetting fear of splashing water which she could not account for. If she heard the bathtub filling the sound set her in a panic; she struggled when she was washed; if the children splashed the water when drinking at the fountain at school, she was uneasy; when riding on a train she was uneasy when the train passed over running water. The symptoms were relieved thirteen years later by recalling the incident. Quite as often the phobias, like belief in superstitions, remain, although their origin and unreasonable nature are understood.

Victim C is a soldier who collapsed in a dugout. He had a persistent fear of shut-in places, could never ride in the London subway. While a boy he was chased in a dark passage-way when he had stolen articles to sell to a junk dealer. A shock sets off and fixes rather than creates the fear.

Phobias develop in a phobic mind. Many of us were chased, frightened under water, confined in narrow places, or otherwise shocked in childhood, but recovered with no such impaired freedom of movement or exaggerated dreads. Similarly many of us have choked without developing a persistent nervous spasm and a constant fear of strangulation, have had disturbing palpitation without forming the constant habit of counting our pulse, have felt faint and hungry without developing mental confusion and an imminent sense of passing out when we go without food. But add

a strong dose of the neurasthenic temperament and the symptoms may become mental drags that impede freedom of the living and moving wherein we have our being.

Obsessions: Thoughts with Burrs

It is not only worries and fears and other emotional concerns that have the habit of sticking so that we can not let go and dismiss them and go about out reasonable affairs; ideas also have burrs, and actions, too. They make us go through senseless ceremonies to get a certain ease of mind, and pester us with treadmill thoughts. It may be so slight a matter as the mere habit of getting up or going out or lighting a cigar by the clock at six seconds past six minutes past the hour (an actual case), not always, but just when one happens to think of it. Obsessions may take the form of mental rumination, chewing the same cud of thought again and again. A young man complains that he can't think any more, only in numbers and circles,—not computations, just numbers. In this instance there has been overstrain; for he has been working persistently over ledgers for two years and finds his mind paralyzed. That suggests brain-fag. Another can't stop counting autos and footsteps and telegraph-poles and black cats or what not. And there is the classic case of Dr. Johnson (and many another without claim to fame), having to touch every fence-paling with his cane, and if he skipped one, having to go back in order to feel at ease and continue his walk—let us hope without passing too many fences. It is quite too strong a word to call all these persistent habits and occupations obsessions, but that is the family to which they belong. They are irresistible impulses. They lead nowhere and encumber thought and action, though it may not be seriously. They, too, have their childish counterparts in such habits as pulling off

tags, labels, stamps, signs, pictures; some children can't resist this, and it's better than pulling at scars, biting nails, scratching. These little obsessions suggest a sort of mental itch. Children likewise delight in making ceremonies and rituals of their habits, with perhaps a touch of superstition that if not done just so bad luck will follow. Superstitions, likewise, are obsessional in type.

Counting is a most common form of "thoughts with burrs" and may become quite an impediment or at least a nuisance if it interferes with useful occupation. If one couldn't read without counting the number of words, sentences or pages, reading would stop. Still more disturbing is the tendency for one set of ideas to start off another irrelevant and disturbing one with consequent confusion and interruption. Here is a typical instance: "When a chance remark of an unpleasant nature is made, I find myself developing a fixation, particularly when low in nerve force. For example, a friend said that 'cats would eat dead people.' I formed an immediate aversion to cats. Some one said 'teachers of mathematics were inclined to be peculiar.' I formed a strong aversion to the subject which I am teaching. I do not give in to these aversions, shall continue to teach mathematics and to touch cats, but they are disturbing, nevertheless."

The French call them *idées fixes*, thoughts that stick like burrs and will not let go. These fixed ideas are apt to occur in neurasthenic minds. The weakened, neurasthenic mind is open to them, yet recognizes their irrationality, won't be controlled by them and remains affected, despite the resistance.

A superstition has, in minds generally rational, a similar psychology. Whatever it is that makes you touch wood when you say that you have not had a cold this year, or makes you avoid peacock feathers, or—what mental habit

have you that sticks like a burr to your otherwise sensible mind? That is your obsession.

You know that there is really nothing to be done about it but dismiss it. But, somehow, that idea has burrs or tentacles that have attached themselves to your brain cells and won't easily be shaken off. Why? We know no other why than that your mind, being of that bent, and in a fatigued condition, is good sticking ground for thoughts with burrs. See how irrelevant as well as relevant they may be: "Cats eat dead people" is the thought; aversion to cats the consequence of the burr. Irrelevant nonsense, pure and simple. "Mathematics teachers are peculiar." Consequence, aversion to mathematics. Quite personal and relevant, only equally nonsensical. If it weren't these notions, it would be other ideas no more consequential that, somehow, get so fixative that they stick.

Such thoughts are mental obsessions. Kept within these limits, they are just impediments; but if they grow and lead to brooding, or develop into a grievance, they become serious.

What this shows about the normal flow of thought is plain: We should be free to roam in thought as we will, give each its proper attention, and pass on. The obsessed mind cannot do so. By an effort the disturbing thought may be dismissed. The mathematics teacher goes on with the lesson, but at a cost. He clears his mind and goes to sleep, but not always easily. What's the remedy? A rested mind. Get more rest, a better physical condition, avoid straining work, and the burrs dry away. What we have to fight are not the ideas that haven't much fighting strength, but to relieve the fatigued condition or the mental habit that gives them what strength they have.

These obsessions are taken mostly from the irrelevant notions or habits of mind that intrude into the orderly cur-

rent of behavior, for they attract attention by just that quality. But the disturbing effect of any set of ideas or occupations pursued, not wisely but too constantly, is equally in point. Even work may come to be an obsession, and thrift and the too intensive and narrow pursuit of worthwhile projects. So likewise are fixations too exclusive devotions; for they hamper freedom of mental and emotional movement. But that is a larger and many sided story to be continued in our next and beyond.

Timidity and the Timid

The chronic victims of timidity are more numerous than would appear on the surface. Timidity may become an obsession, as it has in the case of a young man who writes: "From early morning until late at night when I close my eyes, a sense of bashfulness and the apprehension that people may discover my uneasy state is constantly on my mind. Life is a literal hell on earth for me." The victim of timidity worries over his handicap and thereby aggravates the situation. This type of fear state is not a specialized phobia attaching itself to some particular pattern. It is a general, self-centered sense of shrinking and inadequacy and affects the personality as a whole. It may well be called a timidity complex.

Its dominant symptoms are these: (1) It is chronic, is present more or less all the time, is of long duration and is presumably hereditary. Most persons are born shy, some acquire shyness, and others have shyness thrust upon them. (2) The social situation is the central occasion of timidity, meeting strangers particularly. (3) There is a special sensitiveness in the presence of the other sex. (4) There are accompanying bodily sensations, flushing, palpitation, sinking feeling, confusion. (5) The handicap causes worry.

(6) It limits the sphere of behavior, prevents the victim from appearing to good advantage, leads him to avoid social contacts. (7) There is a transfer of the shy feeling to the concern that others will become aware of the handicap and shun him. (8) Change of surroundings may relieve the situation or may aggravate it in that it makes all the world strange.

Since the incapacities they induce are not confined to a few situations, timidities are more stubborn than phobias because constantly brought out in daily contacts. It involves the making over of a personality, a slow difficult process. The technique is that of establishing a sympathetic relation first between the physician and the patient, and then enlarging it to intimate friends and to smaller circles.

One consulting psychologist invites his patients to tea to establish rapport. They make a social rather than a professional visit. They may meet others with similar difficulties further along on the road to normality. In a certain instance marriage relieved the shyness of a woman in her thirties. She liked being a hostess: and now with the responsibility of a young son and a sociable husband, she is quite at ease after the first few moments, though persistently shy in manner. A wife may just as successfully socialize her husband. A shy physician had to give up practicing because he could not overcome his timidity in dealing with patients; but he was successful in a teaching position in which his cordial personality has a chance to assert itself, for he wasn't shy with young people. There are few perfect cures, because it isn't a case of recovery. The victims of timidity never were normal. They can only be reeducated toward the reduction of their more serious disqualifications.

For it must be held in mind that these timidities act by

way of resistance. These victims of timidity are sociable in trend but have to overcome resistance, plough through mud to get to the point where they can feel at ease, not to say let themselves go. There's many a tale of release of these timidities through a convivial glass of wine or two. Yet that is but part of the technique in the establishment of self-confidence. There are thousands of mild timidity victims in every community. It is the extreme cases that develop to the point of a timidity obsession.

Inferiority Feelings

The timidities, when socially expressed, and that is how they usually appear, may readily develop into inferiority feelings. We are all more or less competing with our fellows, measuring ourselves by the accepted standards to which we all are expected and try or hope to conform. To be normal is to be able to do as others do, to take one's place in one's social group on an equal footing. If you fall down in that rating, or think you do, and feel it, worry about it, resent, or succumb to it, you are a recruit for inferiority. Many suffer from just such a mental handicap because of lack of proper assurance; they may come to regard themselves as failures or candidates for that undesirable army. They come to feel that they are not quite as other folk whom they envy; they feel inferior. It is well to set their difficulties in a correct perspective.

It is, however, easy to exaggerate the part that such feelings play in shaping the common mental disabilities. What is clear and important is the necessity of a proper self-esteem to hold one's own in the struggle for recognition; that's what we all live for, to be somebody, to make as much of ourselves as we can. The sense of handicap in that pursuit is the true content of the inferiority feelings.

If there are real bodily or organic handicaps, the case is clear, but for that reason all the more readily accepted. Those afflicted must live with their afflictions; others make allowances for them. The lame, the halt, the blind, the weak lead handicapped lives.

Yet not only the woods but the cities are full of persons with these and similar handicaps who have made much of themselves despite them, and have even been spurred to more determined efforts, accepting their handicaps as a challenge. They do not take to the woods or the tall grass to conceal their impaired equipment for the competitions which living presents, but seek compensations in the more adequate development of activities in which their handicaps impede less, or may be circumvented. The followers of this solution do not develop inferiority feelings; they surmount, they sublimate, they compensate as well as accept, asking little by way of favor or "handicap" in the sporting sense, for their "inferiorities" in the literal sense. They seek no alibi.

The inferiority feelings arise, and quite naturally, in the mental domain, more exactly in the emotional one, in which the competition is for notice and regard and personal valuation, that strikes deeper than professional fitness, and affects the temper of personality more sensitively. It is the handicaps to social competence, the impediments to self-assertion, that provide the typical, troublesome varieties of inferiority feelings, readily as these may also be invited by physical shortcomings. Thus the stutterer becomes a likely candidate in that he is cut off from the free association with his fellows. As a consequence the stutterer may tend to withdraw, to find himself blocked and checked in self-expression. His impediment is a constant source of embarrassment. He cannot be as others are; he is out of things, and by such exclusion may be turned to inward re-

flection; his disposition may be affected, and he may come to feel profoundly that he is doomed to failure. In the very process of expressing one's self one displays one's inadequacy. No concealment is possible, nor obvious defense, and the consciousness that others are conscious of it doubles the damage. Sex-consciousness aggravates the impediment, and all situations in which one wishes to show one's self to advantage. Women sufferers feel it most keenly because it affects so intimately their attractions. All of which illustrates that it is the psychic more than the organic handicap that counts in the inferiority scale.

Similarly a facial blemish, a slight deformity, reacts upon the sense of personal worth and lowers it. Beautiful persons have an overwhelming advantage, and those ill favored a disproportionate handicap. For the most commonly cherished of all the self-feelings is that of finding one's self wanted, desired, popular, and not ignored, neglected, slighted. The out-of-it feeling, is often a truer name than inferiority; and in feminine terminology a wall-flower complex is more pertinent than an inferiority complex. For it is when this feeling of deprivation, exclusion, failure, extends to the entire range of behavior, maims and embitters, estranges and isolates, and the shrinking warps the personality in all its expressions that the handicap reaches the stature of a complex.

There is a tendency to trace inferiority feelings back to childhood experiences. As children we are all inferior, feel our dependence and subordination, our subservience to others and lack of independence. Certainly undue subjection and restraint, as well as nagging and complaint, and constant calling down, and dubbing children stupid, awkward, ugly, mean, selfish, good for nothing, may increase the sense of inferiority if there is a tendency that way. Yet, while that should not be forgotten, in other natures it may

provoke rebellion in an aggressive protest. The childhood experience may aggravate rather than create the tendency; not all step-children, even when shabbily treated, develop inferiority feelings.

The social pressure shows the environmental forces at work and ever on a psychic pattern. Being of a race or religion against which there is a prejudice, poverty, having a provincial or class accent, crude manners, unfashionable dress, may all develop all varieties of inferiority feelings, which in their devitalizing of self-regard handicap the social competition.

Just because so much goes into the making of a potential inferiority feeling, does it follow that we are all more or less subject to it, and few are wholly untroubled by such hesitations. The directions of its expression are various. One may have his inferiority feelings aroused in his job, another in social relations, a third in dealing with the opposite sex, a fourth in dealing with persons of wealth or power. Men in the mass, society in any of its formal expressions, office, station, rank, persons and moments of consequence, impose and intimidate. It takes unusual social courage and confident self-assurance to be adequate and hold one's own in all the varied circumstances. To be particularly subject to the disabilities of timidity and withdrawal, to put your worst and not your best foot forward, because you can't forget yourself, can't be natural, because you are so unnaturally shy—that is the situation, however induced, however expressed, however circumstanced. It does indeed affect behavior vitally, but has been made responsible for a far larger share of the handicapped life than it properly accounts for. It is more symptom than cause. And it is only because its general trend is in some respects akin to the impediments that by natural heritage belong to the

great neurasthenic family that its consideration is here pertinent.

Those of neurasthenic temperament may be more than ordinarily disposed to inferiority feelings; while yet the two orders of disability run their separate course. "Inferiority" stands as a danger in the development of personality. To pilot one's life successfully implies some confidence in one's abilities as a helmsman in competition with others following a common course to a common goal.

These Depressions

There is no symptom of the neurasthenic complex, no trial of those who in some measure must lead the neurasthenic life, that is so difficult to present to the normal mind, free from these devastating assaults of mental distress, as these awful depressions. Two classes of persons are disqualified for understanding these depressions; those who have them, and those who haven't. The first because under their influence they see things too darkly and nothing rightly; the second because they can't understand what all the fuss is about when there seems so little the matter. The latter, fortunately, represents the great majority, or this earth of ours would be a vale of tears with a moist climate. They tell you, if you happen to be a victim of depression, that, of course, they also often feel blue and have disappointments, but they smile and get over it. Then why all this agony and thoughts of suicide? Ridiculous! Nerves are ridiculous impediments, but they are as real as the backbone which they seem to lack.

Of all the dismal abodes that human souls must at times occupy in the voyage of life, the caves of depression are

the darkest, most hopeless dungeons of despair, with only a faint gleam of light from an inaccessible grating that makes the gloom thicker by telling of a joyous world without, where carefree souls bask in the sunlight of normality and know not the heaven of their blessed fate. Of the four devils of neurasthenia,—fatigue, fears, bodily distresses, and depressions,—the last is the most diabolical, most destructive to happy normality. Yet the quartet commonly perform together, now one and now another playing the leading theme, rarely a solo part.

As one talks to the victims of the varied torture, the one mostly in the grip of the fatigue devil, will tell you how gladly he would accept phobias if he could only escape that dead, fagged feeling of exhaustion; and the fear victim would exchange any incapacity, to be rid of his ghastly dreads; and when body aches and mental distresses in localized pains and vaguer wretchedness make a medley of misery, that seems the hardest lot to bear. Yet of all these neurasthenic hells on earth, depression may well claim the place of the deepest and direst inferno. The misery theme in the four-part rendering dominates.

To give the fortunate voyager who has never been shipwrecked on neurasthenic rocks and reefs some notion of the experience, let it be told by way of personal narratives; and, first, by a not too serious one:

I am an art student, 20 years old, and have been suffering from fits of depression during which I pace the floor in agony and bite my hands. I don't consider suicide on account of the grief it would bring to my parents, but I often long for death at any price. In spite of the fact that these "emotional orgies" bring lines to my face which are hard to massage away, I can't seem to control them. Yet people say that I am pretty. I have had several love affairs which I took very seriously and which ended unhappily. I do not have much recreation, for when I'm not drawing, I make my own clothes, but as a rule I'm fairly happy.

Here there is youth and the compensation of active interests that carry on. The mood will go; some fortunate turn of affairs, a happy marriage, may release the captive, and for long periods, until disaster again comes, there will be fair sailing.

Yet consider this narrative of shipwreck:

I cannot describe the symptoms, the sensations of dread, fear of death, waves of exhaustion and sheer terror that overwhelm me. My head feels so tight and wound up I think at any moment it must tear apart. My mind takes actual leaps and furns that leave me in perspiration. I am dizzy, my legs tremble, my heart and chest always feel as if there were a hand pressing there, my vision (at times clear) fails and the light seems suddenly to go out. Sometimes I waken to feel myself shot through space—I think it must be death—and I cannot move my body; I lose consciousness and a real explosive feeling occurs in my head and ears; then I wake up feeling normal except for fright. I am never without a panicky feeling, doing things as if in feverish haste. I am afraid to leave home, yet hate myself for these fears. I haven't been on a bus, trolly or train for more than two years. I never go out to the theatre, for the dark seems to become alive and smother me. Yet no one suspects these things. To outward appearances I am the picture of health, keep smiling and laughing (when God knows it becomes a mask with a muscular fixation). I have three children and a large house of which I take excellent care, and appear unusually calm and collected at all times.

Here are the four devils combined, but with fatigue retired to a back-stage place, and depressions not so prominent as fears and distresses; other neurasthenic narratives would assign these parts otherwise.

Though both these narratives come from women, most of the victims are men. Here is a man who at the age of thirty-four was compelled to take a nine-months holiday, just neurasthenically all in. He was depressed for almost the whole of the period. He stopped work on the 23rd of the month, and always on the 23rd had a day of deepest grief. Mental causes aggravate; but the fluctuations are not predictable. The day usually begins badly; the fog lifts later

and may go entirely by evening. Periods of weeks of deeper gloom give way to lighter struggles.

At times the agony of nerves cries out with such despair that anything—death itself—seems preferable to this ghastly sense of intolerable misery and terrific disaster, all the worse because it is so vague.

Here is the tale of another victim, a man in the forties, struggling bravely for years against these attacks, who bears on his wrists the scars of his attempt to open his veins when one such attack was too great to be borne. His chief devil was depression.

What it all means is this: that the basic source of well-being is one mechanism. When that works normally we are rested, energetic, cheerful, free from aches and pains, and can face life without undue fears. Let the complex mechanism fail in one neurasthenically disposed, and this fourfold disaster is imminent. Which of the devils becomes the most disturbing is an uncertain issue. Their diabolical co-operation is the interesting finding; for of the fourfold array of disabilities fatigue alone has a physiological status; the rest are derived. For even the bodily pains and distresses express the way of all flesh closely associated with mind, while fears are specific, and depressions a general expression of mood. So together they indicate the close dependence of mental fitness upon the primary energy-cycle and its emotional tone; the neurasthenic liability is a marked oversensitiveness to disturbance in that mechanism. That it should be nothing more will ever seem incredible to those who know its tortures.

How to pilot a life away from these dangers, how to pilot a stricken voyager back to safe waters, is a profoundly difficult art of mental navigation. The assurance that the menace is not so serious as it appears must be enforced throughout. Rest under right circumstances restores.

2. THROUGH NARROW STRAITS: HAMPERING TRENDS

Irresponsible Impulses—Living with a Handicap—The Mental Menace—The Trail of Aberration—Deterioration—Anger—Laziness—Negativism—Impediments of Thought—Fanaticism—The Psychology of Escape.

Irresponsible Impulses

When a bit of behavior that is clearly abnormal intrudes itself into the ordinary course of conduct, it attracts attention; certainly so if it is a motor spasm which all can see. For this trick of nerve and mind we have only the French word *tic*. Here is an artist, highly sensitive, expert, informed, who as he talks now and then sets off a click in his throat like a small explosion; no other difficulty in speech. A nervous spasm it is, and it may have a mental history; but he is a completely normal person. Here is a girl of sixteen who every few minutes goes through a writhing movement of the arm and shoulder. The tic invited the ridicule of her friends; it made it impossible to keep up school work. The origin of this hysterical gesture could be traced. A party of girls while swimming in a brook was frightened by the approach of a man. The tic repeats the gesture in trying to duck. Under proper treatment the symptom disappeared. Here is a young man whose arm constantly trembled for years after the shock of war in which the symptom started. Here is a house-painter who has the habit of injecting every few minutes a profane or obscene word in his talk. The offensive words come like a spasm. He is so ashamed of it that he prefers to be alone. He has another tic. If given a razor he will brandish it threateningly within a quarter-inch of his face, then pro-

ceed to shave safely. What it all means is not clear, but these impulsive actions usually have a mental history. We become more interested when the impulses have a setting in behavior that has social meaning. Such an irresponsible impulse is that type of stealing called kleptomania. It is at that point that the lay mind balks at accepting so deliberate an act as stealing as an impulse; but it is an organized impulse, not unrelated to motive, and motives seem to imply responsibility.

Irresponsibility implies something less than the normal measure of control, yet remains a matter of degree. We all have weak moments; we may lose our heads; we are not always equally responsible, but rarely, so long as we remain normal, does our variation in responsibility excuse our lapses from grace. What we do when our responsibility is low depends upon our make-up, upon what particularly tempts us. A man carrying a load of liquor cannot carry his normal load of responsibility. There are some persons whose nervous make-up is such that they cannot carry a normal load of responsibility. Some lose it just for an instant, as in an explosion of anger. Some tend to lose it constantly under a strong impulse. Thus they may steal irresponsibly.

Stealing is a symptom; socially it's a crime, so we can't afford to regard it lightly. When the psychologist of the abnormal studies acts of theft in the light of the thief's mental make-up, he discovers kleptomania. He finds that now and then the thief is a mental patient; he is constitutionally abnormal. The type of abnormality in which stealing appears as a symptom is hysteria, which is characterized by occasional outbursts of uncontrollable impulses; it may be of rage and cruelty, it may be of destruction, it may be of wild-party behavior, and now and then it may be of stealing.

Hysteria is marked in youth; so is kleptomania. The most

constant factor associated with that type of stealing is undue or abnormal sex excitement. How it manifests itself is a matter of the make-up of the individual.

It may appear in a low-grade individual, one weak in many ways, in intelligence as well. A maid who "borrowed" her mistress's dresses to go to a party and took stitches in them to make them fit better, and then returned them to the wardrobe may have been just stealing. When she took cheap jewelry from a counter she may still be considered partly responsible. But when the habit grew and when it was found that she had other hysterical symptoms kleptomania was rightfully suspected.

There are any number of cases, in girls particularly, for they are more subject to hysteria, in which a sex-shock or indulgence, or just undue sex excitement, reacts in an episode of stealing. High-grade individuals may show kleptomania as almost an isolated symptom of hysteria. They may steal useless things and pay no attention to them after they get them. The ordinary motives do not apply; many kleptomaniacs can well afford to buy whatever they want.

Stealing in these cases is plainly a symptom of an abnormal condition; how abnormal one cannot say. Kleptomania may be an episode in youth; it may be repeated; it may occur once and never again. When repeated and associated with other neurotic symptoms the diagnosis is clear.

As to cure that depends on the details of the case. You don't cure the symptom, you improve the general condition of the patient by all means at hand. The change in the entire mode of life is helpful; many a kleptomaniac will steal in one surrounding, not in another. It is by no means a hopeless condition; wise care and precautions will diminish the tendency, as will removal of the temptation. Responsibility remains a matter of degree. The management

of kleptomania consists in so arranging the environment and the patient's relation to it that this type of behavior just falls out of the picture. The temptation is more and more easily resisted, then ceases to be one.

Without going so far as to place motor impulse and moral (or rather immoral) ones on the same footing, the common impulsive factor may be recognized as well as its common basis in a nervous (hysterical) make-up. Naturally the mechanism of a tic and that of stealing differ; the latter is so much more planned, deliberate—inviting resistance at each stage. The breaking down of that resistance must be accomplished before the kleptomania yields. The more troubled impulse may break through to action and become a moral tic, an intrusion, somewhat irresponsible, into the normal stream of behavior; it may be an episode, it may be a repeated habit.

Living with a Handicap

Vast is the army of those who live with a handicap. When the disability, wherein the handicapped falls below the full measure of the normal man is of a physical nature, the situation is in so far plain and the interference with plans and possibilities evident. Living with such a handicap calls for the sterner stuff of courage and choice human qualities. It is reassuring to those who themselves find reassurance in thinking well of human kind to know how frequently the call is met.

The origin of inferiority feelings shows that the true scale of handicap is for the most part psychological. The handicap detracts from the completeness and adequacy of the self in competition with other selves; it becomes a psychic handicap expressing itself in a feeling of inferiority. So far as we make our personalities, we have a share

in the measure in which our handicaps are magnified into disabling ways of living.

Since few of us are perfect, we all have some kind of a handicap, and may, if so disposed, make of it the basis of an inferiority feeling; by constant and unwise dwelling upon it we can develop it to a true inferiority complex. There is really little more to the doctrine than this recognition, though in the spread and mechanisms of inferiority feelings, and in the avoidance of disabling ways by that route, there is a helmsman's problem.

Bodily handicaps, so far as nature has decreed them, must be accepted. Often those with real handicaps put up a better front than those who know that it is all "nerves" or the exaggerating consciousness of defect, which it is up to them to subdue. The world recognizes bodily imperfection and makes allowance for it. But if you are not like other folks in ways that you would like to conceal, the management of that handicap becomes your cross or your triumph. For the seriously handicapped there is nothing but the great acceptances that fall alike on the otherwise normal and the abnormal, that fall justly and unjustly—if we care to judge fate—on the common lot. Life is a hazard, birth itself such, and accidents take their toll.

Of the varieties of handicap, the one that to me makes a special appeal is that aftermath of the terrible scourge called infantile paralysis. It strikes so suddenly, so unexpectedly, as if diabolically bent upon inflicting handicaps. It frequently affects the larger leg muscles and there is crippling; but it may leave a handicapped trail anywhere. I think of a fellow-psychologist living with a limp that makes only slow walking possible, but bravely carrying on to a distinguished career, with his personality unaffected. In his class at one time was a girl, overgrown, awkward, limping her way through college, with many normal hopes

abandoned, but to all appearances holding her own and looking forward contentedly to a life as a teacher. And here is a letter that tells the story in detail.

> This is my trouble, which to me is a dreadful curse—one that makes me sad every moment of the day when my mind is not busily occupied. I was a victim of infantile paralysis, and only one side of my face is able to function. It is terrible. I want to look and smile like other people. I am not vain at all, but it is very embarrassing when I meet new people. I would like to show folks that I am jolly, but every time I start something holds me back and says, "Careful, now, don't smile. You know how you look." I am much improved now, and believe I am getting better right along, but this is the time of my life that I should be able to step right out and meet new people, and impress them with what kind of a person I would have been. Ridiculous as it may seem, many of my friends think I am a really happy, peppy person, but in reality I am always sad. I had to get this off my chest, as I don't talk to any one in the family about it, or let them know that there is anything at all wrong with me.

A brave acceptance, and yet, quite normally, appears the undercurrent that induces the sense of inferiority. What commonly makes for misery is less the handicap than the struggle against it, the fate and the inferiority which it entails, or it may be the resentment against it, or the constant consciousness of it, or the failure of complete acceptance. Again we may consider that we all have the problem of accepting what we are in depressing contrast with what we should like to be.

Just a word of a by-product elsewhere considered by right of its own importance: that of compensation, which if carried far enough makes, if not a virtue, a challenge of a defect, rising above it in sheer determination that it shall not stand in the way. We read of Demosthenes and his overcoming of an impediment in speech to become the finest orator of his day; of Byron making of himself a fine rider and a champion swimmer despite a clubfoot; of Roosevelt's long training for the strenuous life to offset the threat

of a less than robust youth. In all this there is both the overcoming, when that is possible, and the search for outlets in which the handicap will not count heavily, and the ever present resolution to live with it and live abundantly despite it. Byron turned to poetry as well, and yet ever in life as well as in the imaginative record of its struggles he sought the heroic, the venturesome, the daring. He had his fine endowments of person and ability as his compensation. A colleague of the handicapped psychologist above cited was a young woman who in early childhood had her face badly scalded, barely saving her eyesight. How far her disfigurement turned her talents to studies and the classics, is an open question. What is more to the point is that she is cheerful, normal, alert, seeks society and is welcomed, with no hampering sense of inferiority.

What we are all struggling for is some place, not in the sun but in the social circle of recognition; and there remains the significant principle that in this competition it takes so little to make a formidable obstacle of even a slight handicap. The most conspicuous example has always been that of the stutterer. Recently a beautiful young woman was telling me a halting tale of her handicap. As an office secretary there was no handicap in the stenographic part of her job; but in answering the telephone and in the varied contacts of the office, she found that her stuttering reduced her value to a second place as against those with less competence, but freer speech. Yet her deeper resentment was that her social attractions were always discounted, and she was growing morose and despondent. Occupying the same confidential chair opposite my desk the day before, was a young man similarly hopeless of his success for no greater disability than a marked tendency to blushing. "If only I did not stutter!"; "If only I did not blush!"; that is the burden of the handicapped because of the hope that their

failings may be offset and dispelled, because of the feeling of partial responsibility for their presence. How naturally the psychic handicap impedes the normal tenor of a life is plain enough; yet this, too, must both be lived with and struggled against.

If we stopped with the stutterers and the blushers alone, our army of the nervously handicapped would fill many a battalion; to it could be added those who when they wish to show their mettle, get hot and confused heads, and those who get trembling limbs and cold feet; those who can't get their breath and those whose hearts thump; those who can't keep still, and those paralyzed to dumbness. The psychologist would be only too glad to conduct those living with such disability into a heaven where blushing ceases to trouble and the tremulous muscles are at rest; but there are no anti-blushing pills nor de-stuttering capsules. The symptoms select the weak spot of the nervous armor and carry a consciousness of defect which disturbs the mental attitude. That is what must be re-educated, alike when the diagnosis is clear and when the inferiority feelings breed, as at times they do, in the unventilated crypts of the subconscious life. Handicaps that are real and those that arise through their transfer to the self-feelings by which we live with and among our fellow men, appear everywhere where men congregate; they complicate the art of guiding one's craft, however equipped, through the varied lanes of human traffic. We all live handicapped lives, some most disturbingly so and for adequate cause, some almost as disabling, with no such justification. The problem is the same for all: to make the most of our assets and the least of our liabilities, and do the job as unobtrusively as possible. Doubtless if there were a handicap exchange conducted by fairies with magic wands, they would be exten-

sively patronized; but would the patrons emerge happier after they had bartered old handicaps for new ones?

The Mental Menace

The mental menace is in the inner light that fails. Insanity is rather a misleading name for mental disorder. It is more useful as a legal than as a medical term, yet convenient for summary. It implies the great shadow that may fall when disease attacks the brain by reason of initial defect, or by the encroachments of age, or by the severities of stress, or by the invasion of poisons or germs, or by processes so obscure that they as yet escape detection. There is no clear line between the avoidable and unavoidable mental disorders, between the curable, the relievable, the recurrent, the inevitably declining; yet frequently the course is predictable. The great shadow falls by combination of inherent trend and untoward circumstance. It may be precipitated or averted. It stands in the course of the mind's hazards. Whatever makes for right living, whatever goes into the precepts of mental hygiene, lessens the menace of the failing mind. Sanity is put to the test in weathering the storms of life; the issue depends upon how seaworthy the craft was to begin with and upon how far it has been kept so, which is part of the art of seamanship, as well as on the skies and seas encountered; and the peculiarity of the mental weather and climate is that it is partly of the pilot's making.

In these strenuous, complex days, the mental menace has risen to alarming proportions. The number of "mental" cases occupying beds in hospitals and similar institutions equals that of all other diseases combined. There are as

many cases of serious mental disorder as there are students in all the colleges of the land. It has been estimated that if the increase in mental disorders continues at the present rate, in another rather long generation there will be only enough mentally fit to take care of the unfit, and there will be no place for other occupations. The maintenance of civilization depends upon mental fitness as upon nothing else.

Since there are so many families that are likely to be clouded by the great shadow, casting its darkness for a time, or permanently, it is well for the lay mind to be aware of the mental menace and yet to contemplate it calmly. There is no part of the organism free from the menace of disease; the mental mechanism does not escape. The sense of shame that formerly attached to minds that fail, is out of place in these enlightened days. The ills that mind is heir to fall with no different responsibility than attaches to the ills of flesh. There are so very many "cases" of mental disability that are properly as well as improperly set down as "just a case of nerves," that it is well to recognize the "cases" that are not "just nerves."

"Nerves," refer to what the medical books call "functional nervous disorders"—nothing fundamentally wrong in the structure, only in the way of its working. It is like a clock with none of the parts missing or bent; but which needs oiling, adjusting, and general repair. In many cases of nervous breakdown the symptoms are those of neurasthenia—great sensitiveness to fatigue, poor sleep, wandering of attention, constant dreads, depression, strange aches and pains. Yet if these symptoms appear in a person, let us say, beyond the fifties, they may indicate a serious mental disorder as a result of hardening of the arteries, which prevents the brain from getting its proper blood-supply. Only a trained physician can tell which it is, and he

may have to wait the course of time to confirm his diagnosis.

All this may be understood without causing alarm. It is because it is not always easy to distinguish by symptoms, complaints and behavior, between evidence of an abnormal nervous system or of decline through delicate changes in brain tissue, and similar symptoms that result from exhaustion, from shock or from unfortunate circumstances, that it is important to have an expert decide. A dose of alcohol can incapacitate and induce a temporary "insanity" as marked as any resulting from serious mental disorder. The ways of nerves are so complex that only the specialist is competent to deal with them. The lay family as well as the patient may be unduly alarmed by what is really a case of nerves, and neither be much impressed beyond the fact of queer behavior, by what is not.

Among life's stresses that may precipitate the mental menace, those to which women are subject show the relation. When the wife of a prominent judge believed wholly without basis that a middle-aged bachelor was paying attention to her and spread the rumor about town, the clue to the delusion was the change of life through which she was passing. She recovered, stood the shock of her husband's death, and is an alert old lady to-day enjoying the normal life of her years; however, there is evidence of nervous instability in her children. In a parallel case the delusion took the form that an only son had committed the unpardonable sin. For a period of months there was a true depression, a well-recognized mental disorder. The patient recovered, leads an active life; and in her old age it is only when ill in body that she becomes confused in mind.

The mental menace stands in relation to the periods of life. There is the mental decline in youth, of all, the most

tragic. In a family of three children of parents both exceptionally gifted, the youngest, a boy, bright and precocious up to his eleventh year, then developed strange behavior. It might have been the eccentricity of genius; it actually proved to be the aberrations of defect. Within a few years his failure of mind made it necessary to provide a shelter to which he could adjust; minds like his cannot adjust to the world arranged for normal minds. We must suspect the taint of heredity, though both parents were normal and indeed highly superior. How variously heredity distributes its favors and its disfavors appears in this instance. His sister is a normal, well adjusted person, married happily, the mother of normal children. His older brother had the family brilliance. He was talented in study and became a successful professor. Well launched on his career and happily married, to the consternation of his friends, he took his own life. So variously does the great shadow fall.

The great shadow falls on the valley of delusion, on the valley of incapacity, on the valley of deterioration. But at the onset the shadows are light; a touch of extravagance, a period of neglect, a despondent mood, an unusual timidity and no less an unusual venture, some quite ordinary departure from the regulated ways of a disciplined existence, may be all that is noticeable at the beginning of the trail. The character and qualities that support the normal life continue into the abnormal. Again as in intoxication, the poisoned brain-tissue does not invent but babbles confusedly the mental products to which a sane ordering gives meaning and purpose, so the lack of balance that wrecks the craft may on the surface show but slight departure from the normal condition. In piloting a mind the integrity of the steering gear is essential.

The Trail of Aberration

If you were told that your neighbor, to all appearances normal, and who, though his manner is not quite like yours, yet goes about his affairs much as you do, supports his family and behaves generally like a desirable citizen, is all the while harboring the idea that his wife is bent upon poisoning him, you might suspect the sanity of your informant as well as that of your neighbor. Yet the fact is there, and whether you call the mental condition that steers a life-course by such a deranged compass by one name or another, you have not altered the fact that in one sphere of behavior, consequential or less so, a mind may think by an illogical, delusional, obsessional kind of reasoning, yet for the rest, regulate its affairs by the customary standards and considerations. For if you followed your "queer" neighbor through the week, you would find that he eats his meals away from home except on Sundays, thus maintaining the habit of observing that day differently from other days. Though he overcomes his suspicions to that extent, he continues his precautions; for at that festive meal he insists that his vegetables be served unpeeled, and otherwise avoids the risk of the dreaded end. He has been known to go through the motions of strangling his wife, while generally attentive to her; he is a good, sober worker with none of the conventional "bad habits."

In such a tale you come upon the trail of aberration. You must dismiss the notion that all mental disorders run all the way through the mind's occupations and interfere with normal behavior in all situations; you must accept the fact that the mind may be disordered in spots. In the selection of "queer" and irrational and irrespon-

sible behavior, the aberrant mind weaves a pattern in which normal design is blended with vagary. Then emerges "a queer world, my masters," connected by many bridges with the world in which most of us live what we regard as a sane life.

There arise islands of behavior, detached from the mainland; or in other cases the issue is better described as a streak of different stripe running through the texture and at times completely replacing it. "Queer" conduct results. What they have in common is an ingenious plot of self-torture, self-centered, that intertwines irregularly with the ordinary course of conduct to its distortion or undoing. With or without encouragement these victims of aberration will give you elaborate reasons for their "peculiarities," to use a neutral term. They are not tales told by an idiot, all sound and fury, signifying nothing; they are designs of ideas to account for strange sensations and reflections. Making a short story of a very long one, here is a young man of twenty-three who has been consulting mind-doctors for years with no relief. He considers his case unique. He learned the fundamental facts of sex only at the age of twenty, and reflection upon the embarrassment that might have been caused by this sex-ignorance, he holds, has given him a strong sense of inferiority. For four years he shaved up the skin rather than down and oftener than was necessary, which procedure, he felt, thickened his beard and spoiled his looks; he now shaves down only and is better satisfied. He is much worried about his career. As a boy he held himself brilliant, but now at the law-school, he is not near the top of his class where he thinks he belongs, in that his father and uncles stand well in their professions and much was expected of him. He had some bodily symptoms, shaking his head and grinding his teeth, dark rings under the eyes, poor sleep,

sense of brain pressure. He believes that there has been a "deterioration of the brain," that in some strange ways he is a wreck, and appeals to me as his possible savior.

Yet this young man took a journey to Europe and may return more nearly normal. At all events he is perfectly able to manage the complications of travel, and few, if any, of his fellow travelers will suspect that he is not like the rest of them.

How far the disorganization has gone in this case, how far he can be set right and steered to a normal course, is by no means clear. The aberrant mind follows no well-charted routes; its mental steering gear, like a compass, subject to magnetic currents, cannot be trusted.

Far simpler is the case of a boy of nineteen who three years ago was caught while trying to steal a book on which he had set his heart, and was subjected to a harrowing experience. It was his first and last offense; but three years had not diminished the torture. There followed a deep depression with thoughts of suicide. "I cannot explain the different thoughts of complicated unreason that assail my mind. Every minute of the day I silently try to come to a final decision and forget it, but it pops up again. I appeal to you as a last resort." Here there is no more than the suggestion of the aberrant trail. Falling on sensitive ground, the one lapse develops to disabling proportions; it colors and distorts the course of life. Nor need it have any real basis in guilt. Here is a parallel case. A man falsely accused of a considerable theft found it necessary to make restitution. But that loss was nothing compared to his loss of normal courage to carry on. He went completely to pieces and for years every attempt to rehabilitate himself failed; again all too sensitive soil, for this is not the normal issue.

Yet the trail of aberration is by no means confined to

the depressions of persistent self-condemnation or false accusation, nor yet to the active delusions of suspicion; quite the contrary, it may find its source in the very insensitiveness (as well as hypersensitiveness) to the normal emotions. Of this a striking case: When a man of forty presents himself as a traveling salesman, saying that a few months ago he had been a deck-hand on a Great Lakes freighter, you are no more prepared to find than I was, that he held a medical degree from a foremost university, had practiced his profession, had served as the medical director of an important university, as well as a playground director in a large city. All these careers, as well as his wife and child, had been abandoned at the call of an imperious desire to wander, to break away and follow the vagrant life, which had led him to a varied trail indeed, yet ever the trail of aberration.

His, too, was a tale of self-condemnation, for he held no one responsible for his shortcomings, harbored no regrets but that of his own inability to hold to the normal path. He had committed no crime other than the ruination of his own career and the desertion of those who had entrusted their fate to him. The clue of it all was apathy; he could not care sufficiently to strike roots; his emotional system had a lack that unfitted him for ties of home and career; and the craving for the freer life held him with an abnormal grip. It takes but a slightly different twist of the mind to set the craving for the thrill of crime; and the same lack of sympathy may make the aberrant criminal, usually called psychopathic. Now and then the criminal trail of aberration gains a front-page notoriety, and the public is shocked to learn that even murder can be planned and executed by "normal" or even "superior" persons affected by the trail of aberration.

Such are clinical pictures that happen to have crossed

my path; and I am not a psychiatrist whose office would be the port of repair of a considerable company of those whose aberrations had brought them torture or placed them under suspicion. All of these cases have in common the ability to carry on quite normally in many of the relations of life; and yet through it all they are subject to the intrusion of a set of ideas or impulses, or to an overaction of the disturbing emotions, which makes for their undoing. How far the aberration remains aloof from the major trends of behavior by which the normal mind guides its affairs, is an uncertain issue. Should the aberration take a sufficiently anti-social turn to threaten or actually injure others, society takes a hand and conducts their lives for them. More typically they live on as your neighbors and mine, of whose queer streaks we are for the most part in ignorance. In so complicated a mechanism as the human mind, it takes so little to derange the works if the trouble happens to affect that balance of reason, which is the compass of direction of a human course.

Deterioration

If you don't go forward mentally, you go backward; you can't stand still. It is sad to observe in your friends, in either their minds or their characters, signs of deteriorations. That means going down in the scale of mental, physical or moral fitness, instead of up.

Deterioration in the most serious sense is the measure of the failure of mind under the greater or the lesser shadow. That is ever what the family fears and the physician is keen to detect if it be present—some signs of an impairment of management, a lessening hold on the realities of life, a neglect of its refinements. It may be no more to begin with than an absent-minded kind of for-

getting things of moment, a frittering of time on trifles, a lack of plan in the day's ordering, a loss of interest, a slovenly appearance, dependence upon another when formerly there was leadership; but if any or many of these symptoms show the signs, not of temporary abeyance, but of permanent, however gradual, decay, it is well to heed them. For that is what happens in those end-stages of mental disorder when the mind fails. The entire standard of living goes down, the personal standard of appearance, the social standard of behavior, the intellectual standard of ideas, the emotional standard of maturity, the moral standard of propriety, the delicate standard of manners and speech and intonation. In many a case it is less apparent as a loss of mind than as a lowering of the plane of living. It is only as you knew the patient in health that you can judge how marked has been the deterioration. The physician, even more the nurses who observe the course of altered behavior, are impressed with the measure of deterioration. To the family this loss of refinement, this picture of the dear one bereft of all that endeared, is the hardest blow to bear. That is the extreme picture and it is well not to dwell upon it unduly, but take from it the important lesson that we are all really living only in so far as we are living near the top level of our capacities. If the work that you do isn't very straining, you can fall off a bit either in health or in efficiency and still keep going fairly well. But brain workers and holders of responsible positions, working at the top-notch of their condition, may be ninety per cent well and only sixty per cent fit; it's that last margin of well-being that counts. And it is with the same margin that you go forward and grow. You keep on growing mentally at every age, able to tackle jobs and carry them out on a level that was beyond you when younger. We say

that experience helps, and the employer wants experienced men who have made their mistakes at the cost of some former employer. The truth is that the real quality we are looking for is the capacity to grow under the stimulation of experience.

Let us say that Jones and Smith are of about the same age and station, comparable as worthy citizens making a success of living. But we say of Jones: "How he has grown in the last ten years! Quite a man, now." We say of Smith: "He isn't the man he was ten years ago." The truth is that we grow only at the top; if we do not keep up, we drop down.

Deterioration may be too harsh a word for this failure to go forward; but it is of that nature. When a man, and especially a woman, no longer keeps up interests or friends, doesn't read, or reads only light stuff with no nutritive value, fritters and gossips and dawdles, frivols and idles and drifts—well, that, too, is deterioration of a kind. A mind or a character thus dissipated or neglected go down.

Assuming that the Joneses keep up their mental fitness, are alert to the public movements of the times, go in for something worth while according to their capacities, maintain their interests and grow mentally from year to year, then keeping up with the Joneses would be a worthwhile idea. The energy and money that goes into keeping up with the Joneses in the usual sense, is often what prevents the keeping up with yourself—that top-notch self that will not stay up without proper stimulation.

For every one of us, however important or unimportant, or anywhere in between, maybe his job, must be doing something not only to keep going, but to keep going forward, or that goblin of deterioration 'll get us if we don't watch out. All that is in line with what we have re-

cently learned about youthful intelligence. Your brightness, your I.Q., is likewise the index of your probable power to keep on growing. The brighter you are the longer you'll keep growing mentally; you won't deteriorate before your time. All of which makes an important lesson in the wise piloting of life's course.

It is not keeping up with the Joneses, but keeping up with the highest standards we have set for the conduct of our own affairs, that counts and is worthy of our resolutions. The standard of mental living must not deteriorate by our own neglect.

Anger

If you can get inside the human works and establish the confessional mood, you will find many who admit that anger has been one of the most tormenting problems of their lives. As ordinarily used, anger includes both full-fledged anger and its young sprout, irritability. You are irritated when thwarted and become angry when you feel like fighting or attacking, when your will is thwarted by another's. Anger engenders hatred, spite, revenge, feuds. Anger is a personalized emotion; when offended, you show your teeth, clench your fists, swear, and denounce. Even if you kick the footstool over which you stumbled, you hardly dramatize it as a culprit, though your language may suggest it. The infant anger is the irritation of thwarted action; when held, the infant, like an animal, struggles angrily to be free; the tantrum is an intensive and more developed explosion. As they offer impediments to right living, the two orders of expression may be considered together.

Yet toward irritations, both their cause and cure, we may well adopt a lighter tone and even find a shade of

amusement as we reflect upon our pet irritations, as in the same mood we confess to our favorite aversions. They disturb out of all proportion to their intrinsic offense. Whether rattling shutters, ticking clocks, street noises, typewriter clicking, idle chatter or any other variety of interruptions, most upset our working powers; whether traffic delays, missing trains, letters that fail to come, suit-cases that won't close, doors or drawers that stick, collar-buttons that roll, knives and blotters that disappear, most induce a loss of temper; we all have the problem of coming to terms with our irritabilities. Whether or not these are the acorns that grow to the oaks of anger, we may include their control in a desirable program of poise. These slighter irritations make up in frequency what they lack in importance. To rise above them, not in an angelic superiority, but in a human mastery, with occasional lapses, may well enter into the discipline definitely useful in the management of our significant social relations.

The typical victims of the anger impulse are born so; few become anger addicts mainly as the result of undue exposure to irritating situations or people, for that is the common lot of all. There is a further clue in the temperament called hysterical. Though hysteria applies to all excessive emotionalism, the ready flame of anger is its special symbol, and hysterical tendencies develop in the wake of childish emotions. The tendency on slight provocation to "fly off the handle" is normally outgrown as we learn to establish the even tenor of our adjusted lives. The storm and stress of youth gives way to the calm and poise of maturity. To maintain a temper, to be bad-tempered, hot-tempered, quick-tempered, complicates living, as to be good-natured eases it. Whatever your nature, responsible action requires temper control. The serious side of anger

appears in criminal records; that page of the news reads like a clinic of anger; crimes of momentary passion; a sudden impulse broken loose, and the case becomes public. For one recorded, there are a hundred that never get into the crime column. The character setting of an anger outbreak is extreme impulsiveness. The clinical problem is to treat impulsiveness, and no such simple formula as counting ten before you speak or act, will fill the bill. Impulsive anger is a brief passion, and in that it is apt to follow the hysterical pattern. It is irritation personalized. At the upper end of the scale is righteous indignation. Indignation cumulates slowly; it's a much more mature emotion, more reflective. It falls out of the clinical picture.

The yielding to impulse becomes a habit which reflection guides but is unable to control. The same formula applies to other varieties of impulsive behavior. The difficulty in teaching control is that the slighter controls do not carry over to the major irritations, neither in fears nor in angers. Persons ordinarily restrained and even punctiliously polite, on occasion explode in uncontrollable anger, even against their friends. The technique of building up the restraints upon which the peace and security of modern life depends is a job for morals, education, law, psychology and social forces generally; the same applies to the control of war. It is not youthful pugnacity that instigates war: that is but one item in the general psychology of youthful emotions that can be enlisted in the cause of war. And whatever the precepts of religion, in its technique of dealing with anger, such as the counsel of turning the other cheek to the smiter—the primitive impulses of anger resentment will break through. What then is most desirable is to recognize in the free indulgence in irritability a bad habit; it is a failure in personal control, and the far more consequential in-

dulgence in anger is a more serious failure in the comprehensive art of self-piloting. The situations inviting anger are typical narrow straits, in steering through which we must nicely lay our course and proceed carefully in order to avoid disaster; it is then that the pilot on the bridge signals "half speed" to the engineer below in charge of the machinery. Bad temper may readily become a formidable disability in getting along with others and in making the best of ourselves. It helps to regard the anger habit as a lapse to lower levels of behavior, as a survival of childish impulsiveness; it is one of the many undesirable attitudes that continue the age of indiscretion.

The anger tendency is in the nature of a failure to mature completely; it suggests a specific psychic deficit, that of the hysterical disqualification.

Yet anger is by no means all deficit. The capacity for anger is indispensable. Strong natures show it strongly; it is part of the stern sense of self assertion, of the fighting strength, of the sinews of war. And however peaceful in intent, life is and should be a struggle, a campaign and a conquest. One may escape anger by the lack of courage, which is fear. Moreover fear and anger alike are emotions developed in support of love and devotion. An angerless race would be denatured; it is not insusceptibility to fear or anger that is a virtue, but their adequate control. When we mobilize our emotional forces, the reserves of anger are enlisted even when not called upon.

We fear for what we cherish and defend what we love, resent attacks upon it with the corresponding intensity of our affections. We fear and we become angry when we care. Yet there usually appear in outbursts of anger the familiar features of self-love, the emotion strong because of threatened injury to self. Anger is an intensely personalized emotion and readily finds its basis in the over-

personalized life to which the hysterical incline. Anger, like all hysteria, cannot be cured but only controlled; control is cure. With the more general recognition of undue anger as an emotional handicap, with the control of it accepted as a primary principle of mental hygiene and basic condition of a high-grade personality, there will be a fairer approximation to peace on earth, while still requiring the good will toward men as its moral support. Nature is lavish, and in her concern that we shall be equipped with enough fear for our defense, enough anger for our battles, enough love for our loyalties, she has placed temptation in our way, counting likewise on the discipline of control.

For it is the social damage, the economic bill of waste, as well as the character-deficit, that must be cumulatively considered in the final reckoning of the havoc wrought, because of the prolific generosity of nature, in providing us, presumably to meet emergencies, with larger measure of an indispensable emotion than we need for what should be the even tenor of our ways. Psychology does not advocate an angerless brood of men; but in the light of human history, it preaches an earnest gospel of control.

Laziness

We may consider broadly, mental inertia, for laziness is quite too narrow and indiscriminate a term. Lack of energy is a symptom; we are too apt to call all kinds of it, laziness. There is enough plain laziness and also elaborate idling in the world, which require firm handling from the moral side. Yet psychology looks at it as cause as well as cure. We all have the urge to do things, then get tired of doing them, then must rest; but we haven't these tendencies equally by any means. Your portion of energy

comes with the allotment of your type of nervous system. We don't all start at scratch with the same initial deposits in the individual bank of energy. What makes the difference in nature we don't altogether know; but it's there and must be reckoned with. Those mysterious glands have much to do with it; a deficient thyroid makes one sluggish; and too much thyroid makes one excitable and restless. The adrenal gland is closely connected with the energy supply; it underwrites the strenuous life.

We are up and doing when we care, when we are interested. That's the emotional mainspring of action that gives the zest to life. Little feeling, little doing. A good deal of inactivity isn't laziness at all; it's apathy, feeble emotions—just not caring, listlessness, and again fatigue. When that condition reaches to the deeper layers of the energy supply, it may induce that profound sense of exhaustion and paralyzed emotions which is neurasthenia. There is no danger of confusing this disability with laziness; it is too distinctive. Then the road to restoring energy must be found, and with it a return to a normal desire and pleasure in life. The two come and go together; when you are sad and depressed, you are listless and inactive. It is the feelings that stir to action; you work hard when you care much. You may be by nature not easily stirred.

What makes for laziness is well known. It is doing only the pleasant things, and next, only the easy things. The curse of Cain is not labor, but the disinclination to it. It is much easier to learn to take pleasure in work if you have energy resources to draw upon. That's the normal condition of childhood, and as we grow old we run down in energy. Yet children are constantly and not wholly inappropriately called lazy, not because they are inactive, but because they shirk effort. They are indeed lazy in the

moral sense, because it is only as we use our energies in desirable directions that the desirable power of work is established.

The conquest of the common garden variety of inertia, which is laziness, is one thing; the overcoming of the disinclination to well directed energy is another, and yet may be its brother. The gospel of work will never be needless so long as the pleasure principle of human behavior holds. Setting yourself tasks and holding to them is the type of resolution that you make at New Year's, or when the emergency arises, and which if held to, gives the goal to life that makes a successful career. Whatever your stock of energy, no less than however slight or absent your need to work, you cannot for your character's sake afford to be lazy.

It may be that we cannot much change the natural supply of energy at any time of life; it may be that we can as little, by taking thought add a cubit to our psychic stature, either in the scale of energy or of intelligence. But we can do much to cultivate that energy to its right uses and keep what intelligence we have to a keen working edge, not by taking thought alone, but by infusing thought with resolution, which is both native and trainable. What we all need is training in making an effort, and that is the psychology of the "daily dozen." Try and try and try again. Somehow we must keep alive the desire and the will to try. The stern call of duty may arouse it; the gruff voice of necessity may compel it; the challenge of competition, the call of ambition, the appeal of devotion—whatever the source or the tone of the summons, the obedience to that impulse is the saving grace alike to lift one from the slough of despond and the sloth of inertia. There is an element of the lotus eater in human nature which may well enroll it among the forbidden

fruits, that though not sweet, are tempting none the less. Men have ever sought among the plants of the earth for some opiate medium to an earthly paradise of dreaming inactivity. Laziness has a native psychology that gives it a place in the disabilities to be avoided if life is to proceed profitably.

Life is real and earnest because it has a goal, a goal in some respects of our own making. It is the human privilege to set goals and to find satisfaction in their pursuit. Laziness disqualifies for both. As it is my intention that the lazy shall read this, and as they are averse to making a protracted effort, it is well to make the lesson short.

Negativism

In people of opposite make-up, as in a photograph, whatever shows white in the positive shows black in the negative, and vice versa. On that basis, if the positive people are the assertive, active ones—decided, aggressive, and determined, then their opposites would be withdrawing, passive, hesitant. It may seem strange that the tribe of "Yes" people is recruited from the latter, and the "No" tribe from the former. The tribe of "Yes" is inclined to assent and be easily persuaded and agree and concede and yield and sign on the dotted line of convention. Those of the tribe of "No" stand out and refuse and decline and go their own way. They are aggressively negative, and thus the most positive people in the world in the stubborn, obstinate, unyielding sense. The psychology of the tribe of "No" is interesting.

We begin with the child-member of the tribe of "No." The easiest way to be assertive is to say: "No." It's an expression of a positive trait by way of resistance, and it begins long before the child can really say "no." It is

the child's first experience in asserting itself, and is completely natural to child behavior. When the nurse calls to the child to come, it promptly and gleefully starts the other way. There's a touch of rebellion in the gesture, as well as the pleasure of being chased; there's a thrill of self-assertion in the first "no."

But the true children of the tribe of "No" show many more positive symptoms of their heritage; for they say "no" even when they want to say "yes," or rather their nervous system says it for them. This symptom in children is called negativism and becomes the tribal mark of the full-fledged "No" family. Impulses meet with resistance; they don't go through normally; there is conflict between them. Now the cause of this resistance may be shyness and hesitation; the child among strangers refuses a piece of cake which it wants. But that isn't a sign of negativism unless it is persisted in. The tribe of "No" from childhood upward feel that they yield something if they say "yes"; and it is the yielding that comes hard to the aggressive tribe of "No." It takes skill in handling negative children not to arouse their resistance unduly. But the types of negativism in early childhood are likely to have a physiological basis. When, as is so commonly the case, these children can't eat, it is because they have more food resistance than lack of appetite, but it is also true that saying "No" to food becomes a part of mental behavior.

Moved to later childhood, the psychology rises upward to the field of will and leaves that of mood and caprice and impulse. The tribe of "No" resists discipline, which makes them rebellious, not so much because what is to be done is disagreeable or irksome (that's always part of the reason) but because yielding and falling into line is giving up part of the personality; so strongly self-assertive

are the tribe of "No." When "No" meets "No," then comes the tug of war. It is this give and take with other members of the same tribe that helps them to subdue their ways. It's a mistake to suppose that the tribe of "No" enjoy their behavior; in part, of course, they do, as we all enjoy a bit of self-triumph. But just as often they would have a better time if they could say "yes"; the other habit is too strong for them.

All this child and youth psychology is important for understanding the tribe of "No" when adult. What in the child is three-quarters native (temperamental) and one-quarter acquired, in the adult is three-quarters acquired and one-quarter temperamental. It thus comes about that some members of the tribe of "No," (who may be first described to set them apart from the true Sons of "No") are not, or may not be aggressive at all. They have simply adopted the manners of the tribe as additions to their personal regalia. Entertaining, as many of them do, an exalted idea of their importance, they have seized upon the technique of "No" as yielding the greatest satisfaction. I learn of a society leader of wealth and station, not ungenerous, who takes peculiar joy in refusing. When her mail is rich in requests for contributions, use of her name as patroness, invitations of all sorts, she has a gala day of refusals, and accepts just enough social engagements to impress upon her hostesses how many she has refused. I am told of another who owns some real estate which is leased; and her agents use all sorts of devices to get repairs done, for what any tenant asks is invariably refused, and not as an injury to her purse but to her dignity. She seems to hold that the way to impress people and show them their place is to say "no."

This clan of the tribe is not representative. They are not the original "No" children grown up. These are far

less genteel, far more robust. Bullies and bosses and managers and captains and lieutenants and sergeants of industry, officials of all sorts and dimensions, are often members of the tribe of "No." They fought their way in their gangs until their power was assured or broken. They are the firm and hard and tough members of the ruling classes whose power to say "No" gives them a rough and boisterous pleasure. From there they shade down to judges on the bench, refusing all motions, and all sorts of people in all sorts of positions who have never outgrown the "No" habit of childhood.

Impediments of Thought

Everybody knows what an impediment of speech is, and if you have one, everybody detects it, too; but would you know if you had an impediment of thought, and would others detect it? Perhaps a few elect speak perfectly; no one thinks perfectly. What are the common impediments of thought? And why are they? This fundamentally important inquiry has been strangely disregarded; nothing is so fatal to mental adequacy as serious impediments of thought.

Francis Bacon, one of the great minds that heralded the modern way of thinking, enumerated four "idols," or congenial errors of the mind, in reality impediments of thought. He gave them dramatic names.

First are the "Idols of the Tribe" or presuppositions and assumptions and accepted notions common to nearly all men. We all belong to our age and kind, reflect and imitate, and absorb the views around us, and so repeat the errors and fall into the ways of the day. We follow the fashions of our tribe.

The second are the "Idols of the Cave," false notions

and prejudices of those who sit in the darkness of ignorance, or the prejudices peculiar to their bringing up, including all the personal limitations. Your sectarian views, your provincialism, your class and clan leanings and favoritisms and antipathies and peculiarities, stand in the way of your fair judgment, and are errors due to the cave you live in. If marked, they become limitations or disabilities of your outlook; they narrow your mind. Narrow straits are ever matters of temperament as well as circumstance.

Third are "Idols of the Forum" which arise largely from misunderstanding and not a little from the implications of words, which if they do not conceal rather than reveal thought, distort it in the reflection of usage and make what you say not quite what you mean.

Fourth are the "Idols of the Theatre" or platform or rostrum or pulpit, which are the errors of accepted systems of thought, religious, philosophical, political, social. These are peculiarly the thinker's impediments of thought.

That was a good start 300 years ago; but 2000 years earlier Aristotle made a beginning by enumerating the fallacies of thought. He made logic a sort of a game with fixed rules, and if you broke the rules, you made an error. Mistakes, errors, fallacies, idols, prejudices, delusions—they are all impediments of thought, or rather they are the results of such impediments. Aristotle neglected (for he too sat in a cave) what Bacon considered, namely, the natural temptations of men in their thinking to follow certain leads, to believe not what could stand the test of proof, but what appealed to their likes and dislikes. It was not until Freud came along at the close of the nineteenth century and announced that in their thinking and no less in their dreaming, men followed the path of wish and desire, that the source of much of

our misleading and distorted thinking was made clear. Freud didn't discover this; he formulated it in a new way, in keeping with modern psychology. When Æsop wrote the fable of the Fox and the Sour Grapes, he put into a story one of the common impediments of thought. To decide that the grapes you can't reach are sour and not worth reaching, rather than admit defeat, is a congenial error of the human mind. It is your feelings that get in the way of your thinking.

It would take not a chapter but a volume to describe all the varieties of impediments of thought. If reduced to a schedule they might read like this: *Faulty observation*, —noticing the accidental, not the essential; *Ignorance*, not knowing enough to form an opinion, yet having one just the same; just *Poor Thinking*, such as the testimonials to patent medicines; *Jumping to Conclusions* on slight evidence; *Prejudice*, forming unfavorable opinions in regard to those you don't like; *Wish Thinking*, believing what you hope or want to be true; *Tradition*, believing what has been believed, and so to the end of the chapter.

Add all these together and you begin to understand why, though we live in much the same world, start with about the same facts, we reach different conclusions; why we agree with some persons and disagree with others. Quarrels, controversies, lawsuits, parties, sects, movements all present arguments. Both sides are sure they are right; yet the truth must lie somewhere. We can't see it because of the glasses or the blinders we wear. It is well to recognize how our minds are built and our opinions are formed. We have the job of running the world under these conditions, with these impediments.

Most minds are full of all sorts and conditions of impediments of thought. They distort vision, falsify judgment, make men poor witnesses and worse judges. Yet

just as most of us speak as well as our neighbors and have no very conspicuous impediments of speech, so most of us think as well as our neighbors. We share the same idols. In the interest of right living we must keep all these tendencies down. We cannot aim to be perfect thinkers; we can aspire to be reasonable ones. Living as we do in an increasingly complicated world, it becomes increasingly important to think straight, to be as free from impediments of thought as of handicaps of emotions, and disabilities of personality. Piloting, especially in open seas far from uncharted coasts, is in no small measure an intellectual art. Life is an intellectual exploration no less than an emotional venture of fortune.

Fanaticism

This word is not as old as what it describes. There were fanatics long before it was found necessary to have a name for this type of mind that believes so intensely that it goes to extremes. There is something very strong in human nature that tends toward the making of a fanatic. We believe, and rightly, that we are more liberal-minded and tolerant today than in former times. This means that we put a check on the expression of what tendencies to fanaticism we have. Fanaticism is not in fashion; tolerance is. But if one were to conclude that there are no fanatics and no fanaticism today, one would be wide of the truth.

The fanatic overdoes. He believes in what may be a good and worthy cause or idea so strongly, that he can't see anything else; he can't see it in its right proportion; he is blind to other views, other factors of the situation. The fanatical tendency or habit of mind is one of the most serious interferences with mental fitness and with

wholesome social relations. Let us beware of it and have in mind the slow and difficult steps by which we have outgrown the major fanaticisms of the past and gradually established as an ideal the spirit of tolerance and reason.

Intense feeling, strong belief, cruel action all tending to unreason, are aroused by emotions that partake of the same nature. The most violent emotion is anger. It is the fanaticism of anger and its embodiment in hatred that is responsible for the evil reputation of the fanatic. When we have attained a different or an indifferent attitude on the subjects upon which former generations became fanatical, we can look upon past exhibitions of fanaticism calmly, indeed, with amazement that human beings could behave so inhumanly, because they placed such extreme value upon that which they considered right belief, or what they regarded as vital matters. In all respects, so far as the meaning of these beliefs go, we are of other mind.

The term has its largest application to religious fanaticism. Burning heretics at the stake, organizing inquisitions to persecute and drive out of the land those who hold different beliefs as to the proper form of worship, are completely out of our ways of thought and action. Still less can we bring ourselves into the frame of mind that sought witches and tried people for witchcraft to destroy them in the name of religion. Early settlements in America were in the interests of escape from fanaticism and the establishment of religious liberty. Yet the last uprising of witchcraft was staged in the new colonies.

It is well to understand that a similar zeal may be aroused in behalf of milder and innocent pursuits. If the supporting emotion is love or interest, we call it enthusiasm. That may be helpful. If you are an enthusiastic fisherman or golf player or collector of postage stamps

or old furniture, you get a tremendous zest out of these pursuits. You become a baseball fan or a "movie" fan. The word "fan," we are told, is reporter's slang abbreviated from fanatic. By caring for a thing more than it is intrinsically worth, you add to the thrill; you go in for it intensely, even a little madly. This is all to the good, if not too much overdone to the neglect of other interests and values that compose a balanced life.

But the inviting field for fanaticism lies in between, in those differences of opinion about live issues on which we take sides. To be too much of a partisan, to be so sure that you are wholly right and those who oppose you wholly wrong, is in the line of fanaticism. There will always be controversies, and with the same evidence, persons will believe strongly in opposite conclusions. All that is possible without fanaticism. But it is rare that movements that excite strong feeling and even passion, proceed without the presence of a fanatical element. There are undoubtedly fanatical prohibitionists, though the majority of them believe this to be the best policy, and hold that belief with conviction. Those who believe it a wrong method of solving the liquor question are still less inclined to fanatical views. For fanaticism, as we have seen, is more readily aroused in putting something down, in overcoming opposition.

Prejudice is the great breeder of fanaticism; but prejudice is a milder form of what we all recognize as an undesirable state of mind. Yet the world is and ever will be full of prejudices, because many minds tend to let feelings overcome reason; in fact we all do. We can't be reasonable in all things; we must be reasonable in the most important issues. We want to be enthusiastic about some things and have an outlet for strong emotions which we share with others, but must be on our guard against the

strong feelings in matters in which we differ. Even a touch of fanaticism arouses the anger and hostility and narrow prejudice that defeats mental fitness. It is not religion or politics alone, but all sorts of issues with which we have to live and do business, and with those who think differently, that afford constant occasion for exercising the virtues that form an antidote to fanaticism. It is easy to be tolerant in matters in which we have slight interest; the test of tolerance is in those issues about which we care much. The currents of fanaticism disturb the compass of reason. The fanatic is a poor pilot; when only of his own ventures, his menace may not be serious; when he directs the fortunes of others, his social misdirection may prove calamitous.

The Psychology of Escape

Science often seems to make simple and familiar things complex; that's because it dips below the surface where your interest stops. The U. S. Coast Survey sent a commission to a point on Cape Cod to study the tides. They employed native fishermen to help make the soundings. The fishermen gathered in the country store at evening and discussed the folly of these wise men from Washington. Everybody knew about the tides! Why all these instruments, and all this fuss? When pressed for an explanation of what caused the tides, an old salt replied: "Oh, it's the moon and the sun and one darn thing and another!" Tides were simple to him, but a complex study to the scientist.

The same is true of the mental tides, the ebb and flow of mood and desire and idea. Why we behave like human beings makes a long story. In following it we shall see the reverse principle that science shows how simple is the

basis of complex behavior; we may illustrate by the psychology of escape. Often when we think we behave as complicated human beings with complex motives, we may find on analysis that we are doing such a simple thing as running away. The original, elemental, fundamental motives endure; we never outgrow them. They merely take on elaborate garbs and disguises.

The most common avenue of escape is by way of the imagination. We escape from the house of reality by the ladder of fantasy. This is the child's favorite way out; and it has many uses and some abuses. On fantasy the child mind cuts its teeth preparatory to chewing on the solid food of knowledge. It won't do to keep the mental diet too long on mushy sentiment, nor dwell too long in the land where wishes come true. Fairy tales will lose their hold as the child mind grows into life. But it is more in the field of emotion and conduct that the danger of escape threatens. A lie is an escape; and it is true that some children (not unlike some adults) actually believe their fabrications. A brilliant liar exercises imagination; the child usually is better at imagining than at fabricating. Pretense is another escape. Pretending to be ill, when you're not—not very ill. To children pretense in play is also pretty nearly reality; but not when they act a part, which they soon do, and try to put things over—another escape.

The Freudians have specialized on the psychology of escape. They make out that much of child-behavior is in the interest of avoidance and evasion, getting out of things by capitalizing weaknesses, appealing to sympathy, and thereby escaping responsibility. Putting the blame on somebody else is another form of escape, avoiding by transfer, by alibi or otherwise.

But it is the adult varieties of escape that form the

serious side of the subject. The centre of the Freudian doctrine is that hysterical symptoms are typically escapes into illness. When a situation becomes difficult or impossible, and we cannot face it, we become ill; and that excuses us. Under the view that illness befalls and we must accept it as fate, we still may invite it or even create it. In complex individuals that isn't done by so simple a mechanism as makes a child just sick enough to stay home from school. But when a mother reports the case of her daughter, aged eleven, who had vomiting spells at breakfast, but never on Saturdays and Sundays when there was no school, it is already a Freudian case. When shell shock is regarded as a Freudian escape into illness, it does not accuse soldiers of feigning illness. They were, in fact, completely knocked out, though no bones were broken, no flesh bruised. They just succumbed by way of their nervous systems. The mechanism is subconscious; it operates below the level of our usual reflections and intentions. The prompt recovery of so many when the armistice was announced, confirms the mechanism—no further need for escape.

Drugs offer another avenue of escape, not the anaesthetics alone in their beneficent relief from pain, but all forms of intoxications, drowning cares and troubles, and running away to an unreal world. More deliberate are the escapes through desertion, divorce, literally running away —explaining by one formula why boys and girls and husbands and wives and bankrupts and defaulters and suspects leave home and country; finally there is the supreme escape, the tragic exit by suicide.

In view of the temptations of escape, from lesser ills to oppressive burdens, the emphasis is placed in modern training on forming the persistent habit of facing the

music, and not escaping by way of shirking or dreaming or wishing or illness or plain running away. Of all these escape-mechanisms, the most subtle and insidious is not the simple daydreaming, but the complex imaginings wherein we hold ourselves greater, abler, more talented, more attractive than we are, and are correspondingly disappointed that others can't see us in the right light. We escape from the world's neglect or opinion to our own approving estimate of our superiority; or we put up a bluff long after we begin to suspect our weakness, doing anything to avoid the confession of failure—the supreme disaster that we must escape. Yet the one person you cannot escape is yourself. You can run away from fate or family but not from your own judgments, unless you have so drugged yourself that you have come to live in a world of pretense. The happy and the sanely adjusted have nothing to run away from, no need to escape. They have found themselves and are content with the shelter of their personality and their circumstances.

GUIDES TO NAVIGATION

1. CHARTING THE COURSE: MENTAL HYGIENE

Learning to Live—Mental Health of a Nation—Old and New Ways with Children—Mind Therapy—Cure by Work—The Psychoanalytic Compass—Outwitting Your Nerves—By Way of Compensation—

Learning to Live

The art of navigation on the high seas of human ventures has been officially baptized Mental Hygiene. The need begot the idea, and the idea begot the movement which has been organized on a national and an international scale. An interesting point of its history is that it grew out of the experiences and the enthusiasm of one man. In 1908 appeared a book by Clifford W. Beers with the assuring title: *A Mind That Found Itself*. It tells his own story as a patient suffering from mental disorder, tells of the unintelligent and at times cruel treatment he received, of his slow and difficult ascent back to normality. The considerate care of the mentally afflicted was but one part of the mission which he accepted as his life career. Prevention of mental shipwreck, the maintenance of safe mental highways, was a larger purpose. To bring the principles of mental navigation into the

common possession of every enlightened community, to impress the importance of learning how to live upon the minds of men, women and children, is the largest one. For there is a mental phase in every significant problem of life, personal, social, industrial, professional, political. As a consequence of many newer insights into the art of piloting a human life, we have become mind-conscious in a new and helpful sense. From the awakening life in the nursery to the declining powers of old age, there are wholesome and unwholesome ways of behavior; in every human relation, every vital situation, every phase of character formation, mental hygiene may offer counsel. It speaks by the warrant of psychology as it penetrates to the intimacies of human nature and the varieties of circumstance. Mental hygiene is the ambitious art of supplying the steering-gear for emotion and reason as they co-operate in directing the urges and intentions of personality.

Mental hygiene derives primarily from the increasing knowledge of the sources of human behavior; it derives particularly from the recognition of the inner complications of behavior that invite mental disaster, make wholesome adjustment difficult, and demand expert professional guidance to help those who cannot completely help themselves. Yet circumstance plays a notable part in accentuating this need. For modern life is exacting and the strain of it severe. We may assume that the human brain was developed to meet far simpler conditions than those of our artificial ways. There is too great, too specialized a demand upon a small area of our brain centers; we use too little the bigger muscles and the larger, freer occupations; we have changed too radically the total program of the nervous organism as nature planned it. Our brains are too constantly, too concernedly active,

our environment too complex. We live at too intense a pace, see, hear, think, feel too much, too constantly, with too little let up. Consequently, when we fail under the stress, the hospital, the sanatorium provides the shelter of a simpler life, free of responsibility and conducive to recovery.

It is true that the mental pace at which we can learn to live is a matter of training, and that hard work never hurt anybody in good condition to stand it; but mental strain is real none the less, and overwork likewise. The central factor in producing this vast harvest of mental illness and incapacity is emotional; it is worry and working under worrisome and unwise conditions. Here is one of the great principles of mental hygiene: men and women must be emotionally adjusted to the life that they live; they must find some measure of content in it or run the risk of going to pieces. The declaration of American policy is hygienically correct; we need life, we need liberty, we need the pursuit of happiness. Happiness is an emotional value. Mental hygiene makes it the cornerstone of its structure.

However, the ports of mental hygiene need not be entered quite so formally. Even a small boy may act as guide; for when asked the usual question as to what he learned at school, he gave the unusual answer: "I am learning to live." That was not an original observation but only the repetition of a phrase used by the principal of his progressive school.

Let us first consider mental hygiene navigation as it affects the child. Of course the three R's and all the many varieties of information that we need to get along in this complicated world of ours, have to be learned at school. In due course that boy will have to learn how to

make a living. But his main task is to learn how to live. If he gets a good start in that and in the right direction, he and the school have done well. And he is learning the same thing at home and on the street and everywhere else.

Important and obvious as it all is, we haven't any courses or texts in learning how to live. For the child we may assume learning the care of his body and the use of his hands, and begin his "learning to live" grade with the control of the emotions, learning not to cry for every hurt or disappointment, and even more not to fly into a tantrum. That is a huge job: in the same course in emotional control is learning patience, and keeping down restlessness, and taking a joke, and getting along with others, and not sulking and going off by one's self and refusing to play the game. For personal emotions are all socialized, and emotional control can be learned only in a social setting. Learning to live is learning to live with others. Consideration is a pretty big word for it as applied to a small child, but it is rooted in sharing, and in giving and taking, and entering into the spirit of comradeship. Learning to live socially is the cream of the course, and child "morale" starts and centers there.

I have no intention either here or in what follows to outline a course in mental hygiene for children of a smaller or a larger growth. I desire only to suggest the spirit of the enterprise, and in that temper suggest one and another of its many bearings. Mental hygiene extends from the child to the nation; both must learn how to live and to get along with their neighbors. And the core of both enterprises is the personality that emerges from the reaction of endowment to experience, and becomes the embodiment of how well the lesson has been learned of how to live.

Mental Health of a Nation

WHATEVER it be that is supposed to save the country after each election, the only psychological salvation derives from mental hygiene. National welfare depends upon the same conditions as personal well being; they have a common psychology, because the only authentic psychology is that of the human personality. The nation is subject to the same mental limitations and liabilities as the individual. Both remain sane and may depart from sanity of behavior through the same temptations. Nations, likewise, have a responsibility in piloting the lives of their citizens, as well as in guiding the ship of state.

I find so admirable a statement of this principle in a document issued by Antioch College that I use it as a text.

"A deranged, hysterical or misinformed man may act contrary to his true interests. The same is true with nations. Like men, they are subject to irrational fright, to unfounded suspicion, to hysteria and to delusions. Like an individual, a nation can be made morbid by propaganda. To-day war is due to these defects of national sanity and wisdom, more than to real conflicts of economic or ethnic interests. World peace requires most of all, good national psychiatry."

That is a sound doctrine and applies to all men and to all nations. For the effective side of a nation is more and more its state of mind. Mental hygiene isn't limited to each of us personally, but applies to the whole of us together. "National Mental Hygiene" is a good ideal; we shall have it so far as we have right-minded citizens.

The reason for it is plain. The only working unit for whatever cause is the individual; he alone has a psychology. It is that psychology which he brings to his

public-minded interests and activities. The citizen is just one side of the man. What manner of man he is determines the quality of his citizenship. There is no group-mind or class-mind or national mind apart from the minds of the individuals, that go into the making of the collective mass of men bound together by any relation. The group-mind is the individual mind—which means the whole man—acting in the group or class or national reaction. What is true is that in that relation the individual acts differently than in a private capacity. So we all have to support quite a collection of selves—a private self, a family self, a professional self, a public self. Yet the same man wears all these costumes, and shows through.

The mental health of the people is a national asset of inestimable worth. It doesn't appear in the national budget nor in those impressive statistics of prosperity, but it conditions them. Wealth is nothing without the power to enjoy it, the wisdom to use it, the efficiency to direct its accumulation and distribution. A slump in mental health would be far more disastrous than a decline in business or economic failure. There is a commercial and industrial as well as a political morale which keeps us going and sets the standard of achievement, no less effective than the military morale of which we heard so much when mobilized for war. Mental health is the very core of it.

That is a far worthier game than playing politics. It offers a right approach to the problem. It recognizes that in the public relation, the nation is subject to just the same order of mental ills and lowered mental fitness as is the individual; that hysteria when it acts collectively, affects the group just as it does the individual, and since it is contagious, the very fact of being one of a large group gives the individual the shelter of the crowd. The

group is bigger than he is and intimidates him. The only antidote to this is to strengthen his individual state of mind in times of peace as preparedness for times of stress.

This does not, by any means, apply to peace alone, for that is but one application of a principle with large bearings. Public opinion is only individual opinion multiplied. How a man votes depends upon how he thinks and feels; he votes psychologically as well as politically.

When feeling runs high, reason runs low. Feeling is more apt to run high when it is shared by large groups. Prejudice is always an individual matter, but it is more freely indulged in under support of the group sharing it. It is always an unfavorable time to build up a healthy mental hygiene when pressing issues are at stake; it must be done in advance when the individual is in a receptive frame of mind. It is always true of mass contagion, of mob rule in any form, that the hysteria or delusion or prejudice spreads rapidly, but the recovery from it proceeds little by little. The individual is the court of final appeal.

Mental hygiene as embodying an ideal of right living and right-mindedness applies to the nation no less than to the individual. That's a great reason for its great importance.

Old and New Ways with Children

Mental hygiene begins with the child. The significance of child study was itself a child of the new psychology; mental hygiene gave it its benediction. We have become child-conscious as was no former generation. The National Committee on Mental Hygiene has sponsored a suggestive body of advice, a two-tablet decalogue, setting forth by the method of contrast the older and the newer

ways with children. Without standing upon the order or the letter of their precepts, they may serve as a multiple text.

According to the older view:	According to the newer view:
(1) Any adult can understand a child because he was one himself;	(1) Understanding the complex life of a child is a difficult art worth acquiring;
(2) All a child needs is good physical care and a comfortable home;	(2) Beside the physical care, the child needs a sense of security, understanding, and affection;
(3) The child inherits traits so strong that no training can change them;	(3) The child inherits traits and tendencies, yet its behavior is largely the result of training and imitation;
(4) Education begins when the child enters school;	(4) Education begins with the earliest years, alike impressionable and important;
(5) The child is not affected by the emotions of others;	(5) Even the very young child is profoundly influenced by the moods of those about him;
(6) Children in the same family should be treated alike;	(6) Each child should be treated with equal consideration, but

	with special regard for its peculiar make-up and needs;
(7) Respect for parents should be instilled through fear;	(7) Love is a much better basis than fear; too great fear may cripple; love does not mean indulgence and pampering;
(8) Naughtiness is intentional;	(8) So-called naughtiness is mainly the child's natural expression, a wrong or feeble way to meet situations;
(9) "Dont's" are enough to keep a child good;	(9) Unwise "dont's" may provoke misbehavior; activity should be directed to wholesome pursuits;
(10) The child should obey without question;	(10) Obedience is not an end; the child should be taught to make wise choices for himself.

This combination of principles and practices offers a set of ten commandments for parents. Mental hygiene indorses the new ways and questions the old. The new view of management arises from the newer knowledge, which may well be termed the wisdom of the moderns. Psychology is the center of it. Human behavior no longer stands apart; it is brought in line with the great stream of animal behavior. The tendencies to expression

that make up the life of the infant form the raw material for the molding power of direction. Nature is the child's first pilot, and the course thus set must be respected. The direction of growth waits upon nature's maturing; nature places in early charge the vital necessities. It attends to the urgencies first. The glands appear as specific mechanisms to regulate growth, pushing on and holding back. Gradually the shift in dominance is made from the older and lower to the newer and higher "nervous" controls. All this gives meaning to child behavior.

Psychology sets forth the natural trends of behavior and traces their normal course. It attaches value to such normality, while yet recognizing the varieties of endowment that make children individuals, and require training to be adapted to bent and capacity. The newer insight comes from the union of psychology and psychiatry, as concerned with right and wrong ways of behavior, both determined by the trends of nature. When mental behavior goes wrong, whether by faulty endowment, as in feeble-mindedness, or by irregular development, or by lack of balance between dominant urges strong by nature and escaping the barriers of control, or by stress of circumstance, or by premature decline, the diagnosis of its deviation belongs to the psychiatrist; but it is by the same psychological compass that the course of analysis and treatment is set. By the same route have been discovered problem children; the symptoms of their behavior and attitudes yield to a comparable explanation, expressed in the terms of their stages of development.

Together these two sources of knowledge set forth that the conversion of child behavior to adult behavior implies a pretty radical redirection of nature's tendencies. Because the human animal is so complex, because when mature it has such vast possibilities, the guidance of those powers

is a difficult and delicate task. Bringing up children is a man-sized job; the study of children is a big subject. The mechanisms of behavior must be understood and should not be tampered with or regulated by those unsympathetic with the struggles of childhood.

In the light of psychiatry, later neurotic failures point back to faulty childhood relations, including disturbing shocks. Unwise direction increases the hazards of development; wise direction stabilizes and encourages it. The mental hygiene of childhood is thus justified. And since the vast majority of children fall within the normal range and present only the common orbit of direction, the proper attitude of parent and child in all ordinary contacts becomes the fundamental code, suggested by this elastic chart.

Thus viewed this first decalogue carries a message plainly. Note the emphasis on early direction; note the importance of the emotions; the fact that children are different to begin with and must be treated with due consideration of their endowment; that fear is one of the most devastating of emotions and must be kept down at all costs; that self-expression is valuable and must not be checked to conform to the convenience of adults; that obedience, however convenient, is less important than training in choice; that wholesome outlets for child needs must be provided. All this to the end that the child shall grow in mental fitness and avoid the difficulties of its limitations. The meaning of mental hygiene appears clearly and significantly in its application to the child. The proper motto for children is not "treat 'em rough," but "treat 'em right."

Childhood is the golden period for mental hygiene, which concerns itself with the wise direction of original impulses and their part in self-control. Whatever pre-

cepts we adopt to this end, they form one dispensation. In a sense they form a new morality, judging behavior by its value for mental and emotional fitness. The code changes because of newer knowledge; the modern parent lives by a newer insight which he applies to his own conduct in other than parental relation. His own problems, no less than those of his children, are problems of adjustment; he aims to be a well-adjusted man with well-adjusted children. The parent-child relation is pivotal.

So we continue with our second decalogue, separated from the first merely for purposes of convenience.

According to the old view:	According to the newer view:
(11) "To spare the rod is to spoil the child;"	(11) Discipline is an art; punishment a delicate matter, not an outlet for anger; misbehavior may be due to fatigue or emotional weakness;
(12) The child's will power should be cultivated;	(12) "Will" is an abstraction, and the child faces concrete choices, desires, obstacles and control of emotions;
(13) "Children should be seen and not heard;"	(13) Repression is dangerous and proper recognition helpful;
(14) A child's questions may be ignored;	(14) A child's questions deserve straightforward answers to

	establish right relations;
(15) The child can not reason;	(15) The child reasons from such knowledge as it has, and grows in reason by wise encouragement;
(16) The child should know nothing of sex;	(16) True information protects from false and unwholesome attitudes;
(17) The child's play is unimportant and may be interrupted at will;	(17) Play is the child's serious occupation and should not be sacrificed to adult purposes;
(18) The "teens" is time enough to grant personal freedom;	(18) Initiative and reliance should be cultivated early to prepare for the later responsibility;
(19) Parents who wait on their children and keep them dependent are self-sacrificing;	(19) Independence and weaning from parental relations are essential to growth;
(20) Children outgrow their bad habits.	(20) Bad habits persist and when uncorrected grow into handicaps.

All this thinking parents are beginning to realize. It has not penetrated very far; objection to it is strong and should be met. Older generations, we are told, did pretty well under a very different set of ideas. The truth

is that the human race is tough and will survive many and any variety of miseducation. The same thing could be said of medical treatment of the body; but we welcome the newer medicine as much for its enlightenment on how to live, what to seek and what to avoid, as for its prolongation and safeguarding of human life. We live longer, remain young longer, continue to be active later and have more security when disease comes.

The same applies to mental health. Tough children survived, even thrived, on the older, cruder ways; tender children succumbed. The neurotic difficulties of the times are in no small measure traceable to unwise handling of sensitive children. The mental hygiene of childhood is a preventive measure for the neuroses of later life.

Confidence in the value of these principles must not lead to a cocksure attitude that if only the older faults are avoided, the millennium is at hand and a race of perfect human beings will develop; nor to the rejection of all that was good in the older order that is passing. It isn't that the newer way values respect for parents less, but that it regards a right relation as more likely to grow out of the newer discipline than of the older. Discipline and training there must ever be, and in increasing measure as we recognize the training value of activities, of creative occupations particularly, which formerly was concerned too much with the economic value; hence the protest against child labor. In brief, mental hygiene is an agency for an enlightened view of the provisions which every civilized nation must make for the welfare of the growing generation.

Mind Therapy

A TERM increasingly used still needs explanation: psychotherapy. It means mental healing; but what that

means is not so clear. It suggests faith cures, and shrines where crutches are left behind, and miracle workers, and the laying on of hands, and Christian Science, and New Thought and what not. Most of all it implies the power of suggestion and autosuggestion.

The usual meaning of suggestion is action through the influence of another, while autosuggestion refers to the adoption of the same technique for influencing behavior by yourself. There is no real, only an apparent, contradiction in the term. For when you yield to an undesirable suggestion and become afraid in an epidemic of influenza because you are surrounded by timid people, you don't yield wholly; you still try to act sanely and reasonably; and if you oppose to this suggestion of panic the reflection that you cannot do anything but take precautions, you cannot run away or hide from germs, that you as a leader should set an example of calm, that you do not want to succumb to fear, all this is autosuggestion. You are giving as well as receiving a suggestion. Similarly if you are fairly despondent about your health and find yourself losing ground and you receive heartening assurance, and accept it and improve, the autosuggestion is but the reënforcement of the idea suggested to you. You accept a suggestion, whether you do so knowingly or not, with resistance or non-resistance. Suggestion may act in an indirect way, and by appeal to subconscious mechanisms. Those who consciously make use of autosuggestion aim directly at co-operation. They try to train the patient to take matters in his own hands, to dismiss his fears and give himself a self-treatment in courage. Because we are seldom sufficiently suggestible by ourselves, we need the reënforcement, the relay of another's will to overcome our fears. But in frightening ourselves, autosuggestion works only too well. What is

true of fears is even truer of other undesirable states of mind. When a patient has a peculiar sensation in the heart or the groin and becomes convinced that he has a weak heart or kidney trouble, or in his concern looks "it" up in a medical book and then is sure he is so afflicted, it is often only a case of harmful autosuggestion which Monsieur Coué's methods may very well help. Coué was in this respect right in that he maintained that he himself did not cure people; he had no special power; he helped them to cure themselves by implanting the thought of courage and health. As a fact, the social aspect, the prestige of Coué's success, helped many a patient who had done his best, but vainly, to autosuggest himself into health, to summon that additional power that sent him over the top to victory.

We are exposed to the influences of suggestion, helpful and harmful, quite as generally in that private struggle that we are ever conducting in behalf of the wise piloting of our course as in the social setting in which we look to others for help and guidance.

Yet all that is not the essence of psychotherapy as the doctrine is now understood by those who minister most wisely to minds distressed or diseased. Certainly every doctor cultivates a cheerful bedside manner, to which may be attributed a part of the benefit of his visit. But psychotherapy is more than a cheer-up cult.

It arises from a very profound principle of the interplay of the lower and the higher portions of the central nervous system. That huge upper brain of ours that fills the top part of the skull, so much bigger in the human than in the animal proportion, represents the highest product of evolution and the power of reflection that makes us behave like human beings. The outer rind of it is the cortex or bark. So in a shorthand way of speaking of

the thinking mechanism, we may speak of all this type of function that there has its structural home, as *cortical.* Opposed to it is the mass of sensation and the type of feeling connected with the vital functions; in that sense our lower brain is *visceral.* In common language that is where we get the "guts" from to carry on. Because the cortical affects the visceral system as well as vice versa, is psychotherapy possible. There is a lot of visceral feeling of sickness and incapacity for which a cortical state of mind is mainly responsible. This complicated mechanism affords some clue to the hows and whys of human behavior, including the hows and whys of mental ills and mental cures; there are many ways in which the balance of this delicate mechanism can be upset. The pain that comes by suggestion also goes by suggestion. You get mentally sick and mentally well by the same mechanism. However, that is far too simple a statement. When you come face to face with the catalogue of ills which psychotherapy is called upon to treat, you have a far more intricate job. You have to recognize that while there is a mental factor there are also others. Many a stutterer knows that he stutters worse when he thinks about it; but that knowledge does not make him stop stuttering. Many a patient who is depressed and has a constant headache knows that it is his worry and his state of mind that is chiefly responsible for both. His cortical brain is convinced of it; but his visceral brain only half accepts it; and the pain and the depression keep on until something very pleasant happens and both vanish, or something very unpleasant and both get worse. It is quite all right to tell this patient that if he could only think himself well he would be well; and that he must believe it through thick and thin; yet he is not going to throw off his depression as he would his crutches if he had a purely hysterical

lameness, for the mechanism, though similar, is not the same. He has to put up a harder and a longer fight with slow gains and many back-steps and slumps. Psychotherapy is a difficult art and calls to its aid all the resources of medicine and hygiene. It recognizes the large mental factor in disease, but doesn't make the mistake of saying it is all in the mind, or that all cases are alike in course or treatment.

Psychotherapy is the art of mental stimulation as well as suggestion. It requires graded doses of assurance and encouragement, agreeable occupation, helpful companionship, diversion and all that goes into a resourceful program in restoring the zest in living and a hopeful determination to get well. It is the most humane of all arts, requires larger sympathy and insight into the intricacies of human nature than any other. The doctor who said that if you think you are sick when you are not sick, you are very sick indeed, expressed his appreciation of the reality as well as of the paradox of the neurotic personality. The psychotherapist's task is made difficult by reason of the intricate relations of the nervous system, that make visceral ills cortical ills and cortical ills visceral ills. There are no get-well-quick methods in legitimate psychotherapy, but within its boundaries it is valid and helpful. In truth we paddle our own canoes, alike when we keep to the safe channels and when we go over the rapids. Each pilots his own life.

Cure by Work

Cure by work is called occupational therapy. Don't be alarmed at the term. It's a simple idea and a good one—nothing more nor less than keeping busy to keep well and to get well. The idea is being applied on a large scale

and with great success to patients suffering from mental disorders; it is helping them to regain mental order. It gives them occupation that takes their minds out of the rut and ditch into which they have fallen by original weakness and unfortunate circumstances. Useful occupation helps them to behave more like normal human beings in every way. Occupational therapy (familiarly known as O. T.) makes occupation a part of treatment; it works by putting the mind to useful and interesting work. It gives the mental energy an outlet through the hand, that most human of all organs. When ill there is nothing so soothing as the touch of a human hand, the natural expression of tender care. Yet equally, expressing yourself through your hand relieves mental tension by directing energy that nature has provided for the mind's intentions. We learn by doing, we keep well and get well by doing.

Once more, if we are inclined to psychologize, we seem to see in the ways of nature evidence of her prodigality, out of which gift, like Pandora's box, has grown a lot of trouble. To be certain to have enough fear for our own protection, we readily develop more intensive fears that get out of hand; as similarly to have enough imagination to anticipate and be forewarned and forearmed, we use that imagination to conjure up evils far worse than the reality. Man frightens himself and is open to the imaginative and imaginary panic of dreads as terrifying as any actual chamber of horrors. To have anger enough to assert ourselves and defend our claims, we are provided with the possibilities of floods of wrath overflowing the banks of rationality. Again, and still more complexly, to have awareness enough of our own feelings and thoughts, to give our inner mechanisms of behavior their best direction, we are open to all manners of self-

consciousness that impede and thwart, and cast the shadows of hesitation, the pale cast of thought, over what should be resolution and easy execution. Of all the evils in Pandora's psychological box this is the most devastating; and the best antidote for it, likewise provided by nature, is the useful employment of hand and head in the daily task and the engaging occupations of design and construction. As we direct the stream of life's energies outward to occupations that alike serve human needs and interests, they perform the deeper service of preventing the over-absorption in cares and ruminations of ingrowing concerns and brooding reflections. The gift of reflection is man's noblest heritage, but in its very privileges harbor the possibilities of distortion and discontent.

Such in more formal statement is the psychology of cure by work. The mischief that the devil finds for idle hands to do is but a circumstance compared with the tortures inflicted by a psychological Satan by overloading self-consciousness with the toxic products of its natural processes. To change the illustration from a personal to a mechanical one, some amount of friction is necessary to keep hold on the track that make the wheels of life run smoothly; but when all is friction and we travel with brakes set, the imprisoned energy burns out the engines of our useful progress. Work is a tension- and a friction-relieving device, the allaying of a consciousness turned inward to its own impediment. Occupation comes to the rescue; it restores by restoring nature's balance of thought and deed. Yet still more truly does the principle apply to the emotional machinery that is so much more vital. When troubled and grieved, when apprehensive and perplexed, we have ever resorted to the same formula, finding in work the consolation that prevents the limitations of an interned mind.

We need the outer world in which to project our energies, so that by losing ourselves we shall find our better selves again. Such is the psychologist's exhibit.

The objective exhibit of the process in action is far simpler and more attractive. A large hall, arranged as a Christmas bazaar with tables and walls filled with objects of handicraft; weavings and embroideries and tapestries and rugs, the varied arts of loom and needle, coarse and fine, colorful and subdued, ingenious in motive and converted to useful purposes; metal work in forged and wrought iron, in hammered copper and brass; woodwork carved and painted and neatly joined; work in cement, and modelling in a variety of materials that give an outlet for form and construction.

In the shopping district, this exhibit would impress you as a rare collection of handicraft, and a treasure trove for your shopping. Yet the actual hall of assembly is that on Ward's Island, a hospital that is itself a city of thousands, yet housing only the mentally afflicted. All these thousand of articles were made by patients whom we indiscriminately call insane. These patients have excellent instructors who patiently adapt the technique to the patients' limitations and guide their efforts to a fair completion. But the objects, to serve their therapeutic purpose, must express, for the most part, the designs and efforts of the patients turned into craftsmen to hasten their cure and occupy their minds. It is an expression of their aroused interests, and the channel through which their minds find the means of relieving the limitations of internal disorder. It is industry put to use as cure. The exhibit proclaims what might well be broadcasted from all mental health stations: Become occupied and interested and drive dull care and brooding worry away. Throw your

energy into something outside yourself that yet expresses yourself.

The spirit that rules occupational therapy is that of art creative, however simple and at times crude. The output is secondary to the effect of the occupation on the artisan or mechanic. And that is wherein handicraft succeeds and the machine work fails—in the effect on the worker. Not that machine work is excluded from such service; the machine is but a more powerful tool, and without tools art is vain; in the hand as a tool-using instrument lies its unlimited power, but the nearer to natural ways the better. The hand has too long been the redeeming and the faithful servant of the head and heart to yield its function to any less authentic agent.

Occupational therapy is a good policy for many of the nervous ills that abound in all complex societies, from the aimless doings of the idle rich to the recovery from grief and disappointment and inner stresses too great to bear. For these are all problems in readjustment, problems precipitated on a vast scale in every large community. We are all engaged in occupational therapy in that we make of our work a means of our normal absorption in objects and interests outside ourselves that yet express ourselves. Occupational Therapy is a good and faithful servant of Mental Hygiene.

The Psychoanalytic Compass

How far the intimate affairs of our personal life can be steered by the psychoanalytic compass is a prominent question in current mental navigation. Certainly when in the mauve decade that seems to us so remote and naive, Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna proposed some radical views as to

the nature of human motives and mechanisms, he started something; it was a shock heard 'round the world. As a consequence we have explored with an unprecedented frankness the deep sources of behavior and have erected upon the foundation a new way of looking at life. For a decade or two there was a period of protest and distrust and indignation; then a movement of enthusiastic and even irresponsible acceptance and the development of a practice approaching a cult; to this has succeeded the stage of critical appraisal.

Confining the present consideration to the matter of guidance alone, there appear two pivotal questions: How far are we—normal folk that we hold ourselves to be —a complicated variety of marionettes, whose motive strings Dr. Freud and his followers have discovered and pulled? And, secondly: how far are the labyrinths of the psychic life that we call neuroses, the results of snarled knots and tangled roots reaching deep down in the subconscious undergrowth, which require only the daylight of awareness to set them free? Is the Freudian system valid? Is the technique for the psychoneuroses helpful? Such are the questions.

The common clue is the complex. We are neurotic so far as we suffer from complexes; and complexes develop subconscious conflicts that disturb the mental peace. The analytic surgeon lances the psychic ulcer, the pus of resistance is drained and the wound heals almost without a scar. The road to normality lies in the avoidance of complexes to which we are all exposed according to the measure of our neurotic susceptibility. To unravel the complexes we must know what they are and how they arise. Freud believes that most if not all of them arise from conflicts in the sphere of sex considered in its widest sense; and especially in the faulty relation between child

and parent, between son and mother or daughter and father. He makes the Oedipus complex, in which the son subconsciously yearns to take his father's place with his mother, the dominant one. Complexes of later origin take the form of forbidden sex urges, jealousies, disappointments. The life force is called libido, and it is dominantly sexual; the problem is to direct that libido wisely.

The position of Jung is broader; to him libido, which he calls psychic energy, is not limited to the sex origin or complex. He regards it as even more characteristically a will to power; it is when we are frustrated in any of our larger urges, the ego urge of self-assertion particularly, that the same difficulties arise. Types of personality and varieties of neuroses are explained in terms of the dominant motives and attributes.

Adler specializes in one type of complex and believes that most difficulties are due to the sense of inferiority, of not being equal to others. We may be handicapped by our organ inferiority, be lame or disfigured, or stutter, or squint, but quite as markedly, by just feeling that we are not on a par, that there is a prejudice against us, that we are not liked or wanted, are failures, or guilty or under suspicion. Sex plays its part in the issue.

These differences in the emphasis in the nature of the dominant complexes affect diagnosis of personalities as well as the treatment of cases and interpretation of symptoms. Jung and Adler favor the more comprehensive view, Freud the more special one of the nature of the disturbing complexes, though in later writings he places sex more closely in line with general life power. Freud and Adler emphasize the importance of early childhood experiences in germinating the sex complex or the inferiority feeling; Jung holds that most neuroses move largely in terms of present difficulties. All these analysts find in the sym-

bolisms of dreams, clues to complexes. Dreams are significant because they are free, uncensored, as well as dramatized versions of the deeper motives of our psychic plots. Freud looks for sex symbols, Jung for power symbols, while Adler finds them as expressions of domination and submission.

To consider the evidence for this interpretation would go too far afield. The claim that it works and serves both to analyze the nature of disabling conflicts and to set them free is offered as a major confirmation, but is by no means accepted by psychiatrists generally or by psychologists, who yet recognize the significance of the clues and the service of the technique, along with other approaches, in restoring the mentally shipwrecked to a safer and saner code of navigation. The Freudian system is a broader construction than psychoanalysis, which is but one, though the most practical, of its applications. Nor is the procedure quite so novel as it may seem. There is an account of a physician treating a young woman nervously disturbed but with nothing physically amiss; he felt her pulse as he repeated a list of names to her. When he mentioned the name of a popular actor her pulse quickened, and it rose to no other name. He had discovered a complex, a beautiful Freudian case,—a matinée idol, an unacknowledged love, a diagnosis by word-association (a term now associated with the name of Jung), a complete psychoanalysis. And yet that incident dates back seventeen hundred years, and the physician is no other than the great Galen himself. The confessional is a more explicit recognition of the value of expression; and the part of psychic causes in inducing and aggravating bodily symptoms, as well as in their cure, is as old as suggestion.

Our critical interest centers upon the specific benefit

of the technique as actually practised by the Freudian disciples.

There is a strong tendency, whenever a new method of treatment becomes popular, to make a cult of it instead of a science and an art. Because a method is good in some cases, it is too readily concluded that it is good in all. The danger is that the analyst will find what he is looking for. If he is convinced that sex repression, or a mother fixation, or a father antagonism or an inferiority feeling is at the basis of most neuroses, he is quite too apt to find them or even to create them. In many instances the deviations from the normal are so slight that there is danger of intensifying them by stressing them too much. If not a majority at least a fair minority of persons have some difficulty in emotional adjustment. If they all rushed to psychoanalysts and these practitioners maintained their present practice of going endlessly into details with weekly or even more frequent sittings continued for months, baring every minute detail of even an ordinary life, we should have to have a hundred times as many psychoanalysts as now profess its practice. The intelligent sufferer will recognize when the disorganization warrants recourse to a psychologist or psychoanalyst, recognizing equally that he must keep the helm. Since so large a number of these sufferers, in their "down" condition, cannot see their own situation as they would if well, there is need of psychologists and psychoanalysts.

Certainly it would be foolish to run around the corner to the nearest psychoanalyst when we are in mental distress; but the varieties of maladjustment are so many and so complex that specialists in this field are as necessary a part of the modern world equipment for mental fitness, as are specialists in transportation or finance. The psychic traffic of the modern world demands a well-organized force

of officers, yet the average intelligent man can and should look after himself. The symptoms that take the patient to the analyst or the clinic are but the minor half of the story; the major half is the personality of the sufferer. An analyst adequate to meet relatively simple personalities may be quite incompetent in the presence of complex ones. The vital decision is often not whether to go to an analyst but to find the proper analyst.

In the hands of a competent analyst, who in addition to a technique, possesses an adequate sense of responsiblity and a humane regard for human values (much harder to acquire than a set of principles and a vocabulary), the psychoanalytic procedure will be safe, and if it happens to fit the case helpful. Not all analysts have these qualifications by many removes; and the temptation is strong for them, and in another way for their patients, to dig things up by their roots and disturb wantonly the underground retreat that nature has provided for her delicate nurtures. The indiscriminate resort to the major operation of being "psyched" is a menace to normality. Turning life into a clinic is as bad mental hygiene as it is bad taste. Our reserves and reticences are sacred; finer human growths require a protected privacy and a sheltered seclusion. The human plant, taking its pattern from those that nature grows in field and forest, should not have its roots ruthlessly exposed to the elements. It is true that at times a plant needs resetting in different soil; and since so many of us live artificial and even hothouse lives, the occasions may be frequent. It should always be done judiciously and responsibly. There has been altogether too much tinkering with human souls, and too many tinkers tinkering with themselves. Every analyst should have as his one partner common sense, and as his other a fine sense of delicate emotional values. Freud and his followers have no monopoly on this choice product.

Outwitting Your Nerves

Life is not only a struggle for existence for most if not all of us, but a pitched battle for some; and what many are fighting is not an enemy outside the gates but one inside themselves, insidiously entrenched in the personal home which is every man's private castle and his emotionally guarded sanctum. This internal civil warfare saps the strength for the fight with circumstances which we more commonly recognize as the object of combat, the fray of life which we should like to enter and be fit to conquer.

Since we hold our own by constant struggle—a difficult trial for some, easier for others—why, when trouble comes and we feel less fit, should we not propose the solution of simplicity: Put up more fight. Even the simplest minds see more to the problem than that; for even they recognize that there are many ways of fighting, and that to win you must fight wisely as well as vigorously. So learning how to fight obstacles is as much part of the battle as the constructive work that advances the cause. And the more subtle the trouble the more uncertain the strategy of the campaign. Mental ills impose a serious handicap; just when we need to put up an increased fight have we the decreased energy; those who have the wherewithal to fight best have least need of it. The business of getting mentally well, not unlike other businesses, demands most resources just when you have least capital, and there is no bank from which to borrow.

The problem appears in many appeals, some calm and some distracted, some hopeful and some despondent, some clear-sighted and some perplexed and confused. Here is one that states the case clearly: "To combat my 'nerves' I am getting all the help I can from books as well as talks; and while I like *Outwitting Your Nerves* as a title, I ques-

tion it as a possibility. I have been trying to do it to mine for many years, and for every time I have scored they have scored twice at least. Can it ever really be done?"

The battle with nerves is a strategy, no doubt, and diplomacy counts. But whether you can gain a victory by strategy alone without a hard pitched battle and a prolonged one, with advances and retreats, is very much to be doubted. It is quite true that if you are all but ready to storm the defenses and take possession, that last step may be a sort of ruse that quickens the capture and runs up the flag; but the flag doesn't win the battle.

An ex-service man whose troubles came on as a result of his war experiences, described the procedure as "outgutting your nerves"; it was not a question of wits but of courage. For that reason he had no faith in psychoanalysis; he had spent more useless thought in assuring himself of the groundlessness of his fears than was necessary to run his business. The fact that the analyst traced these fears to a scare in childhood didn't help to allay them. They yielded to a stiff dose of alcohol, a strategy which he recognized as a poor and temporary one. When the stock market went up his sense of general uneasiness was apt to go down. In all this he is normal, reacting as do the rest of us. Yet his irrational alarms come and go and for the time stagger him. He is becoming resigned to carry that peculiar feeling of his for life. He is determined to take the blow when it comes and carry on as though it had no significance. His efforts to "outwit" his nerves have failed. As this is a clinical matter to be approached and decided in terms of the cases as they occur, another instance may be added:

"After three years of 'doctoring,' including psychologists, psychiatrists, neurologists, etc., my neurasthenia remains in *status quo*, in spite of being such a 'mild' case. I have been thoroughly overhauled and always with the

same negative organic findings. I haven't worked for the past three years due to lack of concentration, uneasiness of mind, inner hysteria; nor do I travel unescorted on account of panicky feelings. I'm always conscious of myself." Again a quiet, reasonable appeal to outwit, to defeat those nerves; for there is no other enemy in sight.

A better phrase would be "dismissing your nerves." The difficulty with those of neurotic tendency is that they have their nerves on their minds, and any one who will develop a technique for dismissing nerves will be a savior to neurotic mankind. There's nothing easier to say than "forget it" and nothing harder to do. Freud sums it up by saying that hystericals suffer from their memories; they cannot forget. But as a fact they are as abnormal in their remembering as in their forgetting. When they outwit their conscious memories, the subconscious ones register and keep the sore alive. That is how he would explain the fear-shock of the war and the like incidents in a peaceful life, just cited. To Freud neurosis is a case of "imperfect forgetting." We state it in popular language by saying we "just can't get over it." The insult rankles, the shock continues to disturb, the disappointment keeps on troubling. We are not reconciled to our fate; our adjustment to our surroundings suffers, we are distracted, unhappy, distressed, because we cannot forget. What we have to outwit is our memory; when those memories are saturated with emotion, the drowning of care is not the simple matter that the books make out. It is a long struggle and a slow, hard fight; it is a matter of ups and downs at best. Nerves seem to be the invention of the devil who proverbially is not easily outwitted.

Putting these two cases together, I am inclined to place less stress than do the Freudians on the shock—the shock of war in the one instance, the emotional shock of early childhood in the second. May it not be that the very sus-

ceptibility to react so violently, so abnormally to an upsetting experience indicates a nervous vulnerability? May it not be that this tendency to overact appears first in childhood and again at any time of life when stresses come? So vulnerable to the inroads of neurasthenia are some nervous systems that they react according to this unfortunate pattern to almost any straining set of circumstances. All of which affects the strategy of direction of the cure. Techniques are many; there is outwitting and dismissing; there is bringing to the surface of memory troubling pests that nibble at the roots of normality; there is a direct attack on present trials that, always in mind, blight the blossoms of endeavor. Because they apply more or less, here and not there, is the piloting of a life with a disabled steering gear a delicate, an uncertain art. Navigating crippled craft in which you can discover nothing wrong, on which you, none the less, must try to make repairs as you keep the vessel going, is no simple order of seamanship.

So in the end, what all the writers and all the readers of the many books on nerve control, are aiming at is "getting the better of your nerves," not necessarily by your wits—for the intellectual part of the process is a small part of it—but by the combined exercise of your courage, your determination, your "guts," and the regulation of your life by a scheme which shall not be self-centered nor health-centered. But—and it is so large a "BUT" that it deserves capital letters—that's a very difficult problem when you have inherited a set of nerves that kick up the very devil on the least provocation, and an easy one if you own a set that it takes an emotional cyclone to disturb. All programs of nerve control not adjusted to the great range of individual differences are futile. Strengthening your powers of resistance is a far better policy than outwitting your nerves. Moreover it is a policy of guidance that may be

applied early, before disaster comes, and help avoid the dangers ahead. Mental hygiene must not merely establish life-saving stations at dangerous points on the coast but chart the course for safe passage.

By Way of Compensation

Compensation is alike a financial and a psychological term. It may be you hold your job not wholly for the love or the satisfaction of it; your check, and what it will buy to satisfy your needs and your pleasures, is your compensation. Other situations have their compensations in other terms. Living in the heart of the city is noisy, crowded, sunless, open to constant calls and interruptions; by way of compensation it is convenient for service and supplies, accessible to business and pleasure, rich in contacts and possibilities. Living in the suburbs reverses the parts. As you value the one or the other set of drawbacks and compensations, you make your choice.

But the deeper living by compensation proceeds by way of your qualities, not in terms of your circumstances. Your physique, though normal and serving your purpose, is not the asset you would like it to be; you are not so tall, not so strong, not so handsome as you would choose to be were these the gifts of kindly fairies who consulted their clients. When handicapped in appearance, you may compensate by making yourself witty, capable, amiable, ingratiating. Since in the scale by which men are judged, achievement ranks higher than appearance, and since with women, the values are more or less reversed, the roles of compensation vary. Stated broadly and simply, we find in our strong points the compensations for our weak ones.

Since in this general or neutral sense we all compensate, the problem of compensation as a point in piloting

becomes that of finding correct compensations and avoiding false ones, likewise avoiding over-compensations. As we dwell too much on our defects, real or alleged, and allow them to become impediments to development, we move toward an inferiority feeling; as we have constantly in mind and magnify and glorify our fortes, our credits, real or alleged, we are lured into a sense of superiority. Yet our true superiorities, our specialized aptitudes in which we excel, naturally and properly become the assets of our endowment, our physical and mental capital which we put out at interest, and by which we live. The trend of our superiorities sets the path of endeavor and career. We all like to do what we can do well; for we thereby add to our personal stature, which advances us in the social estimation. We all compete for recognition and the esteem of others, and both in pursuit and attainment need and seek self-esteem as well.

In a college community those who are well built are apt to go in for athletics; those with good minds take to studies. By either route each raises his social index; the "how much" and the "in whose eyes" depends on the social appraisals that prevail. It is sufficient for the objective psychologist to recognize the operation of these forces in shaping character and career; in the role of social reformer he may lend his influence to the improvement of the rating-scale in whatever direction appeals to him. To say that one student compensates for his weakness in studies by his strength in athletics, or that because he is puny and frail, another takes to studies, adds little but a change of emphasis. Inferiority and superiority feelings are important, and so is compensation; but their bearing is fairly simple, and there is no good purpose in exaggerating the parts they play in the piloting of a human course.

The intimate sphere of influence of compensation is that of the personal traits. It is our own consciousness of our

deficits and how we feel about them, that gives to the inferiority feelings—often too strong a name for the attitude—their power to advance or hinder growth and character, to make or mar career. To find in the deficit a spur or a challenge and rise above it is the noblest use of adversity, yet open to all to practise in ordinary or heroic measure. The instances run through the ages and are often cited to encourage the handicapped. From Demosthenes of old, whose impediment of speech roused him to the ambition of becoming the most famous orator of his time, to Disraeli's equally conscious determination to offset the social prejudice of his Jewish origin by attaining a place of influence as prime minister, the story of achieved compensation runs. Doubtless the same motive operates on the lesser stage in which the majority play their less significant parts.

Compensation loses its redeeming quality when it leads to the assumption of virtues and excellences which we do not, or only partially, possess. The easiest road to the realm of imaginary compensations is by the route of dreams—of day-dreams notably—wherein we find the recognition denied by fate or a world insensitive to our finer qualities. To dream and find in fantasy the inspiration to make the dream come true, is a desirable order of compensation, but works rarely because those who most incline to the mood of dreaming are least inclined to the vigors of action. To resort to dreaming as an opiate solace or a lotus-eater's indulgence, or just naively in watchful waiting, expecting the dream to realize itself, is to forget that navigation is not a trusting faith but a vigilant art.

At this point compensation makes a somewhat different turn, taking another Freudian name of an equally familiar human failing—likewise natural but prone to distortion and excess—called the defense mechanism, or the shielding or concealing of the weak spots in our psychic armor by the

assumption of the virtue that plays opposite to the vice. The two sets of features may fuse in a mixed expression.

A brilliant but erratic and impractical man who late in life went on the lecture platform, took as his subject: "How I Achieved Success." This was an elaborate defense to conceal his deeper knowledge that, despite his talents, he was a failure. A student was much disturbed by the fact that he had large outstanding ears. He felt that it made him unfavorably conspicuous and subject to ridicule. So he let his hair grow long to hide his ears. Then he discovered that he had a delicate sense of hearing, and took up the study of music and did well at it. So by this route he made his "inferior" ears a sign of superiority.

A hunchbacked barber of such short stature as to require a platform around the chair as he shaved his customers, indulged in big-man swearing and boastful tales of what a devil of a fellow he was. That was his defense, talking big to offset being little.

So it goes in all situations in which we relieve the emotional tension of embarrassment or inferiority through some handicap. A young man may adopt a swaggering manner to conceal the feeling of not being at ease in the presence of his superiors. A young woman never quite at ease in social gatherings always offered her services to the hostess, so that by being evidently busy and part of the party, she could hide the feeling that she really did not feel as though she belonged. A defense reaction is a protective device to shield our deficiencies.

I am tempted to add an instance from the engaging field of sex encounter, in which the parties to the tournament, employing such different weapons and being so oppositely accoutred, introduce a sprightly turn.

Taking careful inventory of all my assets and liabilities, I found I was by no means bankrupt. Then I made up

a little slogan: "No man can hurt me," with the emphasis on the "man." It has worked out wonderfully. I am by no means bitter. Have made some beautiful and enduring friendships with men but I am invulnerable to hurts. Have developed the blessed gift of being able to laugh at them while seeming to laugh with them. It is a very easily acquired trait and all girls should have it. Just hold your head high and say, "No man can hurt me."

We here meet in lighter vein and modern reflective guise the ancient device of turning to the strength of our rationality to offset the weakness of our emotional susceptibility. If our emotions make us weak, let us compensate by making our reasons strong, and with an opposite bent. If we are emotionally vulnerable let us put on the tough protective defense of rational indifference. Thus shall we hold our course, and no Scylla nor Charybdis nor Lorelei and her sirens shall get more than our ignoring regard.

And so we reach the final tack in the zig-zag course of compensation and defense, that of preventing our sails from "inferiority" blanketing by the larger canvasses of abler craft, as well as, by an assumed superiority, spreading more sail than we can well carry. Each of us must choose a proper trim for beam and burden, for wind and weather, to make best headway and have safest control. But in the subtle technique of mental navigation there enters a peculiar complication; for the disquieting Dr. Freud and the equally suspicious Dr. Adler observe that commonly, perhaps always, the assumption of superiority is itself a defense mechanism to cover a troubling, would-be-suppressed feeling of inferiority, with a touch of overcompensation.

Those authentically superior accept their distinction calmly and modestly, requiring no defenses; those particularly anxious to impress their importance upon you,

take to the cover of defences and overdo it, through an uneasy knowledge that they are not quite what they pose or suppose. Quite common is the haughty manner of aristocratic shopkeepers of either sex to assure themselves that theirs is a responsible, dignified and exclusive calling, which in the unpleasant interpretation conceals the admission that their share in the ceremonies of luxury is not quite the privileged one to which they aspire; and they may encounter a far less venial exhibit of a similar reaction among the uneasy portion of their clientele whom we call the newly rich. There are far more consequential illustrations than these to be found in political and financial as well as social circles; yet the revealing instances appear not in the outward relations of our social ratings, but most intimately in the subtler appraisals of human worth, wherein we seek our kind, disdaining some as less worthy than ourselves and honoring others as more so. Self-esteem we must maintain to keep going; its maintenance is complicated by these many-sided considerations.

2. TRAVELED LANES: THE NORMAL WAY

Cultivating Work Habits—Sustaining Interests—The Crutch of Sympathy—Laugh and Grow Sane—Advance Your Mental Generation—Adjustment Through Happiness—Happiness Through Adjustment—

Cultivating Work Habits

Since all of us must work, or at least know how, what can be more important for the normal life than good work habits? Yet they do not come for the asking; not for paying nor even for praying—they must themselves be worked

for. I shall speak of them mainly as an aid to mental fitness. They justify themselves in efficiency, in economy, in the quality of the product, in the satisfaction to the worker. However, to keep the topic within the reach of cultivation, it will not do to include in work habits such eminently desirable qualities as skill and ingenuity and resourcefulness, which go far beyond them; in these respects most of us must be content with such abilities as we have by gift and training. But whether simple or complex, how one works is an acid test of the personality behind the worker.

Order is heaven's first law and, judging by many a desk or workshop, it is man's last. Neatness, tidiness, system are of the same family, though not descended from heaven. I hold no brief for mere orderliness; it can be made a cult and held beyond its worth; one can be a slave to order and spend more time on it than the results justify. Nor do I forget the waste of time if one is not orderly. I have heard it summed up rather disparagingly thus: If you are disorderly, you cannot find anything; if you are orderly, you can find everything but the one thing you are looking for. A complicated job in a complicated world is hard to keep in order.

While you are learning a job or a trade or going through any sort of schooling, you should be held to a fairly rigid routine, a set order of where things go, and when, and how. That is made many times more necessary when you are a member of a group, where irregularity multiplies its bad effect. Order, like so much else, is a social standard, not only because in an office or shop or class-room, order can be maintained only by the participation of each member of the crew to keep things shipshape, each taking his clues from the rest, but because the product is a more or less on public exhibit. There is an extra flourish on inspec-

tion day, just as private homes are slicked into shape when company comes.

Just how many workers go daily from disorderly homes to orderly jobs, the census does not tell. It is a large enough number to indicate the strength of the social force and the tendency to lapse when the public eye is withdrawn, and the door is shut on your private sanctum. A genuine love or habit of order works for yourself alone. It is the same in other standards. You dress for your own satisfaction and self-respect, because *you* care how *you* look—censor and censored in one; but, of course, you also dress for others, sometimes especially for one other, and always most carefully for your display self when the public is present. Thus only do most persons acquire a sense of neatness or order; but when established, it enters into the make-up of the personality and becomes one of the many tests by which you judge and are judged.

When you regulate your own work, you are entitled to make your own order as well as disorder and accept the responsibility for both. The value for mental fitness (I am assuming the other values and saying no more about them) consists in this ability to plan and carry out the job in your best way of doing it, as well as putting your best skill into it.

The bad mental habits coming out in work are slovenliness, carelessness and a composite of low standards, lack of plan, of thought, of interest; most of these are not habits but far more complex attitudes of the worker to his work. Like order, cleanliness is the easiest to discuss, as the most obvious.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness"—which is a way of saying that it makes for fine standards. In modern life it is a costly as well as a saintly virtue. Man is a messy animal; the debris and dirt of modern industry is a fright-

ful mountain-range of wreckage. Keeping things tidy, clean and orderly may well be the largest overhead charge for many a job or an industry.

Mark Twain was right when he regarded janitoring as the most comprehensive of the occupations; the plumber, he held, is one kind of janitor and the doctor another, keeping the body clean and in order. Mental hygiene is also in part janitoring and work habits are one of its products.

But in the mental close-up appears the dawdling, so characteristic of children. That is why "Work while you work and play while you play" is a needed precept. Children play at work; so do many adults. They are not serious enough about it. Cleaning remains the best example, and half-cleaning the common fault. Machines have something to do with it; with a vacuum cleaner you do what the machine can easily do and let the rest go. Corners and closets tell the untidy tale. "You can tell a carpenter by his chips," and every worker and cleaner by his mess. The temptation to develop dirt-blindness and call the job done, speaks volumes in a sentence.

Standards are everything; but there must be personal standards as well as social ones; you must keep yourself up to the mark, as well as respond to and even count on the social standards of your group to keep the ship of self in trim. There must not be too much distance between the two standards, though there is as little use for counsels of perfection here as elsewhere. A ship-shape self is itself a fine product of cultivation; it not only looks trimmer; it does not stretch the statement much to say that it sails better. Something of the "pride of the ocean" sentiment is essential to good work habits.

A large place, however, must be left for stupidity. Since things must be done rightly, the bill for mistakes is huge. The poor workman makes mistakes; they are even more

tell-tale than the shavings or the mess. Poor handiwork is a big item in cost and waste, poor head-work a still bigger one. Lack of plan, foresight, looking ahead, failure to follow directions, forgetting what comes next, getting things mixed, mechanical routine—it is all in one tale. All this would come out if we applied stupidity tests as freely as intelligence tests. Whether an awkward, a careless or a stupid worker does most damage would make an interesting debate. There is no substitute for brains, not even good work habits.

Sustaining Interests

The varied aspects of mental guidance for which we have adopted the ways and means of navigation as a suggestive symbol, may at times find illustration in the sister arts. We may readily accept as a principle of mental hygiene that as we go, which is also as we grow, we should become rooted, but not planted, should lay down tracks but not sink into ruts. Menticulture may borrow analogies from agriculture, human engineering from transportation. Like many another issue, the rule of sound practice is to find the mean between the too little and the too much. Under what conditions does the human mind thrive best?

To do good work we must be well adjusted to our job, to our environment, to our own personalities; when all conspire favorably, we are happy in our work, happy in our surroundings, happy in our feelings. The last is the first in the scale, and is aided by the others. To this end we must take root; we cannot just drift and shift; we must feel at home. Home-making is the most human of all arts, for to feel at home with your job, your circumstances, your mental and emotional state, is to accept them; to be adjusted to them, to find the peace that falls well within understanding.

Then comes the other side of the story. Life is a series of changes; nothing lasts forever; we must cultivate the art of making new adjustments. If we do not, we stagnate, or at least we do not grow; we are planted. To grow we need to strike root, but as in these shifting days, we are frequently transplanted, we must remain plastic enough to be adapted to other soils, to learn to feel at home in many situations.

In terms of engineering the statement is still simpler. To travel well along life's highways, we must lay tracks and reduce friction; we must blaze trails, make paths, develop roads. But by traveling too constantly on the same route, the mind gets into a rut. We must both form home-ties and learn to break them and make homes of our own. That is one of the many reasons why mental hygiene is a difficult art.

To state a problem is one thing; to solve it another. The ideal is plain. We want and must have stability; we want and must have plasticity. Nature provides ample basis for both; the rest is a matter for our own menticulture or human engineering.

Youth is the period of plasticity; it is the time to acquire interests. Each interest is like a spoke; make them all strong and they'll support any rim you put on the wheel of life that eventually carries you on your journey. Cultivate strong interests; do things enthusiastically, not tepidly. Do not be afraid of a little overdoing. The danger of youth may be that of too great plasticity, not settling down, not making one aim the dominant one and letting that strike deeper root than all the rest. When a man finds himself, comes to his own, gets the sense of what is his profession from his try-out of experience, he settles, and if he is not careful he settles so deep that he sinks.

The rule for the middle of life is: Never stop cultivating

new interests. Do not get so absorbed in your business that you cannot see or care for anything else. Keep plastic. Sports and hobbies are all right in their way, and so are avocations, such as the things on the side that you like to do. But all that is not as vital as keeping in touch with the world that is so full of things worth while that we should be happy (not as kings, for they have gone out of style and were put there only for the rhyme anyway), but happy as a free citizen who is at home in a good many interests of an interesting world.

When President Wilson said he had a single-track mind, he admitted a defect which he did not quite mean, for he was a man of wide interests. He emphasized singleness of purpose. The plastic mind runs on many tracks that represent the maturing of the earlier interests, and the later ones are acquired as life shifts its values. If we are rooted strongly in a few interests, we grow, and if we send out new roots we continue to grow. For life is a set of changes and maturings. Your capacity to grow is your capacity to live and learn. What you are at twenty prepares you for what you can be at forty, and that for what you will be at sixty, with an established system of tracks.

The Crutch of Sympathy

Of all the ways of behaving like human beings, the most convincing is to offer human sympathy. When down we need sympathy; when up we get it in the form of congratulation. Sympathy helps all along the line; it is a crutch to aid recovery. Without it you may be flat on your back; with it in due time you stand on your feet. And who is there who has not at one time or another needed and been helped by the crutch of sympathy? Broken hearts

need sympathetic surgical attention even more than broken legs.

Crutches for the crippled you can buy at the surgical-instrument maker's, but where will you go for the crutch of sympathy? Then the friend in need is a friend indeed; and long after childhood are the occasions repeated "when a fellar needs a friend." Some persons have the gift of serving as human crutches; they should be subsidized by the community. Most of us make pretty poor crutches, however good our intentions. Happy the psychologist or any one else who knows the specifications, what the materials, what the process of shaping them, and the design. There can be no one formula since each crutch must be fitted to each limp. The crutch that would help me out of my blue funk might not serve to surmount the wall of your despair. The crutch of sympathy is a two-sided device, depending for its power to support as much on the user as the maker. But the noble army of men and women who now and then serve as human crutches to disabled souls deserve statues or hero medals or Red Cross buttons, or distinguished service stars, or whatever may be the most appropriate emblem, to mark the gratitude of those whom they have helped over difficult paths. That's what the insignia H.C. (human crutch) might well mean: somebody has leaned on you and been encouraged to carry on.

This is the giving that is more blessed than the receiving. The text or the sermon, whichever it be, does not end here. There are many who need crutches and don't know it, others too proud to show it, and still others who have not found or developed in themselves the art of using a crutch when they need it. Clearly, the great healing art is the art of giving, in reality, radiating sympathy; and if you have it, you may call yourself blessed, for others will call you that. But to be effective, the art of sympathy must be allied

to the art of leaning. The recipient must be willing to receive the helpful potion; without it the medicine won't work.

The man who is all-sufficient to himself lacks something essential in the human make-up; which does not mean that to be normally human we should all go in for being leaning towers of Pisa. Each of us wants to, and should, stand erect on his own foundations of character. But those foundations, if sensitive as they should be, may at times be shaken; then there is no shame, but only the privilege of being human in accepting a crutch when fortunate enough to find one.

Friendship proceeds upon the pattern of sympathy; it extends from likes and tastes to interests. We make our contacts by selecting those in tune with our disposition; the Italians compliment the stranger whom they like by calling him "multo simpatico—" very sympathetic. Training in right and generous sympathies is even more fundamental than cultivating interests. To omit this precept from the code of human guidance would be to leave a deplorable gap. It has survived in the familiar citation from the Roman playwright: I hold nothing that is human as foreign to me. The unsympathetic are poorly equipped for the venture of living, for behaving like human beings. It is not an accident that so slight a change makes "human," "humane." Officially the "Humane Society" is devoted to the sympathetic care of animals. In a larger sense we are all members of one large humane society. To omit training in sympathy from an education would be to leave the personality bereft of its main asset; to omit it from the social sentiment would leave us isolated and adrift.

All this is deep psychology that seems superficial when put in words. It is deep in that it deals with fundamentals; it is simple for the same reason.

Sympathy is a universal language, which, by feeling

rather than by thinking, is understood. He who is endowed with it, knows what you mean when you do not or can not say it; and you respond by the same understanding. In so far you are your brother's keeper, in that you should on occasion be his crutch of sympathy, and he yours.

Laugh and Grow Sane

There is a serious side to even so jovial a subject, itself suggested by that term; for "Jove" is Jupiter, the ruler of the Olympian divinities. How he came to be regarded as jovial is not so clear historically, but psychologically for human application, it suggests the need of the offset of humor in positions of the highest responsibility; first to prevent men from taking themselves too seriously; second to indicate that the capacity for joking is itself a component in men who handle grave affairs. The example of Lincoln is commanding. The author of the Gettysburg address is not a different Lincoln from the humorist. To feel deeply and to play lightly with the human scene implies a sense of poise as well as a genial perspective of human values. The sanity of humor is a worthy plank in the platform of human guidance.

Good humor is a therapeutic measure, which means helpful to health. It's a mental tonic. It takes its place with occupational therapy, the getting well by doing pleasant things in a pleasant way; doing things with interest is a food and tonic to the mind. If you don't turn your mind outward to useful tasks, you are likely to develop an ingrowing mind, and, without humor, a stiff-jointed one.

Next to occupation is relaxation and a saving sense of humor; which does not mean the vapid philosophy of smile, smile, whether there is anything to smile at or not; nor an optimistic call to cheer; nor yet a reminder that

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.

A sense of humor is not the joker in the deck of human traits, but has a definite value. Neither is it the knave nor the king, but, when rightly played, it is a trump card.

For the most part life is serious and sober; and responsible people carry cares, often quite a load of them. Hence the need of the offset of relaxation. As usual, childhood offers a clue; and what children do beyond all else is to play. If you forget how to play, you are in danger. It isn't only that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but that it makes him, when he becomes a grown-up John, a nervous man.

The young of many animals play, but none, not even the chimpanzee, rises to the full mental level of a laugh. The unmistakable early sign of intelligence is that first infant smile. And what a great and glorious thing, for instance is the uproarious laugh of a small boy or girl when everybody is tumbled over in a scramble in the screen comedy. For the moment we are not interested in what they laugh at, but only in their large, wholesome capacity to laugh. Just as we of maturer years can't sleep as we did when we were children, so likewise we can't laugh; we can't let ourselves go. Without knowing it, or meaning to, we have practised mirth control.

Now and then one meets a man, who remains a great overgrown boy. I have in mind one who is at the head of a prosperous organization, for whom life is a jovial joke as well as a responsible enterprise. He is a living fund of fun; he just can't help playing all the time. He is overflowing with happiness, and delights in making others happy. Few of us can be built like that. So we have to cultivate the

jovial mood of relaxation. There is no one recipe for your fun diet; but fun enters into every balanced ration.

Lord Chesterfield, who made good manners the center of life, said no one heard him laugh since he had attained years of maturity; laughing was beneath his dignity. Pity the man who can't laugh. Mr. Mencken doesn't like Rotarians; he thinks they act foolishly. But they use their getting together to let themselves go. Their relaxation is in the interests of sanity; their purpose is sound. The after-dinner speech uses the technique of laughter to arouse a mood hospitable to the reception of an idea. We don't eat for nutrition alone. There must be something in the meal to tickle the palate; equally something in a speech to tickle the mind.

It is sometimes said that women haven't as well a developed sense of humor as have men; it's nearer to the truth that it is differently developed. Women have more dignity to maintain and thus to lose; they are adepts at smiling, and since their smiles carry a flavor of interest or approval, they are more circumspect in disposing of them. A woman's smile is a reward. Unquestionably the "funnies" and comic strips and the column of jokes in the daily paper are aimed more directly at men and small boys. The range of women's play has a different orbit, all of which proves that laughter has a deep place in psychology. To repeat "Laugh and Grow Fat," in these days of dieting would not add to the gaiety of nations; hence the wiser version is "laugh and grow sane," or, better, laugh and keep mentally fit for holding your course.

Advance Your Mental Generation

This is the questioning age when everything that we thought settled is questioned. It is also the age of asking

questions, and determining your mental age according to your replies. Both tendencies indicate a habit of reflection as well as inquiry. Yet it has led many, trying to sail their barks by modern seamanship, to feel adrift, at a loss whether to follow the old guides or the new. The older generation may feel that the times are out of joint, or that the younger set are joy-riding on the high seas of life disregarding all codes. The spirit of youth replies with the taunt that age is a restriction and progress waits upon the venture of change.

What the psychologist as referee, rather than as helmsman, would incorporate into his decision in the contest of the ages, is that age is a matter of outlook as well as of insight, and that out of this spirit of reflection and inquiry may grow a more hopeful and helpful mutual understanding when youthful age will confer amicably and equably with responsibly mature youth. So I propose to add an "Ask Me Another" to the questionnaire collection that represents the modern psychological inquisition, to the "intelligence" tests that make the world not so much a stage as an examination hall. A newer inquiry extends beyond the mental age and asks with the entertainment motive of a parlor game a most serious question, which while it may afford merriment may provide as sober thought as well: "What is Your Emotional Age?" My question is: "What is Your Mental Generation?" Are you living to-day or twenty or thirty years ago? Have you lost touch with the newer generation?

The question has interest. Jung, the philosopher-psychoanalyst, having in mind Central Europe where he lives, thinks that a very small percentage of the population are living in the present mental generation. "There is a quite substantial body of the population that only to a very limited extent lives in the present and participates

in the present-day problems. This must always be so, since it is only the few who express with any distinctness the spirit of a time." There are people to-day who "do not live in our Europe, but in the Europe of 1400, and their problems correspond to the bygone age in which they exist."

We may be a little more liberal in our democratic land, with its stimulating pace, open opportunity and widespread desire—too commonly in less important directions—to be up-to-date, and yet recognize that only the leaders and their alert following are living in the present mental generation. The people who are living in the past generation are those quite unaware of the state of mind by which they are surrounded. Hence the source of misunderstanding and of the friction and break in interest and outlook between the outgoing and the incoming generation.

Your mental age isn't wholly indicated by the number of years that you have lived, but by your relative intelligence; your emotional age is not recorded at your last birthday, but how completely you have out-grown the immature reactions of your childhood. Your mental generation may not be indicated by the general outlook of those of your own age-group. Many a senior man and woman is in touch with a mental generation of a younger age-group; many juniors belong to a mental generation of an older period. This is inevitable, for ideas require leadership; and the older leader with a younger following remains the standard picture of progress.

What the few are thinking now, the majority will be thinking later on. Your mental generation depends more upon your state of mind than upon your years, though years necessarily play a considerable part in the issue. Men and women with forward-looking minds belong to the same mental generation, despite disparity of years; and

equality of years is no assurance of sympathy of aims or understanding.

So the question remains pertinent and open for each to answer according to his sympathies and convictions. Your mental generation is that of those who share your outlook, with whom you can discuss with understanding your life problems and theirs.

The course of progress has ever been the same, moving forward spirally, while looping back to carry the accumulated momentum to the next stage of advance. That is why each outgoing generation may seem old-fashioned to the next, which does not stop to reflect that had there not been forward-looking minds among their elders, they, the disciples of the heralds of progress, would have had no leaders. What is peculiarly prominent in these uninhibited days is the somewhat irresponsible attempts at leadership of clever minds too closely inspired by the cartoonist school of philosophy: "Bringing up Father," truly a worthy philanthropy, if worthily directed. But there seems a confusion between advancing the mental generation and breaking with tradition. Idol breaking has no greater warrant of progress than idol making. Piloting a life is a serious enough undertaking; piloting a generation an overwhelming responsibility. It is the danger of losing that qualification that must be impressed upon the advancing generation.

Adjustment Through Happiness

Nature sets the conditions under which all of us—each pilot and passenger in one—must guide our several crafts. In the course she provides for some vicious circles, like maelstroms of obstruction, making matters worse as we are drawn more and more into the narrowing swirls. Such is the

maelstrom of the neurasthenic's or the stutterer's or the insomniac's or the inferior's plight: the more he is troubled and broods upon his incapacity, the worse it becomes; as he descends, he needs the greater strength to rise to the surface, and has it least. But there are kindly circles; adjustment and happiness are such. The better adjusted you are, the happier you feel; the happier you feel, the better able are you to exercise your power of adjustment. Nature seems to be impartial, now making misery easy and happiness difficult, in other relations assuming a kindlier mood.

In these reflective days of mental navigation we raise the question, whether there is a science as well as an art of happiness, and whether psychology can point the way. If we seek shall we find, and if we give shall it be given? Mr. Pitkin thinks so. He says: "Some people are born happy, some achieve happiness, but nobody ever had happiness thrust upon him." You must go·get it: but it is so evasive and so variable a kind of "it" that each man and each woman must secure his or her kind. Yet we haven't all the same fitness for attaining "it" by any means. Happiness is easy for some natures and difficult for others.

"Live out your nature," might be inscribed on the first sign-post on the road to happiness. If you are a born fighter, you will be happy if life provides an abundance of scraps, especially big, exciting ones, as long as you remain fit for the fray. If you are a born·dilettante, you'll be happy in a dabbling life, perhaps a traveler collecting experience, or a scholar collecting knowledge; perhaps a drifter and taster of pleasures, and quite likely a bit of all. If you are a born "feeder," you'll be happy making life a banquet, and have no longing for a feast of reason or a flow of soul. Primitive natures have a better chance of attaining happiness, but on a simpler level.

For happiness is an adjustment between the individual to be satisfied and what satisfies him. If we could choose or create our circumstances, and know what would make us happy, the problem would be solved and solved simply if it takes little to make you happy. But if it takes so much to make you happy, because you crave so much, and all exactly adjusted to your needs, your venture is greater, your success more uncertain.

It may be true that you will be happy if married—though the cynic puts it: happy though married—but only if married to the right person. What you demand of the marriage relation determines how readily you will find happiness therein; for to be mated may be to be mismated as well. All of which may be plain enough, but itself makes plain why there is no single or simple formula for happiness.

Adjustment is a two-sided problem; it is as true that it takes two to love as that it takes two to quarrel. If your nature and your circumstances are mated and in love with one another, you will be happy; if they are mismated and quarrel, you will not.

A difficult disposition complicates the issue. You observe others happy under conditions in which you yourself could not be happy. Yet you believe that if you could find happiness, yours would be a higher order of that delectable quality. You recognize the scale of happiness and no less of misery, to which your nature qualifies or exposes you. Despite all this the search goes on for the philosopher's stone, which would secure for each his heart's desire. The psychologist is bold enough to venture the role of pathfinder for happiness. Perhaps his success will be no greater than that of the fairy godmother granting three wishes, but ever with the discouraging ending that the wishes were not wisely chosen. Yet some

ingredients, however they fall short of a recipe, may be set down.

If what you must do cuts across the grain of what you would like to do, or if you do what you care for, but with constant handicap of bodily illness, adverse circumstances; or if you are so poorly balanced that you have more sensibility than power of expression, more schemes than capacity to carry them out; or if you can't organize, harmonize, utilize, and realize the several parts of your nature, you are on the road to misery. Poor health isn't the only cause of wretchedness. It takes so little to spoil a harmony, and takes such a happy combination of endowment and circumstances to make one, that the road to misery seems wide and the one to happiness narrow.

Quite so, and yet not so, says Mr. Pitkin, if you'll choose your road according to your capacity to travel on it, and never mind whether that road leads to what is usually considered fame or wealth or success. The lot or pursuit in which one man finds content would be misery to another.

Since life isn't made up of extremes, the majority are happy more or less; others escape from misery, yet without much taste of the joys of living. So how your traits combine is the chief factor in the total "it" at which we all aim; and aiming low, you are more likely to hit the mark.

Your moments or periods of happiness are those in which your mental desires and your body functions run smoothly; the whole machinery purrs and you feel content all over. But if you really grow as you live, you'll seek and find content at higher levels; unless a dullard in mind and feeling, you'll make a bid for the larger happiness. You will more or less take stock of yourself; and you'll do so in terms of others' lives and their ways of seeking happiness. So don't get in a rut yourself and don't believe

that others must go your way. Live your own life, but be sure that you have made an intelligent choice in deciding what that shall be.

Happiness can't be reduced to a science, so it's psychology can't be framed as a program. You may need a map to plan a journey, but you must set the course. With an increasing knowledge of right living and right thinking, the measure of happiness that in older days was open only to the few is now within reach of many. Many are the routes that have been chosen in the pursuit of happiness, which together with life and liberty are the inalienable rights of the American citizen. But you can't legislate happiness; the conditions make the soil; your nature supplies the seed. Keep mentally and emotionally and bodily fit, and you'll qualify for the pursuit.

Adjustment through happiness means that we need the constant stimulation of a margin of content to carry on. In business you are told that you must do your job before you ask for your pay; in living, you need a little advance royalty in happiness to fit you for the job, or so it seems to many of us. It is because you are happy that you work well. The car of happiness that takes you to your job should not be a "pay-as-you-enter" but a "receive-as-you-enter" concern; you want a little happiness ticket to pay your fare. It may be unreasonable at times, especially in case of illness when your feeling better comes only as a reward of discipline, and you want to feel better first and then go through the cure, but the demand is natural none the less.

Adjustment through happiness goes by alternate doses,—a little pill and a little sugar coating. That is in general how we get on; a spurt of effort to master the next step, a sip of satisfaction in doing what we could not do before, or in doing it better, and we pass on to the next

level. To attempt too much and to expect too much invites discouragement; to attempt or expect too little makes you lazy, satisfied with a too easy, too simple content. It is as essential to grow in our demands as in the power to satisfy them; you should not, as an adult, be happy with what made you happy as a child. So your happiness scale shifts and advances with your maturity. You need the touch of happiness as a token of reward for adjustment and a spur to further effort. A medal, honor or decoration indicates not only what the wearer has done to deserve it, but what is expected of him. A happy life is a token of a series of successful adjustments in which the moments of happiness form both the reward and the motive power.

Happiness Through Adjustment

Heading the vocabulary of mental hygiene is the significant word "adjustment." That is what we are all doing from early childhood when we pass from living by impulse to living by feeling and reflection, to old age and its acceptance of human fate. The core of adjustment is emotional; we call it a state of mind, but it is far more intimately a state of feeling. These two great streams of psychic energy—reason and emotion—though closely merged are of different source, and when successfully fused make life flow on happily; there is good adjustment. But of the two, emotion is the decisive factor. Whatever the situation that you are now facing, however strongly you say to yourself or assent when others tell you: "Yes! that's the most sensible thing to do," there is no real acceptance until your feelings say "Yes." With reason pulling one way and emotion another, there is no adjustment; you are in rebellion, disturbed, restless, unhappy, unadjusted to your conditions.

There are all degrees and varieties and causes of sources of maladjustment. The organic factor comes first; if you are out of health, your powers of adjustment are weakened; illness, fatigue, pain, even hunger, or unsatisfied desire generally, is an organic state that makes directly for the emotional balance and upsets it. The earlier types of adjustment, such as those of children, operate mainly on the organic emotional level and more simply than in the adult. The child playing in the nursery is a soothing picture of happy adjustment, of complete content. With each age and markedly with the increasing range of emotions at adolescence, the problem of adjustment complicates. Each age as well as each environment sets a new problem in adjustment. Going away to college, entering a business, promotions, marrying, parentage, involve the development of new and adequate emotional relations as well as a reflective direction of the enterprise. You must be emotionally prepared for college, for business, for marriage most pervasively, for parentage most completely, as well as have attained the intellectual maturity to adjust to the comprehensive demands of these laps in the course of your voyage in untried seas. The doubt is sometimes expressed when a bright boy is ready for college at an exceptionally early age, whether in the absence of the proper emotional maturity the young man will fully reap the "personality" benefits of that formative period. Adjustment ever proceeds in terms of the total personality; no part of it may lag behind the rest.

But more fundamentally, adjustment proceeds in the inner terms of emotion, though the personal equation is ever completed in the outward terms of circumstance. It is typically where reason and desire, what you should do and what you want to do, come into conflict, that conflict,

until resolved, precipitates a state of maladjustment; and Freud makes such conflict, often vaguely realized because of the submerged or repressed desire that is causing the trouble, the source of neurotic ailments.

Mental hygiene emphasizes the intimate personal adjustment; and in this the family situation is normally the dominant one for the adjusting years, for such is the period of childhood and youth. For the younger generation that family adjustment has the largest significance. Why boys and girls leave home or make trouble when at home, offers material for a cyclopedia of maladjustment. The marital relation, by reason of its psychological intimacy, demanding the adjustment of two complete personalities to a common hope, a joint endeavor, may become a comprehensive source of maladjustment, as no less, a happy marriage is a fine consummation.

The other major adjustment is to occupation, to the satisfactions of employment. With the work life and the love life contributing to happiness, well adjusted success is secure, for it composes into joy of living.

The third great domain of adjustment is to the social life. We cannot live to ourselves, and must ever find the highest satisfactions in the social relationships. We must be on good terms with ourselves primarily; otherwise there is no peace of mind, and without that, no joy in work or its compensations. We must be on good terms with those we meet most intimately; or again we fail. We must be on good terms with the world generally, with that part of it that we share. The well adjusted man or woman must stand well in all relations. Yet no life is completely adequate, no life without its serious problems in one field or the other. Mental hygiene proposes to each human being that he view his problems in terms of ad-

justment. However absorbed in the day's occupation and the immediate duties and tasks, there should be time for reflection upon the supports by which we live.

What adjustment expresses externally, happiness expresses internally. When the total you is adjusted to the total situation, you are happy; adjustment is the means, happiness the end. There is alike happiness through adjustment and adjustment through happiness.

VIEWS AND VISTAS

1. MENTAL LANDMARKS: ATTITUDES

Landmarks of Behavior—The Ways of Behaviorism—Detective Work and Dreams—The Psychic Jungle—Our Stars or Ourselves?—Toward the Occult—Ancient Arts in Modern Days—Character Readings—The Cult of Chance—History as Psychology—What Price Civilization?

Landmarks of Behavior

The art of piloting is an ancient search. It parallels and underlies the art of education, which is more directly bent upon teaching the young idea how to shoot. It began with the first attempts to direct human lives by a knowledge of the varieties of human nature, and of the forces within and without that come to control the careers of men. The priest is the soul pilot (in frontier slang the "sky pilot"); the psychologist is the mind pilot; the physician the body pilot. In primitive days priest, medicine man and sage were one; something common in their function remains: it is the direction of human behavior.

As we consider the modern ways of mental navigation, we may survey, not as historians, but as interested lay travelers, sites and landmarks near and far in the exploration of the mind; to note older ventures to project charts

and courses, to recall ambitious attempts launched with assurance when the racial mind was young, gradually abandoned as knowledge increased and the art attained scientific standards.

How men regard the sources and promptings of human behavior determines how they attempt to direct them. The helmsman must be philosopher as well as guide and friend.

Men were students of animal behavior by practical necessity long before they chose the study for its scientific interest. The primitive man lived with and on the creatures of the forest and plain and air and water. When the hunter gave way to the ploughman, the ox and the horse and the herds of cattle made possible the agricultural age. Animals were part of the human household from ark to farm. Beasts of burden relieved man's bondage; pets served his need for companionship. As he domesticated animals, man civilized himself. Both afforded lessons in the direction of natural behavior to artificial ends.

All this set the stage for an animal cult leading to totem and taboo, to animals sacred and protecting the clan, to animals forbidden as food. Men observed and envied the cunning of the fox, the soaring of the eagle, the strength of the lion, the ferocity of the tiger, the swiftness of the deer, the longevity of the crocodile, the devotion of the pelican. Men held themselves descended from animal ancestors or nurtured by them, and might by magic powers for good or ill be bewitched into animal forms. The more mature imagination created minglings of human and animal forms, centaurs, sphinx, mermaids; or it combined diverse animal endowments in winged bulls, or flying horses, or unicorn or phoenix, or gods appearing in animal guise. Under the same dramatic impulse animals spoke in fables from Æsop onward and counselled men.

The primitive mind humanized animal behavior. In all this communion there is the sympathy of an allied endowment and of common ways and pursuits. That, too, is psychology, however fanciful and naive to our understanding. Animal psychology leaves its landmarks at every stage of culture.

The modern mind is interested in interpreting objectively the animal endowment; the psychologist looks to animal behavior to determine the human dependence upon patterns set by nature; he traces there the biological conditioning which he shares with his humbler fellow-creatures, while yet he regards himself as the lord of creation. He does so by virtue of the gift of reason, reserving that to himself, and assigning to the animal mind the more rigid, blinder regulations of instinct. As in our own generation psychology grew to mature estate, the older ready explanations ceased to satisfy, and the exploration of animal behavior brought new discoveries, out of which have arisen principles of interpretation and guidance for human lives.

An interesting survival remains in the tendency to ascribe to animals human ways and to credit man's favorite companions with intelligence wholly out of their range. Even in these enlightened days we are asked to credit tales of educated horses mystifying audiences by their arithmetical performances, and even so learned as to spell names; of an equine prodigy that indicated citations from the Bible where the horse is mentioned, or another which more practically handled a cash-register.

The cold light of psychology allayed the excitement and reduced the equine performance to nothing more than catching a slight and, in part, unintentional sign of his trainer when to stop pawing or where to point the nose. The rest was all myth or misinterpretation under the

tendency to believe that a genius horse might equal an ordinary school boy. Those who are interested may read in Maeterlinck's account how he was convinced that the stallion called him by name. A Pegasus found in an actual stable would be no more of a miracle than these psychologically miraculous horses. How animals are actually trained for show performances, and what this training shows for the intelligence of man and beast, marks another interesting landmark, but is indeed in every particular another story.

As animals approach the human kinship, from ape to chimpanzee, the story grows in fascination; for there are significant lessons in all this observation and experiment, teaching us how we learn and how to guide human intelligence. We are equally impressed with the "almost human" behavior of our nearest brain-relations and by their gross limitations, by what they lack and we inherit to permit us to behave like human beings.

A more intimate and engaging exhibit of simple behavior has ever been that of the human infant, a choice repository of psychology, its value recognized only in our own scientific day and intellectual generation. There, too, is authentic behavior as nature disposes, and there lie the sources of all later conduct and the clues to growth. Infancy is a mental landmark, the nursery a psychological laboratory. If there are human instincts, the study of infant behavior will reveal them; if what we are to begin with conditions our future course, it is well to know it; if all is a matter of training and direction, we cannot start too soon, or forget that as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. The modern view of modern guidance centers in the child from infancy to adolescence.

It is by such stages in establishing mental landmarks that there has arisen out of the problems of behavior, the

offered solution of "behaviorism." Piloting a life, especially in its initial stages, will be a very different art, according as in the composite issue of human behavior we render correctly unto nature what is nature's, and unto the art of training what is the product of guidance. It has been as difficult to establish right views of animal as of human behavior. It is the fusion of all these sources of knowledge that perhaps more than any other approach determines the primary principles of mental navigation.

The Ways of Behaviorism

The only reason, but that quite a sufficient one, for considering this topic in an informal guide to the mental life, is that there has been popularized by one "behaviorist," Dr. John B. Watson, a startling doctrine. Beginning as we do with so little that is ready to work, he holds that it does not make much difference what we begin with or what kind of parents we have, since all that we shall ever become depends wholly on training from earliest infancy, and especially on early training. Whether we emerge from the process as doctor, lawyer, beggarman or thief (why not Indian chief?) is but the action of the environment and the conditions it offers. There arises the comforting doctrine that anybody can become anything he wishes to be, if only he is fortunate enough to be rightly "conditioned" by his environment. If that were true, the entire art of mental direction would read quite differently, and this volume and a hundred others be wholly useless and misleading.

How was such an amazing and evolutionary conclusion reached?

It came about in this way. An interesting bit of behavior was discovered by the Russian physiologist Pavlov.

You know that the sight or smell of appetizing food makes your mouth water. It makes a dog's mouth water also. Dr. Pavlov devised a method of measuring the secretion of the dog's saliva. He then sounded a bell whenever he presented the food; and in time there was a flow of saliva when the bell sounded, though no food was shown. This was called a conditioned reflex or response. We should have heard little of these interesting little experiments had it not been that Dr. Watson made it a corner stone and built an ambitious structure around it; he not only invited the neighbors in, but advertised it as the model of the entire educational system.

All behavior, he held, conforms to the pattern of stimulus and response, which, while true, unless rightly considered, is either a bare statement or a confusing one. What is true and important is that some simple varieties of human behavior show simple types of conditioning, but no truer than that there are far more complex varieties, which, because they are complex, behave quite differently and make psychology the complex science it will always be, and the predictability of human behavior in its largest sense an idle dream.

To make human behavior as predictable as rat behavior would require the reduction of the human brain to a rat brain. Yet a sober "behaviorism" offers some valuable cautions; it shows how careful one must be with young children not to let them become frightened by cats and dogs and harmless animals generally, for they can easily be so "conditioned" (if you want to call it that). However the fear response is not as simple as the mouth-watering mechanism. The fear of these animals is not inborn; but once the fear is aroused in their presence (and it may happen in many ways including an intentional fear) it will be difficult to "uncondition" the fear response and substi-

tute the play response. Yet the principle that because that factor plays its part in forming behavior, especially rudimentary behavior, therefore all behavior, of whatever grade, from salivation to cerebration, is completely accounted for by the same one and only formula, from threading one's way through mazes to threading one's way through the intricacies of the calculus or comparative psychology, may well be awarded the grand prize for the largest running broad jump from a small premise to a big conclusion in the records of modern science.

One or two paragraphs are far too few to indicate in how many ways "conditioning" in this limited sense fails to account for the varieties of human behavior. What can be made plain is that a general formula, such as "stimulus and response," labels but does not explain. This particular formula happens to omit the only possible key to the explanation, in that it should read "stimulus-*organism*-response"; for the organism contains the only clue to understanding why that particular stimulus should be one, and why it elicits that special kind of a response. Cats catch mice and mice avoids cats; each is a stimulus to the other and each responds in its own way, and conditioning may play a slight or no part in the result. It may be that cats and mice, if brought up by a behaviorist, would be the best of friends, and likewise that the lion and the lamb would lie down together, and all men love their neighbors, and the millenium appear as soon as the behaviorist had completed his task, but all this seems plausible only if we ignore and forget the mass of well-established facts and conclusions regarding animal and human behavior, and accept the verdict that psychology is a needless study and a huge mistake.

Examples are only suggestive, but in this connection corrective. A cow grazing in the field pays no attention

to the moon and placidly chews the cud; the dog bays at the moon (or is said to; why, we do not know, and it is for the moment not important); and what response the moon as a stimulus may evoke in a romantic young couple is beyond the prediction of even a behaviorist's confident simplification. We still ask why moonlight is a stimulus to the one organism and not to the other; why the response is nothing, or baying, or loving; and were all these conditioned? I have heard a dog howl piteously when a violin was played, but the violinist did not condition his faithful companion to this lack of appreciation of his art; that same melody might enrapture the lovers, and as for the cow, we have only "Mother Goose" as evidence that a cat and a fiddle made it jump over the moon. To say that all these different cases are cases of "stimulus and response" and they are nothing more and require no further explanation; that the mechanism by which one brushes one's hair or writes a sonnet are the same, just stimulus and response—though both may be done to impress a lady-love, or to sell the poem to an editor, and that clerk and poet are just exhibit A and exhibit B of conditioning—all this is a blind man's version of the colorful world of mental behavior, and could be dismissed with scant attention, were it not that this strange solution by ignoring, has been noisily heralded as a new revelation to the art of living.

As for conditioning; paragraphs cannot speak volumes but may serve as signposts. When I hear a workman's whistle blow at seven or eight in the morning, I may turn over and go to sleep, but not always, and you may get up and go to work. Similarly the workman starts to work when the whistle blows, but why does he stop when that same whistle blows four hours later? And when he hears the seven o'clock signal on a Sunday he does not get up.

So conditioning is not so simple after all. Nor is it likely that substituting melodious chimes for a steam whistle will gladden the early rising. And if you mean that I am differently "conditioned" to respond to different bells—fire-engine bells, telephone bells, house bells, wedding bells, and at different times and moods and occasions,—the word "conditioining" begins to lose meaning, and you recognize what every psychologist and every layman knows, that the real problem lies in just those variations of stimulus and response thus roughly indicated. Naturally all this is but a straw to show the way the argument blows, just an indication that conditioning accounts for but a small part of our habit-systems. What is characteristic of human behavior is the freedom from any simple conditioning; and if behavior is so complex that the complexity and not the conditioning becomes the problem, the formula becomes a mere trade label of psychology.

Another illustration may not be superfluous: some restaurants provide music with the meals. Now, if we were generally subject to conditioning, what would you expect the result to be? Would it be that whenever you heard music you would feel inclined to eat? Or would you soon be so conditioned that you would feel fed whenever you heard the music, and so would not need the food? As a fact you can eat with or without music; and you can hear music without feeling hungry or thinking of food, and food does not provide the need or thought of music; you do not get conditioned either way. Nevertheless we are "conditioned" in such a general sense that I write best when at my own desk and at my regular times; yet again, not invariably. Any accidental conditioning is unimportant.

Schiller is said to have liked the odor of decaying apples; they helped him to write poetry. How he became thus "conditioned" is not told and it is not important.

It is questionable whether it was a hangover from some infantile experience. To most writers the odor would be disturbing. And neither that nor any other odor would inspire a poem in a prosaic mind.

It is both because we are conditioned by very complex habit-systems, and because, still more, we are free from irrelevant conditioning, that we lead an orderly life. Freedom from conditioning makes a complex life possible. Obviously, that is not all there is, pro and con, to "behaviorism"; but it is enough to warn the reader that much advice passing under the sanction of that name must be viewed with strong suspicion.

Has "behaviorism" then contributed nothing to the guidance of living? On the contrary it has added much. It has brought to light the actual mechanisms by which learning proceeds; it has established that a scientific psychology should go as far as possible in explaining human behavior by what is "done." To that extent all psychologists are behaviorists. But rats in a maze and humans finding their way in the complicated traffic of modern industry are such wholly different orders of beings, despite the little or even the much they have in common, that the rat's maze can never serve as a pattern for piloting a life. The ways of behavior, however lowly, are guiding landmarks to the exploring psychologists; the ways of "behaviorism" confuse by ignoring the complexities of the undertaking. Behaviorism provides a true point of the compass, but a compass alone without a course never accomplished a voyage.

Detective Work and Dreams

Among the clues sought as guides to direct human affairs were the twilight rays of dreams. The interpreter of

dreams appeared among primitive peoples, attained some dignity, as did Joseph, in biblical days, flourished when oracles were in power and gradually declined to the low grade of an outlawed fortune teller. The dream book replaced gypsy lore. Far-fetched analogy and an easy symbolism with a dose of flattery, was the recipe that found acceptance among the superstitious.

Yet the legitimate study of dreams, not as prophetic but as expressive of the personality of the dreamer, was never wholly abandoned. Psychologists were always interested in visions and day-dreams, in speculating upon the causes of sleep and the varieties of dream-states. The mental life is by no means all thinking; much of it is fantasy, near to dreams. Yet it was not until 1900, when Freud published his book on dream interpretation, that the subject took a scientific turn. Dreams do reveal, but *what* and *how* is considered quite differently from the interests and the methods of older days. Dreams carry meaning, but we shall not on that account be tempted to guide our lives by them.

Dreams occur in sleep, a process and a period of recuperation; dreams indicate a mental activity that more or less interrupts that process. So dreams occur mainly in lighter sleep, in the going-under and coming-out stages —as is observed under ether and other drug action—with the just-before-waking period offering the better chance for dreams to be remembered. Dreams continue the mind's waking occupation and find their incidents in events; they are dream-echoes of the day's concerns. Dreams are varied and composite products, but in the main, point backward; they reflect the mental scenery as in a distorted mirror, and though they include hopes for the future, they are not prophetic. The dream movement is dramatic, a series of episodes flashed and then elaborated

with a strong infusion of symbolism. Dreams are not literal; they forsake the logic of fact, and favor the free rendering of fancy touched by desire or by dread.

Dreams are induced by a combination of an imaginative habit of mind and a lighter pattern of sleep. Whether those given to daydreaming are the most expert night dreamers is uncertain, but it may well be so. Some dreams are induced by stimulations from without that reach the sense organs, as well as by continuation of sensations from within the body.

An actual sound, the wind howling, a door slamming, street-noises, bells ringing, may start a dream, as has been shown by experiment when such stimulations were given and the sleeper awakened and his dream recorded. A hot-water bottle placed at the feet may excite a dream of torture by bandits, and the slipping of the covers produce a dream of undue exposure; dreams of flying and falling may reflect sensations of labored breathing or loss of a feeling of contact.

Yet, with this source of the repertory and the stage setting of dreams, the major interest is in the plot; and Freud's central and well-supported thesis is that the dream expresses some phases of the total self.

Freud delves deeply into dream motives and holds that dreams express the intimate wish-self and uncensored thoughts and desires. He holds dreams to be significant in every detail; all is determined. Much of it proceeds by symbolism, disguising yet revealing. Much of it is concerned with the suppressed relations of sex. Motive as repressed wish furnishes the plot. There are Freudian elements in dreams, and some dreams are quite consistently Freudian throughout.

It may be simplest to illustrate by an actual dream following attendance at a funeral: "I dreamed that my

friend had come back to earth and we were talking over his death. I asked him to explain the experience to me. He replied that there was nothing strange about it except that he had suffered quite severe pains about the heart just before he died (he died of heart trouble). I said: 'If you were Jack Smith before you died, who are you now? You look exactly the same, talk the same, and I cannot understand how that can be.' I woke up before he had a chance to explain it to me."

This in type of motive is a "fear-of-death" dream. So Freud would ask the dreamer whether he is much engrossed with the thought of his own death, would explore back to childhood apprehensions, would be confident of finding a deeply personal reference. By this route dream intrepretation enters into the diagnosis of mental conflicts and impediments. We may feel freer to tell our dreams, feeling less responsible for them than for our waking, consciously directed thoughts. The Freudian interpretation adds that, because less repressed, dreams reveal hidden longings, or concerns; they uncover a strata of our personality unacknowledged or disguised. Dreams do detective work; if the patient accepts the clues and their interpretation, they may reveal the plot of his psycho-neurotic trouble. The argument hangs together well; but when it applies, and how far, and whether any given interpretation is correct, is far more doubtful. Symbolism and dramatic rendering is a weak and uncertain method, at times no more plausible than the older dream-readings. And dreams are too variable, too playful, too imaginative, too casual, to follow one pattern or to carry deep significance in average cases. Dreaming is in fact vacationing; it is well not to take the experience too seriously. The normal attitude is to dismiss it as a dream and go to the day's work.

Dreams interpreted as revelations or prophecies belong to one mental generation; dreams interpreted as subconscious phases of the mental life, to quite another,—a far later landmark. As such they may be used to explore and thus reveal a complex by which the victim is haunted or incapacitated, yet cannot himself discover the source, because of the conscious resistance to acknowledging a situation—a forbidden wish, a suppressed desire, a tabooed relation. The dream probe may find the imbedded source of the irritation. And modelled upon the same principle have other subtle varieties of a third degree procedure been proposed and tried.

Such is the detective agency of the association method, which was devised by the Swiss psychoanalyst, Jung. If I ask you to reply as rapidly as you can to each of a set of words called out to you by the first association which each in turn arouses, the average time for ordinary associations, like "cat—dog" "pen—write," "long—short," "jump—run," will be about one-and-a-half seconds. Look at this list of words and their reaction-times; and you will notice that four of them are delayed to about four seconds.

The subject of this experiment was depressed; it proved that he had been thinking of drowning himself, yet that idea met with resistance. So there is the story: *Water* is *Deep;* a *Ship* may *Sink;* a *Lake* is *Water;* and *Swim* suggests *Can't Swim.* These revealing words are held back because they first arouse the unpleasant, resisted thought; only when that moment is past, does the accepted response appear. The indifferent words arouse no emotion and show a normal response in time and content. It was by this bit of psychological detective work that the contemplation of suicide was discovered. It might have come out of an analysis of a dream quite as well.

Stimulus-word	*Response-word*	*Reaction-time in seconds*
Head	Hair	1.4
Green	Meadow	1.6
Water	*Deep	*5.0
Stick	Knife	1.6
Long	Table	1.2
Ship	*Sink	*3.4
Ask	Answer	1.6
Wool	Knit	1.6
Spiteful	Friendly	1.4
Lake	*Water	*4.0
Sick	Well	1.8
Ink	Black	1.2
Swim	*Can't Swim	*3.8

Jung has used the method for the detection of guilt. When a piece of jewelry had been stolen from one of the patients in a hospital, he put the nurses through an association test, inserting "guilty" words, such as *ring;* and he detected the guilty nurse by this delayed reaction.

It must not be supposed that this method will always work, or that by this or any other psychological probe we have at command a guilt-detector. It is just a hint that may lead to other varieties of mental exploration. These insights into subconscious mechanisms carry the lesson that the life we live extends deeper than the waking, conscious direction. There are undercurrents of thoughts and desires that are significant; their wise incorporation into the art of piloting is helpful; for if in revolt they may trouble and entangle. If reasonably at peace, we need not fear, nor unduly consider our dreams nor our uncensored associations. Life is not a dream but a reality; it proceeds

by thinking. Yet each personality harbors a dreaming self. We guide our lives wisely when our efforts make our noblest dreams come true.

The Psychic Jungle

What is the psychic jungle? It's that tangled mass of rank growth of primitive notions from which we are supposed to have emerged ages ago, but which still flourish in the by-ways and high-ways of this land of freedom to believe what you like, and in the side streets and Broadways of every city, and from Aristocracy Hill to Slum Alley. Take a stroll among the advertising pages of a magazine that appeals to the untutored mind and you'll be at once in the thick of the psychic jungle.

Would you "recharge your soul batteries from inner cosmic energy?" Send for a booklet and ensure lasting youth. Perhaps you prefer "brain-glow" to be taken in your food, which will make stupid people intelligent (if that happens to interest you), or save your tonsils and your memory by one and the same recipe. Or you can "rejuvenate in your own kitchen," enjoying the "highest vibrating youthifying foods;" or just turn on the "psychophone" while you sleep, and you'll wake up healthy and wealthy and wise and happy and young likewise. If you prefer, you can be a Rosicrucian, or a Yogi, even in these modern, occidental days, and by learning the "secret laws of life" command your heart's desire. If that is too slow, take a course in "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism," and people will rush to you so eagerly that you'll need a traffic officer to clear your path. Do you want more income, or more beauty, or more eloquence, or more pep, or more hair, or more poise, or more memory, or more courage, or more concentration, or more ideas, or more height, or more

flesh, or less flesh, or to get rid of blushing or stammering, or wrinkles, or fainting-spells, or corns, or your eyeglasses? It can all be done by sending the proper amount of cash to the proper address; and the methods are all more or less "psychic." You do it by way of the subconscious mind or by will power, or by thought-waves or by hypnotism or by your astral self. Psychology is the universal sponsor, and many of these adepts and eager saviors of mankind call themselves psychologists or conduct a metaphysical sanctum or an institute of psychology, or take that name in vain in some way.

In other portions of the psychic jungle dwell the astrologists of high and low degree, who will advise you of your dangers and your opportunities and read your character to your satisfaction and to their own benefit. One of these traces his power to a "very sensative brain" by which he recognizes the "thought waves of ladies who are temperamentally quite harmoneous" to him, yet neither his brain nor his astrology informs him how to spell "sensitive" and "harmonious." Next to him is a palmist and on the other side a numerologist, and the jungle is full of phrenologists and magnetic vibrationists and heliocentric astrologers and clairvoyants and psychic healers and mediums and character-readers by complexion, facial lines, auras, color-schemes, vibrations, and every known and unknown bodily feature; and somewhere in the deep thickets dwell the worst of the fakirs, those with residence at Leavenworth and other involuntary resorts on their records.

What does it all mean? Where do all these people get the money to pay for the advertising? Mankind isn't so civilized as the histories claim. Radio and airplanes and talking movies and television are wonderful, and the minds that made them possible are far removed from the jungle; but these marvels don't touch on the personal note of

human interest that engages the heart and upsets the head. The hardest thing for man to consider sensibly is the set of forces responsible for his own fate. Hold out the hope of more control over that in any form, and you'll have a waiting list, whether your fees are high or low. When that is involved many minds otherwise safe and sane revert to the psychic jungle.

Our Stars or Ourselves?

The psychic jungle in one view is the psychic débris or waste-pile in another. Ancient and discarded ways of thinking persist, and here and there take root and survive. Again and again through the ages have there been attempts to rebuild or remodel these ancient landmarks,—crumbled ruins of outgrown ways of thinking—by which in those remote days the human mind tried to steer its uncertain course in uncharted seas. Among these, that of mental navigation by the starry heavens is the oldest and most persistent.

And so it comes about that the twentieth-century mind, as heir of all the ages, finds itself contemplating in a half-serious inclination, or an anomalous conviction, an archaic relic of the piloting art. A letter that comes by so modern a route as the air-mail contains a query that belongs to the dark ages. "Do you believe there is anything in the reading of your horoscope? Have the planets anything to do with one's destiny?" Such is the query that might properly have been started mental generations ago and delayed a few centuries in the transmission.

It is not the question, but the attitude that underlies the asking of it that is most worth consideration. I doubt whether if you sat up all night—observing the planets or not—you could think of anything that has less to do with

human fate than those same remote, maligned luminaries, with their fanciful names so satisfying to an early stage of the imagination.

Psychology deals not with stars and their cosmic orbits, but with selves and their complicated courses of behavior. The original astrology belongs to a state of knowledge thousands of years old, when a magical and mystical view of life and the forces conditioning it, prevailed. That view never died out, but was revived again and again with new elaborations equally fanciful, notably in the medieval days known as the Dark Ages when the human intellect went into a decline. Later, for a time, real astronomers had to be astrologers on the side to keep their positions at court, yet fully aware of the absurdity of such a parody of science as a horoscope.

To dig in this débris of civilization and treasure it as though it had any relation to our kind of science, is the height of folly. Your horoscope is as out of place as a knight in armor driving an auto on Broadway. That absurdity may be dismissed. "Men at some time are masters of their fates! The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

But why should any one continue to believe in so outworn a faith? Why should daily horoscopes appear in newspapers that get their news by telegraph and radio, and tell of marvels that were undreamt of in days when astrology was in keeping with mental habits of the times? First, because of that persistent faith and hope, that intense interest in our fate and fortune, and the flattering suggestion that even the stars minister to our own importance; second, because the human mind has never been a well regulated thinking machine and is ever ready to accept as proven what pleases its fancy; third, because we are like sheep and believe what others believe and follow traditions

without much discrimination as to which have value and which are worthless; fourth, because there are at all times a few insistent converts convinced that they have found the one only key to the Universe in a new revelation or the resurrection of an ancient one, and they shout with such presumption that the unwary are impressed. It isn't the stars, the system of astrology, but the tendency to believe in them that forms the interesting mental landmark.

The lesson of it isn't easy to enforce. We are apt to think that thinking is thinking, and all of it helpful and meritorious, when as a fact some kinds of thinking have kept the human race back as much as other kinds of thinking have made for progress. The difference is wholly in the kind of logic employed. Logic is a tough proposition to make plain to the average mind: to indicate that some kinds of thinking are golden nuggets, and others, that look just like them, are merely dross.

The ancient question: "What is truth?" may well be restated as: "What is proof?" Logic tells the answer, tells how the human mind should think to reach the truth. But the human mind isn't a thinking machine; it's a bundle of desires, and it tends to believe what appeals to those desires. The greatest impediments to human progress are the impediments to thought; astrology is just one example out of a hundred, but a rather telling one.

The notion that human fate is conditioned by the positions of stars and planets at the moment of birth is so preposterous that it offers absolutely nothing to discuss; it's like a sword cutting the thin air—it makes no impression. So there remains only the fact that through the ages here and there a few men of reputation have expressed themselves feebly or strongly as inclined to the belief. To get as many as fifty such names you have to scour the ages, accept doubtful testimony and include astronomers who

lived in days when it wasn't quite safe to tell what they really thought. You could collect five thousand names equally distinguished of those not affected by the belief. And as for the testimonies of accurate foretelling of "minute incidents of the daily life," they are just as impressive as the testimonials of patent medicine and a dozen other systems of character reading that can't possibly all be true.

It is quite idle to speak of proof to minds that do not understand the elements of logic. Proof has nothing to do with it. These systems flourish because there is enough dramatic interest in having your fortune told in one way or another—in reading signs, or believing in omens—to keep them alive. Such notions, when put into seemingly learned forms, citing a few names as authority, make an impression on minds equally unskilled in the rudiments of proof. These beliefs and the tendency to accept them are mind-prints on the sands of time.

Yet the evidence is all too plain that those who have every opportunity to pilot their lives rightly still veer toward these ancient landmarks when fogs or squalls arise or when they do not trust their fair-weather compass. It is by reason of these tendencies, often subtle and disguised, that a pilot's license must be carefully examined.

Toward the Occult

Scattered among the landmarks of the mind's voyagings stand the mysterious watchtowers of the occult. In these, as in haunted houses, it is rumored that occasionally strange lights appear and beckon; and some human vessels report that they have been saved, others that they met their doom by following these uncertain signals from an obscure source. Many minds seem to believe that for all ordinary occasions, we must pilot our lives by the buoys

and lighthouses and channel marks that an orderly science has established for our guidance; but that there is another order of events,—signals and flashes of a different origin,—that in an emergency or just as may happen, appears and should be heeded. If this be true, it complicates the art of mental navigation, unless we agree that as all this signalling from the beyond occurs so rarely and fitfully, the only wise course is to disregard it altogether. Yet it must be disturbing to an order-loving mind to go through life with the reservation that there is another order of cause and effect, super-normal if not supernatural or at least unaccountable, that may at any moment intrude itself into the even tenor of our ways, to confuse or confound.

However, the majority of men and minds are not notably logic-bound in their movements; they are for the most part just intrigued by the lure of the obscure; they like to leave a little margin for the dramatic, a little loophole for the exceptional. The belief in miracles flourished by the same tendency in a different mental setting. Since the occult requires a medium, the inclination extends to the belief in unusual forces exercised by unusual persons with unusual gifts. The types of medium or go-between, bridging this ordinary world and that extraordinary one, reflected the belief of the day; he might be oracle or prophet, sorcerer or witch, or spirit medium, clairvoyant, crystal gazer, premonitioner or thought reader. All these offered occult guidance on critical occasions; those who tend to heed their messages show a similar leaning.

Psychology, in accepting its mission of guidance, may include irregular excursions into seas where some expect to discover unknown islands and others see only phantom mirages. What the critical psychologist cannot fail to observe is that the beliefs that sail on the tempting lanes of the occult find a following less by proof than by the

congenial leaning toward their acceptance. The evidence is weak, the more normal explanation undervalued, the quite oppositely pointing conclusions ignored. Among these "Flying Dutchmen" of the mental fleet is the good ship "Magnetism," sailing, we can now prove, under false colors, yet in its day credited with an authentic flag. Mental magnetism is an engaging idea but a confusing lead. Because a magnet attracts iron filings and a maid attracts a man, there is not the slightest reason for regarding these two kinds of behavior as having anything in common: to call a maid a magnet is just a manner of speaking. But "magnetism" seems somehow more illuminating and more thrilling than attraction. The danger lies in accepting the word as reality.

At one time the world was thrilled by the discovery of "animal magnetism," when Mesmer (about 1780) asserted that as there was a physical magnetism so there was an animal variety; that it flowed from his person, and by it he could cure disease.

To convince or confuse his public he began by using actual magnets, then only the suggestion of a magnetic stream issuing from his person. He may have thrown his patients into a hypnotic state; for the most part the influence responsible for the effects was suggestion, a wholly different kind of a force from that which streams from the ends of an electro-magnet.

Yet it was by way of following this false landmark that psychology came upon a true one—the discovery of the hypnotic state, the amazing results of suggestion and their heightened effect in the hysterical condition. There is no "magnetic" force possessed by a few; but we are all suggestible enough to the "magnetic" variations of suggestion to make the fact a complication in mental navigation; and some are so extremely suggestible as to become vic-

tims of neurotic complications or sincere pretenders to unusual powers. Thus in the wake of Mesmerism appeared "clairvoyants" who read sealed messages, diagnosed disease as with a psychic X-ray, saw at a distance and otherwise transcended the normal power of the senses. They, too, were "magnetized" and encouraged tendencies toward the occult.

More persistent is the belief in thought-transference, which in time was called telepathy. This convenient name for a theory or belief does not imply the existence of a fact. The existence of the word "witchcraft" does not mean that there are witches and that they exercise a wicked craft, but that so long as this belief arose it was convenient to have a name for it. "Telepathy" means literally "feeling at a distance," just as "telegraph" means distance writing; but we know the mechanism by which the distance is covered, and it is pure supposition as to the feeling. If I have a headache or a pain in my big toe, and can make you, a hundred feet or a hundred miles away, feel my headache in your head or my pain in your toe, it would be a case of telepathy. Entertaining the possibility does not establish the fact. When I try the experiment it fails. But it is not feelings so much as messages, premonitions and warnings, coincidental appearances and apparitions, that make up the vast body of incidents to which the believers in telepathy point with assurance. And this belief in turn is sustained by the urgency and critical importance for the lives of those affected which the messages convey. A friend dying or in danger seems to command the rare transmission. But neither importance, nor yet urgency, is a concern of nature's laws, which go their way indifferent to our convenience. In older days it was thought that the births or deaths of important people were heralded in the skies.

Interpreting events for their personal significance, said William James, himself hospitable to leaving a margin for the unusual and irregular, is an abomination.

Yet it is no part of the present purpose to set forth the weakness for the case of thought-transference, the tendency to record favorable instances and forget the rest, nor yet the many possibilities of natural explanations and the certainty that in many cases the clues are lost, but only to indicate how naturally a leaning toward the occult tends to intrude into the guidance of our lives.

How the belief affects the lay mind appears in this narrative:

I enjoy the sincere friendship of two devoted friends based upon mutual understanding, tastes and conditions. We differ in nationality, creed—religious, political and economic—and in age and occupation are far apart.

While walking home from my office one evening I heard clearly the strains of an orchestra playing "The Blue Danube." One hour later one friend informed me she had been to a concert at which the orchestra played the "Blue Danube" so beautifully that she wished I could have heard it. At the same time that I imagined I was hearing the melody she actually heard it. Some time later I cut out an article captioned "Applesauce." Thinking it would interest my other friend, I mailed it to her. Next morning a letter from this same friend enclosed the article which she herself had written. Neither of us can be easily influenced in thought or action, and we are not spiritistically minded, but we consider these experiences extraordinary."

No stronger leaning toward the occult than this may add a moment of interest without interfering with the orderly conduct of one's affairs. To those mildly curious and to those indifferent to such coincidences, the only world worth considering, remains that in which things

happen without reference to our convenience or protection, in which we must look out for ourselves. It is only when these "occult" ideas absorb undue attention and make one lose faith in realities that they disturb the judicial mood of pilotry. Yet the true explanation may lie in the tendency to make rather than find these "extraordinary" happenings, to report them not quite accurately, with the inaccuracy responsible for the mystery.

We find a stronger evidence of the trend toward the occult in the acceptance of mind-reading performances, highly ingenious and baffling as they often are, as genuine thought-transference. Even when the conjuror makes no such claims or leaves the matter in doubt, the majority of the audience are inclined to believe. In older days when we knew less of the subtle indications by which knowledge and intention can be communicated without knowledge or intention on the part of the communicator, there was more reason for accepting as evidence of a strange force, what is now amply accounted for in a familiar chapter in psychology. From table-turning to muscle-reading and spirit messages the story goes, ever illustrating the leaning toward the occult and the readiness of those desiring to exploit that tendency to resort to devices more creditable to their ingenuity than to their sense of responsibility. Where psychology and logic so subtly interplay, and deception and self-deception fuse, the temptation to form beliefs leaning toward the occult is hard to avoid, if one has the slightest inclination in that direction. To keep our heads in mental navigation, we must maintain a consistent view of the nature of the world in which we navigate, distinguish its realities from the creations of an imagination or a will to believe. Otherwise we shall report mermaids and sea-serpents and phantom-ships and haunted beacons, and confuse our course, or as sailors of old were

confused by a mirage, not knowing well enough the principle of reflection, set for harbors that disappeared as they approached. Mental navigation requires a cool head, a clear vision, a training in the craft, as well as a knowledge of the course and a planned route.

Ancient Arts in Modern Days

The world moves, but not always in a forward direction; it carries with it the vestiges of ancient landmarks of the mind. An incident related in a daily paper and reported from Berlin, that might just as well have hailed from Paris or New York, brings forward the realization that even the dream of alchemy is not dead. The hope of transmuting baser metals into gold is intelligible, however vain. The story has the additional interest of ingenuity. The claimant of this golden gift, whose "chemical" operations had come under the suspicion of the police, insisting that he had really discovered the secret, was given an opportunity to demonstrate his powers. He went through an elaborate ceremony; his materials were examined and no trace of gold found; yet when it was all over, behold there was a mite of gold at the bottom of the crucible. The secret proved more ingenious than alchemistic. During the entire operation the "alchemist" smoked cigarettes end on end to steady his nerves for the mystical ordeal. An inquisitive critic, examining the cigarettes found that they contained particles of gold dust which had been sprinkled into the mixture as the cigarette ashes were shaken over the crucible. The deeper interest of the story is not that the operator excited the attention of the police, but that there were quite a number of customers who were willing to pay fair fees for the prospect of sudden wealth. It is far more interesting as a story of surviving belief

than of ancient practice. Alchemistic claims have the advantage or disadvantage that they can be tested and weighed, and if found wanting in results or honesty, are likely to fade into oblivion; the alchemistic mind survives.

The pursuit of wealth or the foreknowledge of fate are not the only motives of these ambitious ancient arts; their story includes more than the tragedy of hopes that fail. It extends to the appeal to these potent forces to wreak vengeance and destroy enemies. The celebrated Pennsylvania "hexing" case of 1929 suggests a state of mind more suitable to 1629. It led to a murder of a witch doctor who had cast a spell on a family, causing illness of its members, death of its cattle, failure of crops and bad luck in all ventures. Members and friends of the victims wished to break the spell by getting a lock of the "hex" doctor's hair and burying it eight feet deep. The details are unimportant; the prevalence of the belief in a backward community, even though a stranded island in a sea of more rational attitudes, is striking because of the consequences; it affects in endless ways the lives of the people in whom it survives.

If we turn next to slighter intrusions of the ancient arts, we may do so under the guidance of Miss Marjory Loeb, who has been excavating in the mental regions of New York City and found the cave-mind in our midst. In tenements, sorceresses are still doing business in charms and incantations, and there are hall-bedrooms in which people are "piercing effigies with darning needles and scorching them over the gas flame to destroy their rivals in love; or other persons against whom they bear a grudge."

In the museum at Oxford there is a whole caseful of such objects collected from rural England, among them a lemon riddle with rusty nails, and as each nail was driven in, it was accompanied by a special curse against a pet

enemy. Recent "hexing" cases show that people who listen over the radio would still also listen to the superstitions of the Dark Ages. The saddest part of all this is that the ancient belief is used in the service of the ancient habit of hating one's fellow man, and plotting evil or revenge against him. Good will to men still needs broadcasting.

But it isn't all that way. The primitive mind survives in these sophisticated days in all sorts of ways wondrous to behold, and somewhat sad to contemplate to those who try to believe that man is a rational animal.

When silkmakers avoid designs with peacock feathers in them, and builders of skyscrapers omit the thirteenth floor of their buildings, the primitive mind is still working in modern industry. That may be innocent enough, only it isn't very creditable. The same beliefs, the same ceremonies may be used in the interests of all human desires; and love charms are as common and as potent as hate charms.

From the Hindu of the India of the East, to the Ojibway of the India of the West, waxen images of the loved ones are used; and as with proper wishes the wax is melted, it is supposed to melt the heart of the loved one toward the lover. Magic is the ancient cult for the realization of one's wishes. Primitive people, unlike our sophisticated selves, so full of repressed desires, openly expressed their desires in occult ways; for they did not have our knowledge of how to bring things about. Folklore customs are full of innocent survivals of the ancient habit of belief.

A German peasant child will throw a "first" tooth into a mousehole and say: "Mouse, give me your iron tooth for this bone one," and then the "second" tooth will come out good and strong. The Singhalese child gives the tooth to a squirrel, and the Cherokee, to the beaver. When in one part of the primitive world men hesitate to eat deer for

fear they will become timid, and in another, fight for the heart of a lion or of a brave man fallen in battle, to absorb courage, the same ideas are at work. A modern child told another that if she ate goose, she would become silly.

Rabbits' feet and elks' teeth still find a market in New York and the provinces: and horseshoes have lost favor only because automobiles have made them scarce. Our railway stations are still strewn with rice when bridal couples are escorted by sophisticated parties in evening dress; and what we do or omit on Friday or the 13th of the month, is not wholly a matter of reason or convenience.

However these are just by-ways and hang overs. On the whole, the human race has shed its milk teeth and a fair proportion have their wisdom teeth; and we keep these little tendencies down so that they do not interfere with our normal mental fitness. The world moves because ways of thinking improve; and we couldn't go to school and read newspapers without being a little aware of the kind of thinking that is responsible for making it move. We find these survivals of older ways of thinking interesting, just because they are in such contrast with the usual ways in which we manage our affairs.

Character Readings

I HAVE a persistent correspondent who insists that while I may be right in my scepticism about other popular ways of reading character—that phrenology and palmistry and astrology and numerology and all that sort of stuff is bunk —yet that graphology is genuinely scientific and that he reads it right invariably. Incidentally, I have another correspondent who holds the same views about fortune telling, spirit mediums, Hindu fakirs and mind readers—these

are bunk—but the hazel stick is really a divining rod which finds water or oil or ore most of the time. My first correspondent regards me as prejudiced because I won't endorse his particular system of character reading from handwriting, which reveals about all you need to know of a man, either to marry him or to employ him, or to predict his future, or to read his past. The biggest error of these pretentious systems is that they go far too far. If they were content to say that you can make a fair guess from handwriting as to a few general traits, one might agree with them, though agree more readily if the matter were scientifically tested.

The reason why handwriting is something of an index to human characters in a rough and ready fashion, is that it is a bit of human performance. Handwriting is an expression and a record sufficiently complicated, especially in those who write a great deal, to have woven into it little suggestions of mental habits. Within slight limits there is a little hint of character in many a motor habit and manner, in many a muscular gesture or motor set. Any one bent on character reading can get a hint of "you" from how you talk, from how you wear your clothes, how you eat, how you lounge, from your manners generally. And as many of these habits register preferences which in turn reveal tastes, sensibilities, refinements, standards, the casual character reader can get a further hint from what a man eats, and what he wears, and how he furnishes his house, or treats his wife, or talks to clerks, or considers his fellow passengers in the walks of life; and equally from what he writes, what attention he pays to appearance, stroke and control.

You put it all together, and if you are clever, with or without assistance it may be a shrewd "reading" and by

a lucky stroke an accurate one. But just as often it will fail, fail in part or fail wholly. The more detailed you make it, the larger your chances of failure; and when you make minute rules you are headed not for a guiding science but a misguiding cult.

It's just because there are so many signs of character, and yet none of them definite or convincing or reliable, that you can't construct a minute system of character reading upon any one of them. The more far reaching and detailed you make the system, the more are you expanding a little truth into a big error; the more you are mixing a little bit of fact with a big dose of fancy, the farther you depart from science and approach fake.

As not too serious an example, I may cite a German writer who—likewise not too seriously—proposes reading character by the way a man wears his hat. "If he wears it perpendicular, he is honest, pedantic, and boresome. If he wears it tipped slightly, he belongs to the best and most interesting people, is nimble-witted and pleasant. A deeply tipped hat indicates frivolity. A hat worn on the back of the head signifies improvidence, conceit, sensuality and extravagance; the farther back, the more dangerous the disposition of the wearer. The man who presses his hat against his temples complains, is melancholy and in a bad way." As engaging suggestion this will pass; and there may be "something in it"; but a system of "hatology" based upon the idea, would be pseudo or false science.

An interesting reminder of attempts to read character from the outside comes to me in the postman's rounds.

Could you make use of one of those plaster-casts illustrative of the theory of phrenology—a human head bristling with bumps, each surmounted by a pasted label naming the particular quality that should inhabit there.

I have one which belonged to my father perhaps seventy years ago, when he and the subject were both young. It has been an attic embarrassment for nearly as long, but I have still held to it, hoping it might some time find more appropriate lodgment.

The father of phrenology, and the originator of plaster casts, was Franz Joseph Gall (1757–1828). He was a distinguished anatomist who must have had an extraordinary "bump" of observation. In church he observed the heads of those kneeling in prayer in the pews in front of him and concluded that in the utmost devout, the region at the base of the skull was well developed. He thus located the organ of devotion or veneration or spirituality. Musicians, he observed, had heavy eye ridges; hence there was located the organ of tune. He mapped out twenty-four of these "organs," a motley collection of traits,—combativeness, acquisitiveness, ideality, alimentativeness, causality, benevolence, conjugality, continuity or whatever seemed to him in the category of the mind's qualities worth a label. Thus arose those weird, plaster casts, "bumps" were put on the map of "character" cults.

Phrenology involved three assumptions, all important if true: that the differences in development of the brain showed outside on the skull; that the brain was in fact divided into organs or faculties on some such "real-estate" allotment plan; that we knew what the subdivisions were. Since the first isn't true (apart from a few general indications), and the second is definitely false, and the third as laid out, preposterous, the entire system judged by scientific standard becomes the height of the ridiculous, a grotesque travesty. But it held its own for the day; and Gall and Spurzheim (his associate who came to this country and started things here) went about Europe demonstrating and analyzing. They examined a prisoner and

found the three "bumps" of theft, murder and benevolence all well developed; he, true to his "bumps" had first robbed an old woman, then prepared to strangle her, and at the last moment saved both her neck and his by his benevolence.

While those who in these days look to phrenology for their pilot's license are few, character cults in part of the same lineage flourish, and inasmuch as they all proceed upon a similar confusion and infusion of truth and error, it is still worth while to examine their basis.

So in those forgotten days New Yorkers, many of them with motives that would take them to a psychoanalyst to-day, were phrenologized and had their characters read. With a plaster-cast you could entertain your friends as successfully as at still other periods you could do so by communicating by raps with the departed, or read fortunes in the palms of the hand.

The interest in character-reading by the shape of the head and prominence of facial features had been revived by Lavater (1740–1801), a shrewd Swiss clergyman and man of letters, who was also a good artist. He made sketches of his friends, noted their mental characteristics and made "physiognomy" the vogue of the day, patronized by wealth and learning. Phrenology and physiognomy tried to make terms with what gradually came to be known as physiology and psychology. These plaster-cast faculties seem to us grossly absurd and fanciful. If they were devised in these days, we might as well have bumps of electricity and aviation, so crude is the confusion between what men do and upon what basis, physiological or mental, they do it.

Yet rebuilding ancient landmarks is still a flourishing art. Physiognomy comes down the ages acquiring the features of astrology, of the by-product of medical practice, of phrenology, of superstitious sign reading, and folklore logic; and to this strange medley, often ignorant

of its origins, modern pretenders in the art of guidance add parodies of recent findings that captivate the unwary. In one booth, you will be analyzed by the general contour of the face and you will be pronounced "concave" or "convex" and advised as to all the decisions of your life, business, marriage, friendship, travel, sports, ventures generally, according to your type; in the next, it is all a matter of the shape of your head, round or long; and in the third "institute" of character reading, you will be diagnosed as alimentative or thoracic or muscular or osseous or cerebral, and again be advised to seek success according to your type. And with it all is mingled an appeal to "success waves" or "new thought" "as scientific as your auto" by which all your ills are cured, your troubles melt away, power gained, and your course made one of straight sailing, confident helmsmanship, and secure harbors. Yet the basis of it all is established in such nuggets of doctrine as appear in one "system" or another, such as that oblique eyebrows indicate an oblique or suspicious character, or that the thoracic man is not secretive, or that the osseous man is hard and stubborn, but is faithful to the bone. But why continue? The glaring and discouraging fact is that there may be more persons spending time and hard-earned money in the pursuit of vain hopes under assurance of unlicensed pilots than are seeking advice in legitimate, rational ways. Character reading is the most persistent of the arts and will always remain so; the slow accumulations of science are adding to the knowledge. The still small voice is apt to be drowned by the loud pretensions of "systems" finding newer markets for ancient wares.

At credulity's

booth are all things sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.

All such cults are based not on a new knowledge but on an ancient ignorance.

The Cult of Chance

However expert or wise in the art of piloting our lives—and we are pilots of our course rather than masters of our fate—we shall never, though in command, command the issue of our ventures completely; we are at the mercy of wind and weather, and of the chance encounter of ships that pass in the night and greet each other in passing. Out of such moments of fortune for good or ill may arise important consequences of career. How the minds and moods of men have sought the favor and avoided the disfavor of luck, forms a decisive landmark in a persistent search. Is success an art, or is it a gift or a chance, and in what measure, each? That may well be another version of the enigma of the Sphinx.

The cult of chance began in the old folklore setting, the primitive current of knowledge suggestive of a period when the logical mind was cutting its teeth, long before the appearance of the wisdom teeth, which history no less than nature defers to later experience. The cult of chance as a method of guidance harks back to the art of sign reading, the favorite occupation of the not too well tutored mind.

Thus fortune-telling is the most universal of the arts of guidance including the priest, oracle, prophet, augur, sage, astrologer, and all the "mantic" arts. These were commonly called necromancy or the black arts, because all too humanly exercised to forecast and make real, things of evil. My small word-book enumerates fifty-three varieties of this cult of interpreting chance events as predictive, and could be extended many times to include the

folklore customs and the systematic procedures to predict and, if possible, command the issues of our uncertain ventures. The folklore trail branches into the open road of superstitious ceremonies, and there meets with the artificial systems of those who profess insight and control of fortune's ways.

Sign reading becomes the simplest of the arts of prediction, and was commonly exercised in the interests of human events, though extended to all of nature's ways. For sign reading is equally the parent art of science. Signs are effects which, joined with their causes, make up the entries in the great book of knowledge. That type of sign reading was a practical-minded art. The primitive hunter was a tracker; the footprint was a sign; it was the actual signature of the animal. Many signs, to be of use, must anticipate the events, like weather signs of a squall observed in time to take shelter. But interpreting the past implies the same mental exercise. In another version, it's the same interest that the detective follows in his clues; and it accounts for the popularity of crime mysteries. If we weren't all sign readers, we should never get anywhere. Our facial expressions are the signs of our fears and angers and intentions, friendly or otherwise. That's another game we all practise—reading the signs of how others are disposed to us.

But the test of the art of the sign reader is to read the signs correctly, especially the infinitely complex signs of nature. It results in the beliefs you adopt. The question: Do you believe in signs? is meaningless. Of course you do; we all do. But the crucial question reads: What kinds of signs do you believe in? Scientific signs or superstitious ones? In the progress as well as in the vagaries of sign reading, you read how men learned to think, and failed to think correctly.

Mark Twain collected this sign-lore as practised in his youth by small boys and negroes. Jim, the runaway slave, "knowed all kinds of signs." If birds flew a few yards at a time and then alighted, it was a sign of rain; if you catch those birds, some one in your family will die; if you have hairy arms and breast it's a sign that you'll be rich some day. And that great mass of things that you mustn't do or must do to avoid bad luck and secure good luck are all based on the same order of signlore. So Jim said you mustn't count the things you are going to cook for dinner, or shake the tablecloth after sundown; and if a beekeeper dies you must tell the bees of it before morning or they'll quit work.

It would be useless to try to teach scientific signs to a mind filled with that kind of sign thinking. Most minds are strange mixtures of the two orders of belief in signs, in most things scientific, but in many, streaked with superstition. It is as true of weather as of disease. It's a long stage from folklore signs of weather to the U. S. Meteorological Bureau; and equally from home remedies for curing warts to the findings of the Institute for Cancer Research. For a symptom is just a sign of a disease, and the art of reading symptoms makes up much of diagnosis. From doctor to speculator we are all engaged in reading signs, anticipating events, and turning them to our desired ends.

Signs are scattered and random and meaningless until set in a system that holds them together. That system is science; and a false system is false or pseudo-science. It is the tendency to follow false and weak systems of thinking that detracts from the loyalty to a proper interpretation of the world we live in, and more especially of the indications and determiners of our human nature and the vicissitudes of our careers. The book of knowledge and

the book of ignorance and the books of hopes and fears could all be written in these common terms; and no chapter longer or less creditable to human intelligence than that devoted to the sign reading called superstition. And in all of it chance plays a part.

If we accept prediction as the sign reading that belongs to science where laws have been ascertained, and prophesy for the wide-open field where all varieties of knowledge, real and pretended, may enter and stake their claims, the attractive field of forecasting is the large one lying between prediction and prophecy. Where prediction has been established and science has the field wholly to itself, the human interest, sponsored by the cult of chance wanes, for it is human to err, and equally human to take chances. If you can't be wrong as well as right, there is nothing left for venture and the imagination, and for luck and the thrill of success, particularly of success against heavy odds. So far from denying it, we must admit from the outset that there is a gambling or sporting element present in forecasting among human events, or those largely out of human control or calculation. We like to guess or speculate, even if in Yankee phrase we call it reckoning or calculating or figuring it out. In most cases there is precious little figuring, and a lot of guessing on impulses and feelings and notions and "hunches" and similar human frailties. There is no sporting element left in predicting eclipses. Even the weather used to be more interesting when guessed by signs, than now when developed to a science and a daily forecast. But it is better for our states of mind to reduce what we can to science. Our crops and our voyages are more secure when we can anticipate alike the weather and all other "probabilities." The political, the financial, the sport forecaster continue to minister to the cult of chance.

From there we proceed to the larger and many-sided issues in the range of life's events. Life is a chance, but the wisdom of allowing for it in the guidance that we all aim to attain, is set by how we regard the chance factor. There is a modern-minded, common-sense view of the fickle goddess who may prove to be the silent partner of your fortunes. For however we speculate on this speculative topic—the psychological stock-market in which we all make investments—back of it all is the inevitable logic of fact.

Living, as many of us do, a crowded, busy, complicated life, the opportunity for contacts vastly increases; and that means that chance in the scientific sense plays an increasing part in our fate. We simply cannot help it; we are in the stream of traffic, are so interconnected by industrial, social, political bonds, bound by mail, newspapers, books, telephones, radio, that the multiplied contacts multiply the chance that some of these myriad interplays may prove significant, and a lucky turn determine your fate. It's just as true of an unlucky one which by just as close a margin fails to happen; and you may record a rare lucky turn or one of the many "if only's" that might have happened and set your fate quite differently. However orderly our habits, we live on margins, often narrow ones, and take our chances.

So there's no sense in closing our eyes to the large factor of chance against which we can't take out insurance policies, merely because we want to hammer in the doctrine that good hard work and better brains lead directly to success. Morality isn't going to suffer by recognizing the truth; and the man who, like Micawber, spends his life in waiting for something to turn up instead of going out eagerly to turn it up, is shiftless or lazy, and not a philosopher; the incidental fact that when you

have worked as hard and as wisely as your brain and muscles permit, you may still not come out as well as somebody less able and less industrious but more favored by an unforeseen combination of circumstances, remains true. To recognize this factor should make the successful man more modest—and many of them need that grace sadly, and the unsuccessful less despondent,—and they need that consolation. Life isn't all gamble or half gamble; but there is some gamble in it which we may frankly recognize and then forget and go to work. A good worker may be a good sport also.

But even that comes too close to a moral. It's the natural attractiveness of the life of venture that is largely responsible for the cult of chance. A gentleman of fortune is only an exaggerated version of the adventurer in every man who goes to seek or make his fortune and enjoys the touch of uncertainty that adds spice to living. Increase the zest of taking chances and the gambler appears; as though life itself were too well regulated, too safe and sane and dull, and one must resort to games of chance—dice, cards, betting—to bring back the risk of venture and the excitement of gain or loss. There are no people so simple and none so civilized as not to have filled out the routine of their lives by inventing games of chance, at times combined with shrewd skill.

It's the professional gambler we deplore who makes a livelihood out of a recreation. But the motive of gain is so close, in many natures, to the motive of chance, that they fail to get the full zest out of a game unless they play for stakes. Men of that build make luck their active partner. The cult of luck survives because its devotees find satisfaction in it.

There are many who would feel themselves out of luck if they hadn't some "luck" in their lives, quite as many as

those who regard themselves as victims because there is so much luck in life. The art of mental navigation requires a sane attitude toward luck.

History as Psychology

One of the favorite and ever useful guides to piloting a life is to follow with understanding and sympathy the story of another life. Biography is commonly allied with history, but in any deeper meaning the tale of a human course, set and run, is a record in psychology. Every life has its historical setting, but the reaction to it reflects a personality. Biography is for the most part reserved for public and important men whose life course has affected the stream of events and other lives. As most of us do not belong to that favored class, though we in some measure accept them as patterns, we turn eagerly to more nearly parallel stories told without the limitations of fact in the freer venture of the novel, or the dramatized, more artificial versions of the stage. By reflection we novelize and dramatize life and guide our lives not a little by other lives, and by an acquired sense of its artistic rendering.

It was quite inevitable as we came more and more to accept psychology as a helmsman that we should look upon the lives of great men through the same psychological lenses that we apply introspectively toward ourselves. By this method psycho-biography came to be. It is an attempt to throw the searchlight of psychology on the lives of significant men; it replaces the theatrical spotlight with which hero-worshipping biographers followed their enthusiasms, by the psychoanalytic ray, laying bare the inner motives of behavior. Truth is not so much stranger, as it is completer than fiction, by the authentic

realism of the actual. The novelist may use models but the biographer paints the sitter even if he idealizes him.

The psycho-biographer tells us that the man inside the hero is the only clue to his character and achievements alike. His search is not so much the intimate, undressed man who is no hero to his valet, as the attempt to get behind your mask and mine and lay bare the actual motives by which we live, while still we are alive; it is vivisection of the dead no less than of the living.

A peculiarly telling instance, because though still alive he has been off the stage for more than a decade, is that of William II, the ex-Kaiser. His biographer, Emil Ludwig, is not an extreme psycho-biographer, yet he follows the newer insight. He makes the Kaiser a victim of an inferiority complex, first in body, by reason of his withered arm (a birth-palsy); still more so by his conflict with his disparaging parents, his mother particularly, which produced all that grandiose assumption of authority, arrogance and mad ambition—all a vain attempt at compensation for this gnawing sense of inadequacy. It is as though Wilhelm Hohenzollern, a plain German citizen, had been sent to Dr. Alfred Adler's clinic and been told frankly what kind of a psychopathic personality he really was. The political side of the story remains, but the personal holds the clue. Psycho-biography is frank; had the World War ended otherwise this biographer would have been convicted of *lése majesté*. A shifting psychology produces another order of history.

For the psychologist there is no divinity hedging a king. A human life is a life ever moving within the same range of human nature, whether on a small scale or a grand one; it is not the size of the stage or the immensity of the plot, but the make-up of motive, not in the dressing room but in nature's psychological, and, on oc-

casion, psychoneurotic, laboratory that decides what manner of man you or I, Kaiser or peasant, may be. It is a significant and a helpful application of psychology to try to read the lives of great men as we would our own, and in the magnified illumination draw humbler lessons for homely consumption.

Yet this is but the first and more personal step by which history if rightly viewed approaches psychology. The course of a national life is also a psychological record.

If we ask, "What is history?" we are safe in saying that it is the story of man's most important doings, which is no more and no less than civilizing himself. Yet the story of human civilization is so full of movements that tended that way so little, or so indirectly, or with so much more loss than gain, that history almost becomes the story of the obstructions to civilization. At best we are civilized in spots, tinted but not dyed with the precious product.

The story of mankind can never depart widely from the expressions of human psychology and remain true to life. The story of what men do is the more readily told, but has meaning, only so far as it reveals the thought behind the deed, and behind both, the feeling. The psychological order of importance is: emotion, thought, action; and it is that perspective that may be restored in psychological history.

A miracle of restoration, by which an act of nature, seemingly in a destructive mood, preserved in the interests of history the living death of an ancient way of life, is open to our gaze. To-day we walk the streets of Pompeii, enter the dining room of the leading citizen, see the paintings on the walls, the appointments on the lady's dressing-table, stand impressed in temple and forum, read the record of marital fidelity on many a tomb and of

infidelity elsewhere. All is as it was left by the last tenants fifty generations ago. And yet, despite the sense of life that pervades it all, we need most to know what these Pompeians believed and how they felt, in order to animate the scene, make of it again a human living. So far as we can do so by the light of the records of thought and feeling, Pompeii becomes psychologically alive.

The truest completion of history is neither what men did nor thought but what they felt. The deepest layer of history and the richest clue is emotion; it is so by the authentic warrant of the place of emotion in human psychology. Yet we have had to wait until our own enlightened day to have this truth stated for us by Professor J. H. Denison (*Emotion as the Basis of Civilization*, 1928). He makes history the story of what men and women felt and cared for; for that is how they guided their lives, how the nations, of which for a generation they formed a part, guided theirs. Viewed more closely the psychology of national undertaking tells the same psychological tale that composes the individual life, moves by the same emotions, proceeds by the same ambitions, thrills by the same hopes, is depressed by the same disasters.

The story of wars and enmities is in reality the story of anger and fear, organized to make these emotions effective. If human love were a stronger force, history would read differently and human brotherhood and leagues of nations would be less visionary than hard-headed distrusters of human nature regard them. In this approach all organization, from tribe through dynasty to kingdom and empire and parliament and democracy, becomes a complex machinery to make people feel alike and strongly, about certain fundamental relations. Institutionally what people care about intensely—family and church, law and order, king or country, people or nation,—are common

emotional loyalties. The sense of unity and belonging is the heart of it; people must feel alike or their power for common thought and action wanes. Civilization depends on emotion.

From one period to another, the story of man is the shifting repertory of what men felt most deeply about; what things in life they held most dear, most worthy, most sacred. What we must regain by imaginative sympathy if we can, in order to enter into the historical heritage, is the sense of passion ringing through the thoughts and deeds of men and women of other days and other ways, living then just as humanly as we to-day, and by virtue of the same emotions, directed only to other channels, clinging to other loyalties. Without the key of human motives, the book of history is sealed. Each generation lived emotionally according to its best understanding. That is why psychology underlies history, why biography and history make their appeal to those who read in the most significant compass the momentous influences that go into the making and the piloting of a life, the life personal and the life national.

What Price Civilization?

A FAVORITE phrase of public speakers to impress their audiences with the importance of their message is: "We live in an age when . . ."; and they emphasize the vast extent of changed modes of life and the consciousness of it that sets men to thinking. I recall the comment of James Bryce: "It has always been an age when . . ." The old order is always passing and a new one merging on the horizon. But in a more intense sense and a more comprehensive one, this is an age when (to finish the sentence) almost everything is questioned, the manner of living

and the value of it, and by more people than even before. It's a radical age in the literal sense of going to the root of things—let us hope not a radical age in the sense of tearing things up by the roots. Radicals in former times were exceptions; now they are common, and include many who do not call themselves such, but whose ways of thinking and living are, nevertheless, affected by new ideas that are in the air without broadcasting. The wave spreads by the contagion of talking and reading and example, and the increasing publicity of free discussion. The lid is off, and so far as that means that more persons are leading reflective lives, thinking about what they are living for, what they are getting out of it, how they should live, and what they pay for living, it is to the good. So far as it means an absence of the sense of restraint, a license to follow impulse, an abandonment of ideals, a loss of the critical sense of value, it carries danger. Any one discussing guides to living must consider what it all means. The questioning of tradition and custom does not necessarily imply a radical or dissenting attitude, and it has ever been part of the progress of men; but as now raised it touches more deeply the intimate relations central to the art of navigation. The inclusive question is: "What price civilization?"

The nub of the issue, as the psychologist sees it, is to be found not so much in the outer scene of civilization or even in the increasing knowledge that underlies it and keeps the mind in ferment, as in the place of the individual in it. The critical question is: What price individualization?

What do you pay for being an individual? What is the cost of being yourself? That's what it all comes to: how strongly do you feel your own personality? What civilization does is to develop more and more complex individu-

als as psychological specimens. It doesn't matter when "you" lived nor where nor how, if you lived complexly with an intense sense of your personality, you realized yourself. That's the "it" that counts. If you have a lot of that "it" you are civilized, individualized. We all share in it. A common issue of it appears in the intensely personal intimacies and affections that we form, and in our loyalties to persons who mean much to us. Consider any relation from business to friendship to marriage, and the question of questions is how strongly, to secure satisfaction in the relation, must you follow your individual bent? If you can be content in almost any occupation, with any group of friends, with any mate, your problems may be simple, but your place in the scale of individuality correspondingly limited. And it is individuals who psychologically make a civilization—just people won't do it. But if marriage or any other form of intimate, romantic, idealizing, stimulating relation between the sexes, raises the tone and ripens the quality of individuality, it becomes a great civilizing force. You can measure ideals and religion and art and science and institutions and every other spiritual value by the same test.

What price all this personal complexity? A heavy price indeed. And the question each must decide for himself and herself is: Is it worth it? We pay for individuality in the prevalence of neuroses; that is the sense in which being too highly organized personally makes for nervous disease. It makes for misery and tragedy and maladjustment, as the price of a potentially higher happiness and a richer life. If we didn't care so intensely whom we married, what friends we made, how we lived, what beliefs we held, how we raised our children, how others thought of us, at every contact of this intensely personal self of ours with so many other highly personalized selves, we would

not be subject to the wide and disturbing gamut of emotions and reflections that mark the complexity of a modern mind; the orchestration of life wouldn't be so intricate and elaborate. We should all be dancing merrily to folk music on the village green and be happy. Or should we? Such is the reflection aroused by the strong sense of living in an age when changes in the mode of living are comprehensive and striking. Yet these outward changes are overbalanced in their total influence on the lives of reflective men and women by the changes in the inner life, in how we look upon the traditions and the regulations that have grown up as a social code to guide the individual in his course.

To civilization we are committed; we aim to live a civilized life. What is open to the individual is to choose from the ideals and standards which society offers, those that appeal to his version of how a civilized person should live. What is he willing to pay for his own civilization? At what level of civilization is he content to live? There is no more searching question in the entire range of life-guidance. The searchlight may be turned on the intellectual standards and ever with the same intent. With what range of ideas do you want to live intimately, with what emotional, social standards? But most intimately has the question been asked in these days of rapid change in regard to the civilized relations of men and women in and out of the marriage relation. For that too is the price of civilization. Much of the trend of discussion and practice seems to ignore the fundamental consideration that this relation is a critical test of a civilized life. To appraise lowly or throw away lightly the civilizing power of that relation is to threaten civilization itself. The price of civilization is the development of civilized men and women.

2. SHIFTING HORIZONS: ASPECTS

THE MODERN RHYTHM—IN THE AIR—ADVERTISING, LTD.—JOBS—THE INDUSTRIAL PILOT—PROHIBITION PSYCHOLOGY—MARRIAGE À LA MODE—SUSPICION OF INTELLIGENCE

The Modern Rhythm

MERCURY is represented with wings attached to his ankles as a symbol of speed; he became the patron god of business, the symbol of dispatch. Speed is an important factor in performance, whether time is money or not.

Mental quickness goes with alertness and brightness. In the rhythm of life, so integral a factor in the quality of its movement and accomplishment, the tempo counts. Yet of all the worship of false gods that of the speedometer as it appears in to-day's hurrying, scurrying, bustling, hustling world, is the most conspicuous and alarming. The rush hour has become the symbol of American life, of the frantic side of it at all events.

As the suburban train stops or the ferryboat lands, the passengers begin to sprint, rushing and crowding in the subways, charging for the express trains in a mad attack of speedomania. Then comes the hurrying whirl of machinery from sledge hammer to typewriter, the crowded aisles of shoppers, the elevating and escalating from floor to floor. At last a break in the day's occupation that is known as the lunch hour. But again a quick lunch with the satellites of the great god "Hurry" in charge. Shouting of orders, scrambling for places, clatter and din, the gap of recreation worse than the stress of occupation. Yet this is the pace for millions. And even those who do

not live in it, live by it. The modern pace is typical of our shifting horizons.

It may not be the worship of a false god, so much as the extreme and irrational pursuit of a worth-while value that makes people lose their heads in a senseless speed mania. They are paying for it more than it is worth. They are not counting the costs in shattered nerves, ruined digestion, loss of peace of mind. They hurry to save time, and when it is saved, they are too tired to do anything worth while with it.

The psychology of speed is set by that of the most favorable energy-pattern, which has become familiar since William James reminded us that for the most part we do not use the energies that we have; the reservoir is larger than the flow, and should be so, for like an army, the organism must have its reserves. But inertia is strong, friction inevitable, and the slow, easy pace tempting. Particularly are we apt to use our minds below our capacity. To live at our best is to live actively, energetically. Yet that ideal does not underwrite the high-pressure, rushing tempo of so much of the American scene. There is a fairer and a finer rhythm, a tempo of poise and moderation, which sets the pace of a worthier accomplishment. Yet James makes it plain that we can go far to choose the pace at which we shall live—a fairly quick step is best for the daily march. Dawdling and idling have dangers of their own, and there is temptation to loaf and lie down on the job. But there are other gods than "Hurry" and there are many things that can't be done in a hurry. Speed is to be subordinated to things more valuable, such as quality, intelligence and accuracy in the work. You can't do good work with speed too much on the mind.

The desirable rhythm of living, is living neither at too fast nor too slow a pace; and there's more than a pace

to a life; there's a program and a perspective. The parts of it, the several needs of it, fit into a picture, which may be simple, as it is for the majority, or complex, as it is for those with heavy responsibilities of whatever order, personal or professional. But at bottom all lives have the same patterns of satisfaction, and must live according to common rules to live sanely and well; otherwise there could be no such art as mental hygiene.

When the patterns of work set the pace and that pace is not wisely set, it may become the pace that kills or at least maims, or crowds out the possibilities of bigger and better living. Then the great god "Hurry" becomes a golden calf, worshiped not wisely but too well. Speed makes for quantity, for size of output, and leaves out the quality and the worth of it. Recreation, thought, do not go by the clock; you cannot have a good time by the hour, nor think by the same schedule.

Speed is a factor bound to assert itself in a mechanical age. Saving time is worth while, but only when the time saved is used for worth-while matters. Haste makes waste, yet efficiency is alert. The line is there but not always easily found between work and waste. A day's work on a well-planned, energetic schedule may accomplish more than several days of greater output of energy on a poorer pattern. It is better to be sensibly busy than terribly busy.

Efficient workers give the impression of doing their work easily. Like acrobats and jugglers, they do what we know to be most difficult feats as though they involved no effort at all. But you cannot look into a man's mind and see the rhythm of his working powers. Like an efficient machine the adjusted worker works with the right hum, with a pace set for quality far more than quantity. When you work on the right energy pattern you enjoy it and you get the feel and the rhythm of your best.

Working thus you work with a will—the will to accomplish. Not that you should be so rigidly bound to a set pace that you cannot work under pressure, as many must. But if you have your job well in hand, with a set of alert, well-trained habits to count upon, you can keep your mental machine under control even if for the time you have to break your most desirable speed-limit. You'll slow down when you get a chance; but you can make the grade when called upon. Hurry and push and fussy insistence on the show of busy-ness indicate poor control and a poor sense of perspective. The efficient man though active and alert, is not hurried; he gives the impression of poise and control. The energy-pattern reflects the achievement and the personality of the free worker.

Where speed is a tyrant, the workers are slaves. There are certain undertones and overtones of the modern rhythm that should be noted. The intensive focusing on the moment's speed induces a living for the moment. It may be termed in more than one sense a journalistic habit of mind; psychologically, journalism means living for the day alone. When living from hand to mouth, your prospect is limited; you cannot develop a sense of plan, of direction and goal. For the wise piloting of a life a more or less long-range outlook is essential. Living too hurriedly, we live too much for the day.

As children that was quite fitting. A child's day should close when he lays him down to sleep; the day is done; let the morrow take care of itself. That's the right of childhood and therein lies its blessedness; in reaching man's estate, one must put away childish things, and no longer think as a child. Few succeed wholly; perhaps no one wholly should. Certainly we should retain the power to drop the cares of life and live for the day again. That is recreation and without it we grow stale. The journalist

by temperament tends to live that way by choice or by drift. And thus appears another tone of the modern rhythm; the shifting horizon of our habitation and employment. The more leisurely life takes root and settles to a desirable rhythm. The hurried life is one of drift and change, here to-day and there to-morrow. It induces a false sense of satisfaction in being on the go, an intoxication with the sense of locomotion and a loss of sense of direction. "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way" is the foolish consolation of a hurried man. Without a purpose or a plan you cannot know whether you are on the way. Perspective is lost when speed is uppermost and can be restored only by a wiser consideration reflected in the rhythm of occupation.

The cost of the rapid pace is more than the familiar penalty of fast living. The clinic for neuroses does not recognize speedomania as a classification, but recognizes the restless pace as a large factor in the toll of neuroses. "Working like mad" is a phrase with a moral; not that only madmen work, but that one type of madness does not know how to rest.

The neurotic cost of speeding up appears in the bill of recuperation from excessive fatigue. Our nerve cells are indeed both elastic and tolerant, but once abused, slowly forgive. The balance of energy and rest is conditioned by a physiological rhythm; respiration is a rhythm, flexible, but only within limits; the circulation has rhythm; muscular contraction is rhythmical, and the mental pace conditioned by these is subject to a like limitation, though a far more complex one. Waking hours and sleep compose a rhythm, reflecting, it may be, the rhythm of day and night. The energy pattern is a most complex rhythm, shifting with the years, varying with

temperament, nature set, yet perforce adapted to an artificial schedule. Economics cannot ignore biology nor the ambition for output, the laws of mental welfare. The rhythm of life, ancient or modern, is subject to the *visé* of nature. The object is to live long as well as fully, and to retain one's powers by living rightly.

In the Air

When a movement, typically a set of ideas, that affects a change in our ways of living gains ground as if by a concert of opinion from many sources, it is said to be in the air. We breathe it, absorb it, adopt it, find ourselves swept in the current. The phrase has acquired an unforeseen pertinence; to-day our horizon is immeasurably expanded by what comes to us "on" the air. Of all the modern inventions that make us realize our shifting horizons, the radio leads in the sense of the enlargement of the ego, the command of those two limitations—space and time—which the philosophers, ancient and modern, told us constrained the human will, conditioned all behavior of men and events. The modern rhythm of life comes to expression in the conquest of space and time. The radio epitomizes both. We have an "American School of the Air."

The triumph over space waited upon the invention of power. It takes us back to the imposition of labor and the sweat of the brow. It gives us a picture of a man impatient of his weakness, with a mind capable of dreaming bigger things than his hands could do. Primitively he borrowed from nature. He turned to the ox for draught, to the horse for fleetness and endurance. (Engines are still rated in "horsepower.") He harnessed nature's forces of

wind and current and sailed and milled with an increased sense of mastery and a release from the treadmill of drudgery. Far later his brain evolved steam and the machinery of great energy; and then with a rush came electricity and high-power fuels, and the birth of a new world. Turning on switches, valves, levers, controls, man is the master of power, pilots his life-machine as a superman; yet the same imagination that wrought these miracles, can project the ghastly potency of it all. Man can conceive himself master of the atom, building dynamo upon dynamo to an almighty instrument of super-Titanic destruction, that in one demoniac moment can blow his vaunted civilization into dust. A single brain might precipitate "Wings over Europe" or "Red Terror" in America, and all be over;—a cosmic suicide engineered by the human brain.

There is however a more engaging approach to the appreciation of the shift and sweep of the horizons of invention of our daily scene. Viewing the reflection of it all in the sense of guidance and command, the most familiar exemplar is the pilot at the wheel of the "auto," conferring a more personal sense of control of space. For the democratic dissemination of the conquest of space, converting a convenience into a possession, the automobile is responsible, and thus takes psychological precedence. We might use luxurious rolling stock and floating palaces indefinitely without acquiring the sense of personal power that the auto has brought, so naturally reflected likewise in the social status of one's car, one's personal triumphal chariot, obedient to the touch of a hand.

Yet the triumph of space was not complete until it included the conquest of the air as well as of sea and land. Men dreamt of flying from prehistoric days; and even

the angels had wings. Pegasus and Icarus and Peter Pan are all air-minded; what was once an idle dream and when attempted, an ambitious folly, is now an actuality. We accept the air mail as naturally as did our great-grandfathers the stage-coach and the postillion's horn; so swift is the adjustment of shifting horizons. And yet the thrill of it remains as an overtone of our modern rhythm.

In the thrill which gives the feeling of triumph, that of the conquest of time seems yet higher in the scale of our expanded sense of command. Sitting at the wheel, master of the roads, rolling on cushioned air with wheels as wings, your will and pleasure seem supreme. But you get it more reflectively as you tune in on Paris or London and listen to King George welcoming a new "Parliament of Man" and a "Federation of the World." Yet the "heir to all the ages" can now, no more than in Victorian days, disdain to "herd with narrow foreheads vacant of our glorious gains"; for despite the fact that your wave-length gives you greater power to annihilate space and time than was dreamt of in the fantasy of Aladdin's lamp or the magic carpet, it still remains true that human progress moves far more significantly in terms of such primary emotions as love and hate, sympathy and prejudice, good will and right thinking. Shift the horizons as you will, progress remains a psychological movement, and the heights and depths of human relations remain the measure of civilization.

Turning to the more intimate human side of modern invention, we return to the equally fundamental psychological limitation, that whatever is to reach the human mind must do so through the avenues of ear and eye, at once the senses intellectual and the senses aesthetic. The message may be in or on the air, but the problem of in-

vention is to transmit it to ear and eye. The "movies" and the "talkies" are likewise part of our horizon, and are the beneficiaries of the conquest of time and space; we talk as well as fly across the Atlantic, and television is in the offing. Seeing and hearing, we need not travel; the world comes to our door. For the psychological measure of human intercourse is communication. Because the only complete communication is personal, will travel always be indispensable; there is loss of personality in any translation by word or gesture.

The conquest of time and space brings us all nearer, wherever we dwell, but communion of thought and emotion makes us all akin. Human kinship is the end, invention but the means. Invention serves democracy by whatever route. Keeping in touch, sharing understanding, cooperation, bringing men and nations nearer in one inclusive circle, has been the common underlying motive for conquering time and distance and seeking the swifter, freer medium of the air and the wave length. When the heroes of invention are assembled in the hall of fame, it isn't the technique of their engineering but the humanitarian service that is a measure of their commemoration. It is not only as pilots of steam and electricity, nor yet of engines moving on land or sea or air, or by waves invisible, but as pilots of human lives that the tribute is rendered.

The shifting horizons visible to our eyes and the aerial voices addressing our ears, symbolize a psychological atmosphere, something in the air, that marks the progress of our minds. The spur of these momentous inventions is convenience of human intercourse, and therein appears the psychology of their motive and their consequence. They enable us to pilot our lives by broader horizons, but do not alter the more fundamental relations that are

set, not in time and space, but in the trends and attitudes of the human mind and heart. A shift in these remains the most significant change that is in the air.

Advertising, Ltd.

The modern horizon is quite too literally a panorama of advertising. We read as we run on wheels along highways lined with clamorous billboards. The modern city line is a cloud of immodest glory by day and an insistent pillar of fire by night. The highways, no less than Broadway, form an imposing exhibit of the modern rhythm. Its commercial importance must not obscure its psychological significance. Advertising has been over-advertised. It has developed a literature as well as a profession. It is all built upon the widespread habit of reading advertising. Let that become bad form or let the public tire of it, and the house of cards (for that it is in a way) would tumble. As that is not likely to happen yet awhile, it may be worth while to consider the human traits that bring it about that, within limits, it pays to advertise.

In discussing advertising there has been too much concern with the mechanics of the appeal, too much assurance that advertising is as inevitable as death and taxes, as fundamental as the economic system of which it is but a by-product. True it is that a great section of the public guides certain phases of its behavior by the issues of the advertiser's brain. In that process a battery of psychological forces is at work. Because of the popularity of the device, there is such a multitude of counsel, such a raft of pilots—many of them suspected of being pirates—that that alone makes a complication. The old illustration of a precarious economic livelihood was that of tak-

ing in another's washing; we now propose to make a living by reading and heeding one another's advertising. Everybody looks upon every body else as a prospect. Self-advertising threatens to become a mental habit. Advertising pilots need no license; trumpets and glarelights and verbal facility suffice.

The basis of the "ad"-reading habit is simple enough. People want things, also the newest and the best; fashion is a typical expression of this want. America as a rich and expanding country is a fine field for advertising. The advertiser did not make it so; he just took advantage of it, utilized the peoples' wants and stimulated them. He may stimulate beyond the capacity of the purchasing power. Kindling human wants is playing with matches; and they are not safety matches either. There are more basic considerations than those to which the advertiser appeals. The "ad"-reading habit is the great asset of the business. But no habit is so deeply intrenched that it does not encounter the rivalry of other habits. The "ad" reader is not such primarily; he is a reader of reading matter for news or instruction or amusement. Magazines must have readers for their stories before they secure advertisers. There is no compulsion to read advertising; display type is fair warning of its nature. In the old days advertisements were disguised as news; but frequently caught, the public became wary and the practice was dropped. Then came the idea of using the major habit in the interests of the minor one; and the page was so arranged that with every dose of reading, one had to take one of advertising. Magazines that incline to believe that their readers resent that amount of interference with their reading habits decline to follow the vogue. The psychological relation of advertising to the mental habit of the reader and the free direction of his doings is ever

present. Readers are clients; if you want their good will, satisfy their needs in acceptable ways.

How far does the individual care to be advised, or can he be tempted or persuaded to read and take advice? That question touches the sense of individuality which every one cherishes. The importuning agent is shown the door. Most of us want to retain some self-direction, believe that we know what we want, and must be left in peace to reach our decisions as we see fit. However, the scale of self-direction varies greatly; and there must be millions near the bottom of it and readily open to suggestion, or the advertising craft would not have flourished as it has. It may be that some persons are by nature "ad" readers and "ad" heeders; more achieve the habit; yet few like to have advertising thrust upon them. The advertiser particularly must reckon with the self-directing tendency of human nature. Most persons want to pilot their own lives, and spending money has come to be the democratic test. A fool and his money are easily parted; the temptation to induce such separation is a dismal record of the will to exploit. Go a single step too far and you arouse opposition. Among the most independent you meet a distrust of advertised articles, a weariness of confusion amid conflicting appeals, a sense of superiority in declining to be interested. Even the semi-independent may be willing to be informed but not importuned. The wide prevalence of the "ad"-reading and "ad"-heeding habit suggests to the psychologist a remarkable and not over-creditable complacency in the American mind; this may prove to be the advertisers' basic asset, definitely psychological, which in so far as it may be easily disturbed, must be judiciously handled. There is the danger of killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

If one carried the argument farther, it might lead to

unpleasant implications. We might find ourselves speaking or thinking of easy-marks and suckers; the technique of their persuasion, however aloof from legitimate advertising, is none the less responsible for a far larger share of the income from and by way of advertising than it is pleasant to contemplate; psychologically it cannot be left out of account. The social grades of advertising would make an interesting study; refusing as well as soliciting advertising is part of the publisher's job. Since advertising is but an instrument of the salesman's art this phase of the encounter appears more pointedly in the direct personal relation; and we have heard enough of salesmanship and sales talk to recognize in sales-resistance the factor of individuality which both advertiser and merchant may well consider more carefully.

The huge scale of business, so conspicuously reflected in the advertising horizon that everywhere meets the modern gaze, has spread over our mental habits, to the further confusion of the psychology of persuasion. It is still in point to recall that the art of persuasion is one of far larger moment than the limited application to the field of buying and selling, still in point to heed the warning that "getting and spending" we may "lose our soul." Persuasion in belief and opinion, persuasion in the deeper ranges of conduct and the adjustment of clashing wills and settling matters out of court—all this may make of persuasion a noble art. But what we observe in the modern horizon is the distortion, by the wide prevalence of the commercial habit of mind, of our perspective of human relations. The world has become not a stage but a mart. Everything is for sale and we "sell" everything by which we profit. We "sell" ideas, we "sell" theories, we "sell" causes, we "sell" ourselves. We are told that Darwin "sold" evolution because he had so able a salesman in

Huxley, and that Galileo came to grief because he failed to "sell" his ideas to the authorities of the day. Einstein did not prove, but "sold" the idea of relativity, and so became a great salesman as well as a great thinker; the candidate must "sell" himself to the voters, and the applicant for employment to his employee. All of which is a sad piece of degeneracy that must likewise be charged to the account of advertising in the modern manner. There are even occasions when we deem it prudent to restrain our enthusiasm lest we be suspected of advertising.

Hence the need of reminding ourselves and the advertiser of the limitations of that art. We cannot afford to lose or abuse the fine art of persuasion by conceiving it too closely in the commercial spirit, so we must be equally on our guard to prevent the confusion of merit and advertising. The notion that anything can be sold, if properly, which often means improperly advertised, cannot be permitted to prevail. There is enough of truth in the old saying "A good wine needs no bush" to revive it, recalling that the bush was the sign of the wineshop in the jolly old days when few could read. The modern version might read that a good bush will sell any quality of wine. Advertising, Ltd., is a legitimate business; but the limitations of that art as an aid to piloting, as well as the nature of its appeal to fundamental human traits, should be both read and heeded. And this is not an advertisement of psychology but an essay in persuasion.

Jobs

It is a rather discouraging thought that most of us keep going through the pressure of having to earn a living. No work, no pay; less income, less comfort; and then the dread of the rainy day and the uncertain future. How far would

it be safe to relieve that pressure and still find people eager enough to work to keep the world's work going?

Fortunately, in the course of working for a livelihood and in the training for it, we develop other sustaining interests to accompany if not to support the meal ticket motive. The pursuit interest keeps us going; we are after something. We play the game; we compete and win if we can. We are spurred on by reputation, social position, power, influence—all incomes of success. The psychological motive is pride. Having done little things well we want to do big things better. The joy of pursuit, the zest of success and the inertia of habit keep us going long after the simpler needs of life have been supplied. Surrounded by many standards of living we climb from one to the other, and would find it trying to drop back in the scale. These are all job urges.

Piloting among the jobs of modern life has become one of the jobs of psychology. The job must somehow satisfy a group of life's major urges or it fails, and there is one or another order of dissatisfaction. With a job so largely determined by economic necessity, it is not an easy matter to make it serve a life value. Your employer engages you for the job; the job engages your interest; it must do more than keep you occupied, though we realize that we are happier when occupied. There is more than one cause of worry when we are out of a job. Measuring jobs in these terms engages the interest of the psychologist; it is his job. Most of us need the incentive of a job to order our lives properly, need the steadying influence of it, need the goal which its pursuit supplies. How far we need the pressure of it and the dread of the wolf at the door, is another matter.

We like to be busy and it is good to be so; but this

busy-ness has become too much identified with business. When we cite that business is business, we are not calling attention to the value of occupation. We are emphasizing the motive of profit, money profit. Business sense is gauged by that test. The fact that business is what most of us are engaged in, are busy at, accounts for the shift of meaning; but it doesn't change the psychology of jobs. The business income of the job is one thing, its psychological income another. That income must be measured, whatever your job, in terms of content, interest and the satisfaction of that special order of occupation in terms of your fitness for it, of its appeal to your powers. It is quite too true that in many cases what you must do or can find to do dominates over what you would like to do, *like* because you would have interest and satisfaction in the doing of it.

Though the government has the monopoly on making money, we are all engaged, whatever our job, in the same enterprise, and call the capacity for it good business sense. Every profession has its "business" side. So we cannot avoid being business-minded as well as job-minded. Whatever our business, we have the job of earning a living. As business looms so large on the modern horizon, far more absorbingly than ever before, there is hardly a phase of our voyage from port to port that is not profoundly affected by the commercialism of our age. We may revel in it, accept it or struggle against it, but we are differently minded toward all the concerns of living, because our horizon is set in that kind of world. We have to come to terms with the commercialism somehow as we pilot our lives by it and in it. We may choose a calling with it mainly in mind, or partly, or make it quite secondary to the psychological income; usually we consider

both, with some measure of compromise. We may even marry for money and put love in the second place—or we may compromise.

Because of the psychology that goes into the job, the central interest has been given to the fitting of the job to the man, as well as fitting the man to and for the job; this adjustment is known as the problem of personnel. The number of persons who are engaged in "personnel" work is rapidly increasing, and shows that business has come to agree that piloting men into jobs by the guide of psychology is a far superior method to the random hiring and firing by general impressions; it secures both better output and greater contentment, and is more economical because it avoids the rapid turnover of casual labor. It has shown also that some workers may be too good for the job, as others are not good enough, and both are unadjusted and in so far inefficient. Those who are too good for monotonous jobs are so because they don't find enough psychological income, not enough to keep them interested and alert; those not good enough are under too great a strain to hold their own. But the major part of the "personnel" officer's job is to find what type of job each worker is best fitted for. The old idea of square pegs in round holes is much too simple; there are as many varieties of pegs among humans and of holes among jobs as there are varieties of geometrical shapes. Yet the patterns fall into groups; the mechanically minded make good operatives, the socially minded good clerks. Since the operations of assembling and fitting parts enter into so many employments, it has been found possible to separate by tests the natural assemblers from the fitters, since few are equally good at both. There is hardly a trade or specialized process manufacture or distribution, that has not come under the psychologist's scrutiny, for him to

analyze into its elements and devise job-guidance tests.

However, that section of job psychology, which has turned an employment bureau into an adjustment laboratory, is but part and the lesser part, of the recognition that what the great majority of persons are doing for the greatest portion of their lives, must be made as richly rewarding psychologically as possible, and that it pays to make it so; that whatever the job, the worker is a person with a mind and a set of emotions and desires, and not merely a pair of hands. There is an appeal to the group-sense, giving the individual a share in the corporation which has been defined as a body without a soul. The progressive corporation manager has found that it must have a soul; he calls the cooperative spirit the morale; he is no longer afraid of psychological terms. He observes with satisfaction how soon the employee, even the office-boy, says "we." Profit-sharing and shareholding and bonuses and socializing the industry are all to the same end.

Of major consequence is the psychology of management. Men must have leaders; groups of workers, a foreman. Managing men has become part of human engineering; there is a technique of leadership as well as of getting on with people. Reducing friction in persons is even more important than in machines. From personal squabbles, it reaches up to class consciousness, to the issues of capital and labor and the wasteful conflicts of strikes. Modern commercialism, the close dependence of even the day-to-day necessities of a great city, upon the smooth working of an endlessly complex machinery, has made job psychology a familiar topic. Democracy itself is called industrial; the greatest industry is managing men.

The job is one great avenue of adjustment of the

personality; it cannot rival in consequence that more personal adjustment of the private, emotional self, of the love life notably. Artists who speak of their art as their bride, are speaking in metaphor. It may approach the truth only because their love life is weak, rather than that their art life is so absorbing. The temperamental artist dictates the professional. But it remains true that in the artist we have a conspicious instance of the merging of urge to occupation with the job. So at the outset of career, when the question of choosing a job is uppermost, those whose decided talents make the choice for them are fortunate. The musician knows that music is his one great proficiency, is the one occupation he will find absorbing and satisfying. He can make his bent his job; so his one problem is solved, whatever his business success as a musician. Few have such decided talents, and some have a divided set of aptitudes and likings, and are uncertain which is the one that should determine the job. Some will do well to maintain a vocation, which is their income-earning business, and an avocation which is the busy-ness that brings a deeper or another order of satisfaction. It is not an unfortunate adjustment to do one thing because you have the chance of earning a living by it, and another because it appeals to your interest; though it is unfortunate if you find your job dull or irritating, unpleasant and depressing.

So we end as we began, by noting that a job is an enduring and a life-ordering occupation, a dominant interest, which we have converted through economic stress into a wage-earning job. It doesn't change the psychological income of the job because we earn our living by it; but our attitude toward this major section of what we do for a living comes to be an intimate part

of what we live for and what we live by. Piloting your job-life is a big part of your adjustment; it is a psychological as well as an economic problem.

The Industrial Pilot

The most active pilot on the high seas of human venture is industrialism. He is the pilot of big business and is doing a big business, guiding the lives of an increasing army of men and women. Factories, mills, chimneys, office buildings, department stores, skyscrapers—this is the dominant horizon that greets our eyes and fills our minds. What is this industrialism doing to us? is the question. What is it doing to the selves behind the mind and the eyes? Here is one answer:

"It is reorganizing human relationships in a manner that is almost revolutionary. It shifts populations from place to place; it dissolves old connections and creates new ones, separating men who were together and bringing together those who were strangers; it produces a large-scale consciousness of one another but without ever making the reorganization of human relations any part of its main business.

"Western civilization is developing towards a world tragedy—pigmy purposes wielding the power of giants. For the human factor is increasingly the problem-setting item in the industrial system. What can we rely upon in the sphere of human conduct? The puzzle of organization is personnel; the nightmare of the employer is labor; the riddle of labor is organized capital and its instrument, the manager and boss." (George A. Coe: *The Motives of Men.)*

Industrialism as a system belongs to economics; as a

human relation affecting other human relations it becomes the psychologist's concern; and he is much concerned, even depressed.

Industrialism divides men not by any distinct lines of human worth, but as capital and labor. It sees the motive of capital to accumulate "profits and power for the enjoyment of the possessor"; it sees capital trying to get the most out of labor with the least cost, and labor reciprocating by reversing the process; it makes self-interest the one comprehensive motive and conflict inevitable; and underneath it all is a pretense that the gods really served are the public good, supplying the wants of others,—human service. The narrow motive is covered up, the generous one emphasized. "All men are not equally paralyzed in their moral nature by this position." "Our industrial system creates a belief that our life is thus honeycombed with insincerity."

Following the industrial pilot too closely may lead many an argonaut astray; there is a modern version of the story of the golden fleece. Having too exclusively an industrial mind narrows the outlook on what life is and means and demands. Industrialism must set free and not enslave. The purpose of it all is to satisfy material needs by demanding but a reasonable proportion of one's energy; the reward is the leisure to cultivate and enjoy the wide range of helpful human interests and relations. If making a living under whatever system, drains so much energy that none is left for what makes life worth living, if it weakens the capacity for enjoyment, it defeats its end. Hence the distrust of the industrial pilot.

Industrialism is embodied in the machine; it creates a mechanical age. What is the effect of machines on the men who work with them? Will a man-made machine make a machine-made man? Not inevitably, but the tendency

is strongly set in that direction. It can be offset by inducing the laborer to think and the thinker to labor to a common end.

Modern industry has shown that men can learn to think through machines; the machine may become a tool, like any other instrument, to extend human power. Yet there is grave danger of mechanizing our egos, of losing the sense of the human in the too constant association with machines and what they stand for. It is no longer so simple a problem to preserve human values in an industrialized world.

The note of encouragement is that so many recognize it all. The huge mechanical monster that the minds of men have created to serve their needs, turns about and makes machines of men, cogs in a wheel. Mass production standardizes both products and those who use them. It lowers the sense of individuality, of personal guidance which must somehow be restored. The new Cæsar is industrialism and the old god is still, whatever its form, the service of the human need for something to live by and for, something to sustain the struggle for existence. To render alike and justly unto Cæsar and unto God is the age-old problem. Adjusting human nature to industrialism is inevitable but can proceed only so far without dehumanizing. Industrialism must be adjusted to human nature, and there is progress in realizing what the demands of human living require; the standards of living have moved upward with the conquest, by industrialism, of the resources of nature. For that increase of wants that comes with the power to satisfy them is the life abundant that we call civilization. The civilized man wants infinitely more than the primitive, the savage, the undeveloped man. That human growing, that increasing purpose through the ages, created a shifting horizon; the

growth within must keep pace with it. The problem of our age is to civilize the industrial pilot.

Prohibition Psychology

The psychologist has been described as a mental nut-cracker. The instrument is supposed to break the shell and expose the kernel of tough problems, among them that of prohibition.

A persistent questioner, under promise that he would not convert my statement into a political argument for or against "prohibition" has persuaded me to try the experiment—whether, like prohibition itself, noble in intention or foolish in its futility—of presenting the problem as the psychologist sees it.

What the psychologist would like to do is to report on the phenomenon called "prohibition" in the American scene as objectively as he would register the movements of a rat in a maze. In both cases there is an intelligible desire to find a way out. If we could turn back the hands of the clock to the time when the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead interpretation became law, what would a sufficiently prophetic psychologist have predicted as the reactions of the American citizen, including all the varieties of him in the melting-pot? That is the question!

The psychologist is such a queerly logical kind of a human that he would have begun with and spent a good deal of time on a question which the politicians didn't even ask. Before trying to treat or control or cure the consumption of alcohol he would have asked why men wanted it? What needs of body or mind does it satisfy? Can the same needs be satisfied otherwise by more desirable methods? What will happen if this outlet for a craving that is universal, as old as man, increases with civ-

ilization, having special relations to social, climatic and industrial life in America, is stopped by legislation?

In answering these questions he would have found several theories on his hands. Alcohol is a way of inducing pleasanter states of mind than are ordinarily accessible; it is a relaxation; it is a joy ride; it is a remover of inhibitions; it has its use as a social ceremony or a religious one; it is generally a factor in the release of tensions in a strenuous life. Knowing only as much as this, he would have concluded that you couldn't stop home brew or imported brew from brewing by clamping down the lid. Either the lid would blow off, or if clamped down hard enough, something pretty serious would happen to the kettle.

The other psychological problem has nothing to do with alcohol but with the attitude toward legislation, Again, the practical psychologist, with none of the glib faith of the legislator that law is law and a law-abiding citizen will abide by it, would have predicted that any such notion of a straw man as this automatically controlled law-abiding citizen, is a figment of the imagination. It is comparable to the notion that when alcohol is illegal the ordinary citizen will stop wanting it or ignore his wants. The respect for law varies with the respect which each law in consideration commands.

Next, when large amounts of money can be made by evading laws, though at considerable risk, there are plenty of men who will take the risk. Bootlegging was as predictable as speakeasies and customers to patronize them. Finally, when a large part of the community, having no convictions that would support the law, keeps on violating it as a perfectly natural procedure, such violation will continue and spread. Prohibition simply demands far too many changes in human nature, in the American

climate, American life and in the American citizen. It runs up against a tremendous bunker of psychology, and with that neutral though definite conclusion the psychologist stops, or at least pauses, for the next stage of consideration. What are you going to do about it, is an altogether different question; so is, What would you have done about it, if in power?

The day when the psychologist would consider a question so complex as this from the point of principle alone and not of application is quite past; in fact it was never present, for psychology came to its own only after the practical temper of the humane disciplines had been established; and, indeed, psychology attained its wide acceptance as a guide to life because it left the armchair for the laboratory and the social scene of daily life. Thus has the psychological aspect become part of the shifting horizon of the day.

Viewed more specifically as a problem in applied psychology—an aspect not absent in the more formal approach—the psychology of indulgence first claims the floor. If we favored an ascetic or even austere life, there would be no alcoholic prohibition question; the way of life would be stripped to its bare necessities, pleasure frowned upon and a stern regime of duty accepted as a complete guide. So far as any such view prevails it is not strong enough, nor so intolerant of other views, as to seek legislative confirmation. Blue laws still on the statute-books and those formerly there indicate that it was not always thus. Any indulgence may properly become the object of legislation, if enlightened opinion wills it. In this respect John Barleycorn and Lady Nicotine are in the same boat. And there were States prohibiting the sale of cigarettes, dubbed coffin-nails. Since milady herself has claimed the indulgence their taboo has become unpopular.

There is no line to be drawn between permissible and forbidden indulgence, except as good sense and wise opinion draws it. We place opium in the forbidden list. It cannot be claimed that alcohol is in the same class. Prohibition is then a form of regulation reserved for habits so clearly detrimental that a drastic regulation is justified. There are any number of indulgences opposed by mental hygiene that cannot be outlawed by legislation. We cannot make the Constitution nor even the statute-books a code of mental hygiene; you cannot completely enact even the Ten Commandments. The use of alcohol is just one of the many decisions that enter into the principles of piloting our lives; and the applied psychologist sees no adequate reason why it should be selected for any different treatment than a wise regulation to distinguish between use and abuse. Prohibition becomes not so much a solution as an abandonment of a solution, a declaration that a temperate solution is impossible and only a drastic measure practical.

In the same temper, the applied psychologist is disposed to count the cost, to consider whether by casting out one devil others even more diabolical enter. He is inclined to review other orders of prohibition, and the workings of alcoholic restriction in other countries, before committing himself to a decision which he cannot accept as a political one, so long as it parallels so closely other attempts at regulating human temptations. He has no disposition to make a political argument, only to regret that the matter could not be considered in the wholesome temper of a modern insight. He would like to return to the scene two or three decades from now to note the shifting horizon, the clarified view of a practice so markedly psychological in its effects, when controversial heat has cooled and the question returned for decision where it

mainly belongs: to the province of mental hygiene. The psychologist claims no fitness as a political pilot; he cannot resign from his responsibility as in the best sense, a moral one.

Marriage à la Mode

The shifting horizons of the modern day are not confined to the visible skyline; they are yet more characteristic in the altered mental aspects that appear in habits of thought and speech and custom. And among this order no shift is more conspicious or more momentous than that of the marriage relation. The striking fact is that an increasing number of persons have become critically, even sceptically, reflective on this subject, as on many other vital issues that formerly were "taken for granted." True, we may be tempted to overestimate the extent of the change. The average man is reflective only so far as is necessary; if his interests are not wide, his range of reflection will be equally narrow. Traditions, customs, the examples all about him, settle most things for him. He will proceed to the business of marriage by these standards. But democracy has spread discussion, and on so vital and personal a matter the interest is intense.

It would be a rash psychologist who would attempt to offer an opinion, other than a personal one, on the issue which dominates in the modern controversial scene. Shall marriage be a contract "until death do us part," or a companionate, experimental relation? Is the legal and religious sanction necessary or desirable? And how far shall "forsaking all others" apply in the relationship? I can see no reason why, so far as the psychologist is appealed to, he should be constrained to discuss the issues from this limited aspect; there are aspects so much

more fundamental that claim attention. To these alone, as I see them, shall I refer.

The broader question is that of the desirable relations between men and women elsewhere considered. Marriage in the modern manner raises the issue of the place of romance in the relation, and the romantic thrill is an intensely significant psychological experience. On that the psychologist may speak without intrusion. He cannot fail to emphasize that for the great masses of men and women the romance of courtship is the one great chance for a rarer and richer thrill in human relations than is otherwise likely to fall to their lot. How far is the romantic trend, that uncertain issue of falling in love, a wise pilot in the most critical of all turning points on the high seas of life's ventures? The day is past when it was considered that marriages were made in heaven; too many of them have been unmade in the divorce courts. But historians seem to agree that romance is a rather late product of civilization, and its diffusion limited; which would indicate that the capacity for it may well remain a significant index, individually and culturally, of the social and psychological endowment.

Romance is a high-grade product in civilization and in human psychological stature. Courtship and mating may proceed on any plane from the lowest to the highest. It is wholly unfair to judge romance by the Romeonic and Julietting stage. The romantic stature grows with the growth of the total personality, however essentially disillusionment enters into the same development.

How many men and women are capable of attaining any high measure of romantic experience, is an intriguing question. The more practical minded apparently ignore it and prefer to discuss what place romance should have in marriage. In a recent discussion a college professor

holds the view that marriage is a problem in reason and habit, and that romance is likely to prove a confusion if not a delusion and a snare, rather than an aid to solution. In the same discussion his no less reflective wife defends the romantic approach and gives it the decisive voice.

The reflective view of marriage which goes deeper than the reaction from "marrying in haste and repenting at leisure," is in part responsible for the experimental proposals. Reflection is all to the good, but the wisdom of such reflection is the entire issue. What the wisdom may be of such solutions as companionate marriage, ready divorce or just living together without ceremony, is a question raised but not yet answered. What is urged is that no institutional arrangement will add a fraction of a cubit to the fitness of a man or a woman for the marriage relation. They are going to make out of it just what their capacities for living and learning will enable them to, and no more or less. And whether they are married by the church or the magistrate or have eloped, or companionated, will make no decisive difference. But—and it is a very large "but," indeed—the attitudes that institutional procedures throw around marriages may aid the contracting parties to consider the relation in a right attitude, and it may not. The point is to encourage wise reflection, and not irresponsible and falsely emancipated reflection, on the relation of men and women in and out of marriage. So far as my judgment goes, much of the present reflection is seriously unwise and is likely to create human havoc in ever-increasing proportions, as the orbit of influence of subversive ideas extends to classes of the population less capable of wise reflection, and attracted to a freedom more irresponsible than either reflective or progressive.

The case against romance is a strong one, and nature

in this instance does not seem to be on the side of wisdom, not of that mature wisdom growing out of high-level, cultural experience which in these enlightened days comes under the psychologist's critical and analytical interests. There thus arises a delicate issue. Romantic love is bound up with personal beauty, which though not alone, plays its part, abetting nature's ends in sexual selection. The courtship and mating traits reach intense expression in youth when wisdom is not mature and love is proverbially blind. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and love-madness is held to be one form of distorted reason. For the physiological good of the race youthful marriage is indicated; it seems best to rear children when parents are at their most vigorous period. For the psychological good of the individual parents, late marriage would be more likely to insure selection for mutual aid in reciprocal self-development and wise adjustment of one life to another. The romantic sensibilities would themselves have a more mature fruition, and mated with a riper wisdom, would more readily insure the mature adjustment through the years by which the successful marriage is judged by the reflective.

To resolve this typical choice between what nature ordains and what the purposes of civilization require, by depreciating the value of romance, suggests a psychological presumption parallel to the familiar comment of the Spanish monarch upon the explanation of the complex planetary orbits according to the system then accredited; he declared that if he had been present at the creation he would have offered some wholesome advice in the interests of simplicity. The more discerning solution is to accept the sublimation and direction, of what for lack of a better name, we refer to as the romantic aspect of the sex relation, as a most significant problem in that piloting

art to which this volume is devoted. Science and sentiment do not easily fuse, yet when the sentiment arises by warrant of nature, and the science is of man's making in regulating the urge thus established, the fusion becomes the problem. Education for romance is a noble art with a potency of high values. How to realize its possibilities in the marriage relation may well become the center of wise reflection.

The problem of marriage in the modern manner is to use the habit of reflection for the advancement of the relations of men and women on the highest plane. As at present employed it seems to me to endanger that value and even to degrade it. And believing also that romance can be elevated to a higher plane in the service of the same end, I retain an abundant faith in the redeeming value of wise romance.

Suspicion of Intelligence

Some ten years ago I published an essay on *The Democratic Suspicion of Education*, calling attention to the fact that for the typical American mind, education is both respected and suspected; that all along the line from captains of industry to corporals and sergeants, business men seem to send their sons to college in the hope that they will not be seriously affected by the ideas there prevailing. The socially eligible student is supposed to get what he can from the professors without in any way becoming affected by the taint of scholarship. A passing mark is the gentleman's grade. If there be such a person as a gentleman and a scholar, the combination is regarded as rare. To show any genuine interest in studies is bad form and would defeat popularity. The social bearing of the suspicion has grown and to-day is

flaunted with slight disguise. This attitude in any form is a serious menace to the cause of right guidance. It has reached proportions which require it to be opposed forcibly. It is a hindrance to social progress, an obstacle to the acceptance of the pilot's art.

Its most common expression is the contempt for the "highbrow," while yet it takes but a moment of sober reflection to realize how large a share of the most important work of the world has been done and must be done by highbrows. The term seems to have been invented especially for the purpose of expressing the suspicion of intelligence which has appeared upon the modern horizon.

Naturally this suspicion reacts with a special bearing upon the feminine contingent, for whom popularity is regarded as the breath of life. For a college girl to talk seriously to a man or even to her own group is almost to court social disaster. Ragging, joshing, the latest slang, a little clever surface talk about this and that—but earnest, thoughtful discourse! heaven forbid! Many young people, really interested in ideas and in reflection, take care to conceal these tendencies and to assume a passion for frivolity and engaging silliness. Perhaps in college it may be permitted to show an intelligent interest without wholly losing caste; but at home for the holidays one must make clear that college has not spoiled one's charm by a taint of highbrow thinking.

The fundamental source of the bad repute of intelligence is the cult of youth, falsely conceived. There seems a mad desire to run the world on post-adolescent standards. Growing up—a difficult enough achievement under the best of circumstances—is discouraged; life is to be lived in the sweetheart stage of irresponsibility, when ideas become an intrusion. The dance of life goes on, and so

long as the country is prosperous, we can pay the piper and have no thought for the morrow.

There is no intention to discourage fun and recreation and the lighter side of life or to ask people to be staid and sober. The point is that there should be a lighter side only as there is a more serious body of interests to support it. There is a moral obligation to be intelligent. Intelligence not only adds to charm; it conditions any high order of it. If intelligence is barred on social occasions, and people without ideas are preferred to those with them, we are evoluting backward. Why maintain universities, why read books, why cultivate intelligence, why develop standards, if when you reap the advantages, you find that what you have acquired is a handicap? It seems as topsy-turvy an expenditure as could well be devised. Yet at the moment this social suspicion of intelligence seems to prevail and to extend its paradoxical hold on the public mind.

The professors may be taken as representative of the intellectual classes, and are so taken because it is possible to get data concerning them. You may call them highbrows if you like; they cannot afford to be sensitive; and behind their backs you may regard them as queer,—especially those, who, like the great Aggasiz, say they have no time to make money. But the fact remains that you couldn't live as you do if some people with exceptionally good minds did not do your thinking for you. You are living in some ways on the products of their thought; though in between, stands another set of men with a different kind of mind who put these thoughts to profitable use, the profits going, not wholly but largely, to themselves and to you. The men with the greatest learning power seem to have almost the lowest earning power among the classes with which it is fair to compare them.

That's a bad thing for the country as a whole; for it amounts to a discouragement of learning. And if America is to hold up her head among the nations and make it worth while to be 100 per cent American, some part of that percentage should represent a pride in what the American mind has done for the cause of civilization. "America already has, probably, the lowest-grade mental life of any of the great modern nations." That isn't a pleasant thing for any American to read; and it isn't said by a professor but by Mr. James Truslow Adams, who was once a business man and is now an historian. It is a dismal conclusion re-enforcing the democratic view in which intelligence is at once respected and suspected.

The respect for learning should not be the possession of the few; nor should those who have it find that they are out of touch with the big trends in American life; we must all have it. Learning must be respected as well as earning. A desirable shift in the American horizon is an increased regard for learning and a lesser subservience to earning.

There is always the hope that fashions may change; and intelligence and the intellectual interests are both too important to be too much subject to fashion; though as a psychologist, I hold fashion in high regard as a most conveniently available and indeed indispensable agency in piloting our social lives. I am quite content to make intelligence fashionable, and let who can and will employ that aid to its cultivation. The pity of it is that more persons cannot enter into the enjoyments of the intellectual life.

The present attitude is one of the reasons why some foreign critics question whether the United States is as socially and mentally fit as a first-class nation should be.

PORTS AND HARBORS

1. MOORINGS: PRINCIPLES AND ISSUES

HUMAN WELFARE—THE LARGER LIFE—OPPORTUNITY—HIGHWAYS AND HOME—CONVICTIONS AND COMPLEXES; CREEDS AND CULTS—STANDARDS—THE WALLS OF THE WORLD

Human Welfare

THE most familiar precept of Greek philosophy is "Man! Know thyself"; the most popular modern version of it: "The proper study of mankind is man." Yet it has remained for our own day to express the idea in tangible form. Yale University is erecting an "Institute of Human Relations." The obvious has at last been officially recognized.

The most fundamental of all studies is the latest to be admitted to the guild of the sciences. It wasn't so much the stone that the builders rejected as the one that they ignored that has become the cornerstone of the edifice. That which above all else makes men capable of behaving as human beings, is man's mind in fit condition; psychology underlies behavior. Man is now to study his own behavior as objectively as he can; he is going to try to get outside himself to look inside himself, and see himself as would a properly equipped superman from another planet, as little disturbed by the sense that he is observ-

ing his fellow-beings as is a human in recording the reactions of a rat in a maze or an ant in its socialized nest. Such in spirit is the purpose of the Institute of Human Relations.

Obviously important as it is for man to have all the exact knowledge he can acquire about himself, there are good reasons why the mind of man has been slow to make any such splendidly organized attempt to realize a laudable ambition. Man has stood too much in the center of the picture to see the whole; his emotions and interests and traditions have stood in the light of his intellect, and cast distorting shadows on his prejudiced reflections. Anatomy and physiology, biology and zoology, anthropology and history, had all to be developed to a high degree before man could see how his own behavior is fully conditioned by all sides of his nature.

All of which can be made plainer by considering how and why men fail to behave as human beings, fail to reach the highest expression in their human relations. For the control and improvement of human relations is the goal idea of modern psychology. Consider the follies of men; their frightful wars, in which, though one party is said to win, both lose; consider their caste and class hostilities, strikes and lockouts and economic waste; consider crime and the costly provisions to prevent it and pay the bills for passion and lust and greed and lack of control; consider the mentally unfit who have fallen out of the race, handicapped and incompetent; consider the completely imperfect attempts to regulate the growing complications of human relations by a cumbersome and antiquated legal machinery; consider how easily crowds are misled and follow false leaders; and it is evident that the science of human welfare is the goal toward which we are moving, the harbor of our search. Step by step, the

increasing purpose is to improve the basic human relations on which all these issues hang.

Whenever you strike bottom you touch a section of human psychology. There never was a falser slogan than that you cannot change human nature. Civilization has been changing human nature from the start and is by no means through with the job. On many matters men have knowledge enough to act far more sensibly than they do; the problem is to get them to use properly the knowledge they have. Some of these projects may sound vague; but they become definite objects of research when once ingenuity and wise purpose are directed to them.

Man has been pre-eminently successful in changing his surroundings by getting control of physical forces. Outwardly we live in a transformed age. Inwardly the old human motives prevail, and, unless regulated, make for misery and misbehavior. With the same ingenuity applied to the control of unruly motives the cause of progress is assured.

To call it all "humanology" would advance matters but little. But it would help to bring together in one co-operation, all the "ologies" that center upon human welfare. You begin and you end with the human psyche which embraces the thinking and the feeling and the doing man. You cannot separate man's mind from his body nor his moral from his legal or his economic or his political or his intimate personal behavior. Students don't bring their minds to school and leave the rest of their personalities at home. Industries may advertise for hands, but would be disappointed if the applicants came without heads; and the worker is ever more important than the work.

Mental fitness is the core of human welfare. The vast amount of mental disability compels attention. Psychol-

ogy underlies all human relations; psychiatry undertakes to make disabled minds able, and mental hygiene attempts to keep minds well, and make well minds more efficient. The day of the piecemeal view of human personality is gone. The doctor and the lawyer, the judge and the social worker, the political and moral reformer and the spiritual adviser of whatever faith and tradition, must all share the human-welfare approach, and each minister to a total personality.

It's all in the program of a progressive view of the direction of human affairs. It needs broadcasting from every station in the land. Yet the millenium is not just around the corner, nor is human nature going to take a sudden leap upward, and the ills and deficits of humanity fade away. The movement capitalizes the increasing insight of the specialties and focuses the searchlight upon the improvement of mankind.

"Know thyself" has become the watchword of psychology. The proper study of mankind is human welfare. We can sight the harbor as a promised land.

The Larger Life

Among the welcome signs of the times is the tendency to broaden one's interests and take some part in what, for lack of a better term, we may call the larger life. This includes the events in the world of politics and public affairs, social and educational movements, ideas, inventions, explorations, and all that goes to make the modern world. Democracy is a way of living far more than a form of government; and its purpose is to provide a favorable opportunity to lead the larger life.

There is also a strong natural tendency the other way —to lead a narrow, local, provincial, personal life. We

need that, too. But to be neighborly we need not be gossipy; we can be sympathetic without being busybodies. In a measure a newspaper is a reflection of the scope of living. The small-town paper is full of personal gossip; what is considered news is a good index of large-mindedness or the lack of it. The personal interest is strong, always will be, and has its proper place. Few big newspapers are large-minded enough to reduce scandal and accounts of crime and their trials to proper proportions. Local interest is naturally greater in local affairs. But it is only as we participate in affairs of larger moment that we lead the larger life. What people read and discuss is the index of their desire to lead the narrow or the larger life. Modern invention has enlarged the compass of our interests, has made the larger life accessible. Education has no other aim.

A special phase of this gulf between the two appears in the estrangement that readily arises between the older stay-at-home and the younger experience-seeking generation. This is one of the reasons why girls as well as boys leave home. They are seeking wider contacts. It is equally part of the reason for the rush to the large cities and the drift away from the small towns. If you are independent enough you can be large-minded anywhere; only it isn't so easy. The big cities are the centers for everything that is going on, desirable and undesirable, and if large-minded, they become cosmopolitan. To be too easily content with one's small world and neither seek nor find stimulation in bigger interests, is a provincial danger. "Babbit" is but one popular recognition of it, and in a few years has come to mean not a character in a novel but a state of mind. "Babbit" expresses the human limitation of which the larger life is the salvation.

Since men have always been freer to roam and seek

their fortunes in places congenial to their interests, they have had a fairer chance to become large-minded. With the rapid and increasing emancipation of women, the discovery of the desire on their part to be large-minded has come to some of us with a sense of surprise, to others with a sense of alarm. There seems to be a fear that it will lead to a neglect of the intimate, personal concerns of which women have always been the special guardians. This implies an undue distrust of Mother Nature. Breaking into the larger life has come to be a prominent motive in the lives of women. Marriage often presents just that opportunity; careers offer the same inducement. The call of the city—which may be a lure as well as a challenge—has the same attraction. And once the shift is made, the contrast of the larger and the narrower life sets up a barrier; one who has lived the larger life cannot go back to the narrower; the estrangement of those who leave the mental village for the mental city is complete; the two no longer speak the same language. There is a communion among all who lead the larger life, lead it not necessarily with an identity of aim, but with a sympathy of understanding. For we can be ourselves and live our own life in the intimate sense, only when we are understood and when we understand. There is a call of redemption in the larger life.

By reason of our mental outlook we make our own horizons wherever we live; by the same reason we choose our ports of call, come in due course to our chosen harbors. The outer contacts may be of the closest; living together, we may yet be living infinitely apart. Those but recently strangers, may in a quick sympathy become close friends; the bond is the communion of the larger life. Friendship is measured not by the length of acquaintance but by the depth of understanding. Within the fam-

ily there may be one who leads the larger, with all the rest leading the narrower, life. It may or it may not lead to estrangement, for loyalty is of many qualities and is founded on a variety of human bonds. Common is the story of the "different" child whom the family never understands.

The larger life is measured not merely by the span and the quality of one's interests, one's intellectual interests predominantly, but by the depth of one's penetration into the supports and intimacies of living. In that dimension it may be termed the deeper life. For underneath the surface of our doings lies a network of our attachments, an ordering of our motives, reflecting the truer self disclosed only to those who by a similar endowment can share it. Breadth and depth are the dimensions of personality as well as of reality. By taking thought, by sharing loyalties, we add many a cubit to our mental stature, as we rise on our, not dead, but outgrown selves to higher things.

Opportunity

To some, opportunity is the veritable voice of reality, to others the veriest echo of a myth. It all depends upon the wave-length of our minds. We call America the land of opportunity; it is our proudest boast. We mean that it is easier in our social system than in any other, for a man of parts to find a chance to show what kind of stuff he is made of. Opportunity is constantly knocking at your door; the trouble is to tell her knock from that of any one else, including the plea of speculation, the siren of ambition, the call of temptation.

Many a man has mistaken for opportunity what proved to be his ruin. The right approach to the mystery of op-

portunity seems to be this: that we are so constantly surrounded by so many opportunities that the problem is to decide which is the one most worth taking. Naturally that is far from equally true for all sorts and conditions of men. Some men are born with opportunities, some men achieve opportunities and some have opportunities thrust upon them. The backwaters of life are not very rich in opportunities, and there are plenty of good fish in the sea.

The truth is that you can both find and make opportunities; that it is one thing to have an opportunity and another to recognize it. That is the side of circumstance or environment.

On the other side there is the endowment, which means the ability to make use of the opportunity. There is the oft-quoted remark of Whistler, the artist, that if opportunity decides careers, then the greatest art critics in the world would be the attendants at the National Gallery in London, who spend many hours a day in the company of the great master paintings of the world. As a fact, they may know next to nothing about paintings.

An American version of the same idea is that if opportunity counts, then our wholesale egg merchants would become our greatest embryologists. We know very well that that is not how art critics or embryologists are made. They arise by a slow maturing of original endowment and by a patient study, prompted by a native interest and developed by systematic training. Opportunity still plays a part and a large one, yet ever selecting among the maze of circumstance those that appeal to a bent and a goal.

It isn't opportunity but interest that sets the course and decides the port. Occupation follows the flag of interest far more than that of opportunity. Yet most careers, we freely admit, are mixtures of both.

If you have a strong bent to be a doctor or a lawyer or a merchant chief, you will steer for the harbors where medical, legal or business opportunities dwell. But since so many haven't strong bents, or about as strong a bent for one as for many another, opportunity comes in and gives the deciding vote. It is hard to believe that Darwin could have been anything else than a master biologist, with so strong a bent in that direction; but his opportunity was the chance to take the famous voyage on the "Beagle."

The stock question to ask a small boy is what he is going to be when he grows up. The reason why most of the answers that you get couldn't be verified twenty years later, is not only that tastes change but that opportunities dominate. Bent and opportunity are heredity and environment; and the biological sphinx alone knows the complete answer to that enigma.

When fifty years ago Galton showed that many famous jurists had sons who distinguished themselves in the same profession, he did not refer it all to heredity, for the reason that an influential judge can help his son to find an opportunity for advancement in the same profession. There is also present the example of his father and the constant talk about matters of that calling.

The same holds for doctors or for professors or merchants. But quite as often the son is sure of one thing that he doesn't want to be: and that is what his father is. In the end, bent, which determines interest, makes itself felt; and without that, an opportunity isn't really recognized as such. It is a fortunate combination when the two coincide, and what a man becomes is the satisfactory expression of his bent and his opportunity. Yet it is worth while in looking back upon your career, to take an inventory and decide in each case just how far you

made or found opportunities, and how many passed you by or you passed by.

Opportunity is an uncertain pilot. When on travel bent, you don't go to the harbor and take the first vessel you see and enlist for her destination, nor even examine them all and choose the one that promises best; you are far more likely to choose your port first and the vessel accordingly. Yet in that choice in a large harbor and a crowded sailing list, there is still a fair margin for an unplanned decision and the play of opportunity.

Highways and Home

Why does anybody leave home? What is this call of the distant and the foreign and the novel? It is the quest for new experience, quite the same that starts the creeping or toddling infant on its voyage of exploration. A new environment is a new achievement. Alexander sighing for new worlds to conquer and the modern globe trotter are psychological brothers. The familiar grows stale; or we grow stale because it no longer challenges our efforts; a change will do us the good turn of quickening our flagging interests. If the urge is strong enough we travel; but we return. We have a home to come back to, a local habitation and a name on a doorplate. If we don't, then we are on the way to being wanderers, homeless, exiles; or lacking a homing sense, and too completely at the mercy of the wandering urge, we may sooner or later join the army of tramps and gypsies of high or low degree.

There is a suggestive psychology of exile as well as of the nomad. Banishment has ever been the extreme penalty. But a people, like the Jews, permanent wanderers, by carrying their traditions as a tabernacle with them, made every dwelling place a home. A race or a "man without a

country" make a tragic theme. Migrations and settlements mark the course of the empire, register the wandering and the homing instincts. Civilization goes gypsying only as an interlude.

The difference between a traveler and a wanderer, though on the surface a social one, with the traveler paying his way from an ample purse and the tramp stealing a ride or finding a bed where he can, is at bottom a psychological one. A traveler travels with a purpose; it may be a special or a general aim. He is bent on enlarging his experience; it may be as a student of art, commerce, political relations, or as an interested observer of new peoples and their ways. The tramp wanders more or less aimlessly, enamored of the road and the changes of scene. Yet the two motives overlap. The adventurer of old was a little of both; so were the followers of the *wanderjahre*, the call of the youthful years when the zest for new experience runs high. In these days of easy travel and open highways there may be many who in motive are tramps, gratifying the desire to roam, in hotels for first-class travelers, while others in the "steerage" may take to the road in the spirit of serious travel.

Common to the two is an underlying restlessness which in turn may take on a more definite motive, making the journeying a flight, an escape. You may not be wandering or traveling but running away. The adolescent running away from home is an impulsive solution, but it has its kinship in other situations, with an escape from responsibilities, even a running away from yourself—a touch of the fate of the Wandering Jew. In such a case there may be an approach to the abnormal. There is a type of vagrant who is in fact the victim of a "wandering" obsession; he has a wander-complex. He wants to be on the go, to get the sense of shifting his bearings, and becomes restless when in harbor. Some motorists seem to have a mild variety of

the same complex. There is still another quite different abnormal expression, the issue of a conflict that ends in a split in the personality. The victim may be found, after weeks or months, far away from home, suddenly waking up confused as to who he is and where and how he came there. He has been living a split-off, detached life, it may be under a different name, with the memories of the old life broken yet dormant; yet in that state enough of a pilot to earn a living in ways foreign to his former self. Such an episode the French call a fugue. Suddenly the old self revives, or it may be the haze lifts gradually. There is even a case in which a victim of a fugue looked himself up in *Who's Who* to find out who he was. To such strange issues may this conflict of urges, of the homing instinct and the wandering instinct, lead in the neurotic mind.

For the urge to home is equally strong. One of its familiar results is homesickness or nostalgia—becoming sick for home, not *of* home. For most of us the urge to home is stronger than the urge to roam. We are home bodies, attached to the familiar, even settling into a rut, more bent on making than on breaking home ties. As children we sought the safety of the familiar and were frightened by the strange; to be lost is a terrible experience for a child, as dependence on others is an intimate trait of childhood. The nomadic period is an old one in the story of man, which, without the element of venture and colonizing and exploring and pioneering, would make the story of human habitation dull. The romantic urge is kin to the urge to travel and to wander. Yet that same story is more largely one of settlement, and the urge to establish and make a home. Men belong to the tribe of Jacob rather than to that of Esau. Property supports the homing instinct; family still more so. Thus from a small scale to a large one is the story of man one of the double satisfaction of the urge to settle

amid the familiar and to travel and wander far afield. Both are anchored deep in the psychology of human nature.

We leave ports in the search of adventure, to satisfy the desire for the novel and the strange, traveling with a purpose or wandering at will; yet we seek harbors of safety, adjustments that become our goals. Around harbors grow cities and the settled products of civilizations. Harbor is home.

Convictions and Complexes; Creeds and Cults

Conviction is the harbor of belief. Taking pride in our rationality, we essay to guide our course by logic's chart and compass. We gather experience, interpret its meaning for our welfare, reach the end of our logical journey and call it a conclusion. Proving all things, we hold to that which for us is true; that is conviction. Without fixed principles, we drift, veering to every wind. Unless we reach firm yet tolerant convictions, stabilizing our steps in the daily progress, mapping our purposes in the succession of the ages, we shall have lived idly.

To suppose that the mental route by which we reach conclusions is as well charted and as logical in its course as that of the naval engineer who conducts the modern liner on schedule from port to harbor, would be to forget that the human mind is far more psychological than logical, to overlook the rivalry of reason and emotion. A conviction must be satisfying; hence the strong tendency to accept conclusions pleasant and comforting to our self-esteem. Reasoning is an uncertain venture, an exploring undertaking. Following the guide of truth alone may lead anywhere —it may be to strange and unwelcome places.

Doubt and uncertainty are unpleasant states, and we grasp convictions as we do a rail at sea, to steady our steps.

To have the inspiring conviction of a Columbus is rare in any field; though the goal he reached was not the one he reasoned out, his conviction changed the modern world. Lacking the spirit of Columbus, we find it safer to greet our logical destinations not with the uncertain scrutiny of a stranger, but with the welcome familiarity of a friend. We are quite too apt to get our conclusions first and justify them afterwards, as best we can. Convictions are affected by the will to believe. Though we share a common order of reasoning and a common human nature, we reach very different conclusions, approach the same problems in different attitudes, with different inclinations. Yet equally are we affected by the beliefs of others. Conviction is a social process; it follows the herd instincts. Tradition and convention bear heavily upon us, and determine what we believe almost as rigidly as what we eat or what we wear. We are in the stream and are borne along by the general current, and caught in the eddies and tossed by the waves of our immediate surrounding. Still we must each sink or swim by our individual strokes of effort and give them the direction of our purpose. We cannot escape the obligation of psychology, the loyalty of our minds.

In brief, our logical compass does not steadily point due north; it is affected by strong emotional currents and cross-currents from surface winds and deeper agitations. Let there be a great emotional storm, like the passions of war, and the rudder of reason proves helpless, as the waves of feeling run high. And in all minor as well as major concerns, predisposition and prejudice ever enter, warping our convictions toward our inclinations. Logic is an ideal pilot and truth a pole-star; but human voyages are matters of wisdom and compromise, of reasonableness and toleration.

Rigid thinking dominates mathematics; but applied to

human affairs it leads to creeds and the laws of the Medes and Persians. The menace of conviction unrelieved by sympathy is too serious a blot on human history to be willingly recalled. Persecution whether for clash of faith or slighter heresy, or the charge of witchcraft belongs to a stage outgrown; but creeds live on in more tolerant mood, and for those who accept their guidance yield the consolation of a refuge, a safe harbor of conviction.

It is in the less momentous sphere of cults that the vagaries of conviction may be more impartially considered. A cult carries a good idea too far, although quite as likely it carries a false notion to which has clung a grain of truth, often irrelevant or unsuspected or accidental. Cults are also matters of fashion; they come and they go. But the truth of science, which is neither cult nor creed, keeps steadily marching on, correcting its sincere errors of conviction by revised evidence of a more inclusive reality. It may be amusing to recall that fifty years ago, a blue-glass craze swept over the country, that a Mr. Hazelton thought he discovered that plants thrived better under blue glass; that he tried it on animals and then on men. He wrote a book about it printed in blue ink and bound in blue cloth. He could see nothing but blue. People took out their transparent windows and substituted blue, and lots of people got well by that means. Today we know something more about the effect of different rays, and there may have been actual benefit, but it was largely overrated.

There was another interesting American health cult called Fletcherism. The idea was that chewing the food thoroughly was a good habit, which it is. But making a crust of bread last for thirty minutes as an entire meal, is running things to extremes. Yet for a while everybody was Fletcherizing.

And how many people know that those Jaeger woolen

goods are the result of a cult, and a fantastic one. Dr. Jaeger had some peculiar notions about the sense of smell and its relation to the human soul, and decided that wool was the best medium to retain those valuable emanations. So he advocated the use of an exceptionally high grade of wool garments, and that's all we care about now. We use his woolen garments not to protect our souls, but to comfort our bodies. The cult part of it has disappeared.

The interesting fact about cults is the cult habit of mind that starts them and supports them while they last. That habit of mind is not helpful to guiding our interests rightly. But there are cults of all degrees of innocence and menace. Human nature being what it is, we shall always be exposed to cults.

Cultish faiths of a personal nature are now known as complexes. They are similarly false views about ourselves, rarely wholly irrelevant or completely delusional, but with a distorted emotional perspective, that makes them obstacles in piloting a course. The tendency is strong to mistake a complex for a conviction. The most difficult truth to realize is the truth about ourselves; for it carries the pang of failure, the shame of an accusing finger, the repentance for neglect—not that veils or masks are useless, nor that all illusion is folly and naked crudity alone defensible, but that the wise reason of balanced conviction should be applied with equal benefit to the clarification of our intellectual problems and the solution of our emotional conflicts. Forsaking rigid creed and fervid cult, we may cling to rational conviction as an anchor ready for service in calm or storm, indispensable when we make port and reach harbor. The mellow wisdom of maturity is the reward of a life of sincere conviction tempered by a faith in the redemption that lies in the nobler traits of human nature.

Standards

No decision has greater effect on how you live than the standard of living you follow. In a sense you are and in a sense you are not free to decide what standards are to be yours. Circumstances and tradition set the standards for you; you talk, you eat, you dress, you read, you go to school, to church, to the theatre, to the movies, and you behave in morals and manners as do the people of your class, of your neighborhood, of your part of the country, of the nation at large. These set the patterns of behavior and invite your following, even impose them on you at penalty of being considered odd or inferior. But despite all this you have an abundant choice; for you are surrounded by many standards; and they are not only different, but higher and lower, better and worse. You may read worthwhile books or trash; go to the best plays or the worst. You may talk good English or a jargon of smart slang. The choice is yours.

Everything that enters into a high standard of living contributes to good taste. The *psyche* that went into psychology when the Greeks put it there, includes the muses and graces of life as well as the sciences and virtues. Living is as much a way of feeling as of thinking. Your plane of living is even more broadly determined by your taste than by your intelligence.

Culture is more than dreaming. The man of culture has cultivated the arts and graces; he is at home in the standards of good taste. These values comprise and compose the higher standards of living.

It is your task as a pilot to steer your way among the several standards of taste, of behavior, of belief to which you are exposed. Your style of piloting depends upon how strongly you incline to do your own choosing, or let the

world or society or custom or public opinion do it for you. The majority, the vast majority everywhere, in a democracy particularly, have a strong tendency to conform; it is the minority, in some respects the small minority, that go their own way, be it good, bad or indifferent. They are individuals, largely or at least reasonably self-directed. But even the conforming majority are making their choice constantly in living by higher or lower standards. Each one of us actually adopts a code of living. It is not much of an exaggeration to say that we each have some kind of philosophy to live by—a poor thing it may be, but our own. Like art and music and literature and religion and many other of the choicer supports of living, you can live without them; but you live better, more richly, more adequately with them. Standards play a large part in the decisions that make up your life and mine. By the standards that people follow you judge them; and they judge you by yours.

There is one standard so generally regarded as characteristic of the American horizon that like the rising or the setting sun, it looms large—the dollar standard. This is the standard taunt in Europe, of America:—the land of the Almighty Dollar. It is also the land of the generous dollar and of wise use of dollars in the interests of better living. What is deplorable is the habit of judging people by their bank accounts or their autos or their lack of them, and so looking not at their real human worth, but only at a dollar-distorted reflection. You cannot see human nature if you use a dollar mark as an eyeglass. It is not an intelligent habit; it is a stupid one, and that is why it comes to be the psychologist's concern. If the ostrich hides his head in the sand when there is danger and so concludes there is no danger because he cannot see it, we call him a stupid bird. If you wrap your personality in a bank roll you are

no better off, so far as getting the most out of life is concerned.

Many things in this rich and interesting world of ours, which we do much to create for ourselves, should not be too much standardized, too much reduced to one pattern for all. If democracy meant one standard of living, it would be doomed. Democracy means one standard of rights, of equality before the law. In all other respects we have the option of what grade of standards we follow. As to law, we may assume that we are all law-abiding; yet for each the attitude toward the law varies according to his standards. You may live just within the letter of the law, or you may follow its spirit in all relations. Merely keeping out of jail is not a high standard of morals.

You can apply the principle anywhere. In every relation you can live by high standards or by low ones. There are millions of married couples, but upon what standards they follow in the marriage relation depends the quality of their married life. Life is a growth, a succession of steps to higher and higher standards. An amateur standard is one stage of performance, a professional another. As you become critical you are no longer satisfied with the third-rate or the second-rate; you insist upon the first-rate. Recognize standards in whatever you do; cultivate standards; live on as high a level as you can. Such is the precept of mental navigation.

The Walls of the World

The world is as large as the range of one's interests. A narrow-minded man has a narrow outlook; the walls of his world shut out the broader horizon of affairs of wider scope than his personal fortune. The great walls of the common

world are the broadening constructions of invention. They represent, not like the great wall of China, an exclusion, but the removal of the barriers, thereby extending communication, ever enlarging the range of human intercourse. Telegraph, telephone, cables are wrapped around this planet in intricate coils; radio, X-ray, airplanes, television, motion pictures, talking pictures, all extend the walls of the world, bringing within the magic circle the wealth of human enterprise. They all express the intense desire to communicate, to be in touch, to universalize the walls of the world. The separations of distance fall; the delays of time disappear; geography becomes neighborly; and the remotest Antarctic talks daily to metropolitan New York. Walled cities that excluded, have given place to empires of human contacts.

The story of invention is fascinating; the epic of invention becomes heroic in our day. But feats of engineering should not obscure the supremacy of the intellectual and emotional urge that spurs invention, the psychological desire to make the world akin. Means of comunication are important in the measure that we have matters of importance to communicate. Inventions alone do not civilize; they arise because the purposes of civilization demand them. Nor is there any invention that cannot be used for injury as well as benefit. Dynamite has no moral qualities, nor has an airplane. They may be used for destruction as readily as for construction; they become instruments of war as readily as of peace.

It is the psychological walls of the world that need expansion, as an expression of a tolerant inclusion of others in the interests of a larger self. Prejudice can maintain walls that no invention can remove. It is precisely neighbors who are inclined to quarrel. Means of communication

become valuable as a medium of understanding. The essential estrangement is that of differences in outlook, in ways of life, in the contrasts of what is held of major and of minor value. But these differences will always persist and themselves have value. The world is the richer for the variety of ways that people have devised in the common purpose of living a broad, civilized life.

We should be closing our eyes to the realities of human nature if we accepted this vast extension of the walls of the world as a guarantee of the brotherhood of man. Communication makes common interests only upon the support of co-operative purposes. People are said to resort to law or war to compose their differences; they are in fact seeking a way to adjust their resemblances; both are so alike that they want the same things. Living together in peace and mutual understanding is a national not less than an individual art; and in both a test of sane and right living. Extending the walls of the world is the work of the psychologist as well as the engineer. The human mind builds the walls of the world, alike those that exclude and those that include fellow men. By extending the mental walls of the world the national mind becomes international-minded. There seems slight purpose in uniting countries by telephone and dividing them by prejudice or jealousy.

The psychologist cannot accept the limitations that circumscribe the large-scale, humanizing efforts so characteristic on the modern horizon of Paris, the Hague, Geneva, Locarno, London, Washington, without an attempt to trace them back to their sources. The psychological incapacity to look beyond the walls is two-fold: positively, there is the emotional attachment to the scene within and the blinding prejudices arising in its defense; negatively, the lack of imagination to realize consequences out of im-

mediate range. What is actually before you speaks so loudly that you can hear no other voice; what is seen and heard and felt dominates above what may be. Ideas not yet vivified by tradition do not move, and consequences inherent but remote do not terrify. War arises from both causes; it is no more inevitable than any other type of collective disorder. Men feel too strongly, think too weakly. They cannot adequately realize, which means imbue with the power of reality, what is not yet real. Hence the compassionate comment: they know not what they do. The walls of their mental world are too solid, too opaque. Confining the disqualified, the alien, on whatever pretext, to ghettos, they "ghetto" their own lives. Yet without vision, the people perish; and the vision must extend beyond the walls, and imagine them converted, as the cities of Paris and Vienna have done, into boulevards of cosmopolitan intercourse.

Extending horizons calls for a double task, the dissipation of prejudice through an emotional tolerance, the strengthening of the intellectual capacity to realize the as yet uncreated. Peoples at whatever stage of culture,—tribes, clans, castes, nations—have ever lived by a double standard; hospitality for those within the pale, hostility for those without. As civilization moves upward slowly, ambitiously, in modern days with increasing speed, the rigidity of tyrannical or legal exclusion is relaxed; but all varieties of social ostracism and group antipathies replace it. Walls by their nature must include and exclude; it is only in the shift of the horizon by an emotional tolerance and an intelligent realization, that the psychological walls of the world will keep pace with those of invention, both fostering mutual understanding and universalizing common purposes.

2. ANCHORAGE: HUMAN DOCUMENTS

MENTAL SHELTER—SIMPLE SALVATIONS—CURE BY CONFESSION—CHANGING THE SCENE—SOLUTIONS BY FAITH AND BY JOY

Mental Shelter

IN the kingdom of mind are many mansions, stately and lowly, and among them, yet aloof, houses of mental shelter. Unfortunate is the impression that written over their portals is the dismal inscription: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." This is so far from the truth that in many a case the only hope lies there, in the house of mental shelter —a temporary shelter until the storm passes by. More unfortunate is the prejudice against any one who has ever dwelt in that house, as though the refugee could never again be completely one of us. Both views are wrong, regrettably wrong, and will but slowly yield, as we face the reality of mental disorder humanely, and realize that such ports of call and safe harbors are indispensable so long as the strains of life are for many a craft, seaworthy and not so, too great to bear.

Since Mr. Beers wrote *The Mind That Found Itself*, and upon his recovery dedicated his life to mental hygiene, the public attitude has been more understanding. There are also Dr. Margaret Cleaves's *The Autobiography of a Neurasthene*, and *Told Reluctantly*, by Jane Hillyer, all books written by those who have dwelt in the house of mental shelter and come back to lives of usefulness. Such human documents aid the cause of enlightenment.

The ideal house of mental shelter would provide the atmosphere of a home and the needed facilities of a hospital.

It would supply a simplified, yet stimulating and satisfying environment to which the nervously disabled may adjust, and receive treatment suited to their needs. They would become resident patients accepting a routine for their own good.

As a fairer knowledge spreads of the service of a house of mental shelter, more are seeking it voluntarily. Here is a human document in evidence.

For two years I have been ill with a nervous depression. I have made progress slowly, due to the fact that I have been alone most of the time. I have been under the care of a psychiatrist whose advice has been a return to work. I did this, but found that the strain was too heavy and that the depression increased, as did the physical symptoms. I also found that my former work, which I seemed to enjoy when in good health, was very distasteful—could not seem to produce any enthusiasm. I gave it up and am at home resting. I wish to enter an asylum; but the psychiatrist disapproves of this, as does my sister. I feel I may "come back." I do not feel that the associations, restraints, etc., found in such a place will be harmful as this doctor claims, but that with help and guidance, one can do better than by being alone.

It may not be the patient but the more responsible member of the household who is making an appeal, seeking aid in finding a house of mental shelter. Again, a human document is more eloquent than any comment:

My husband is the victim of a nervous breakdown, a confirmed neurotic, having lost all confidence in his ability to face the world. I really feel he is not able to work. Through his illness our finances have been terribly depleted, and I have had to give up my home and take a position which prevents me from giving him the care and companionship he craves. I want desperately to find a sanitarium

where he might go and have good care and where he could mingle with people of his own class. He is very refined and sensitive to his surroundings.

You will ask why do I appeal to you instead of to my family physician. Specialists offer different opinions. I do not know what to believe. One doctor tells me my husband is able to work, another tells me he is unable to work. I want a sanitarium where the price would be within our means, but there is nothing between a high-priced sanitarium or the city asylum, where one must be committed. I am desperate trying to solve the problem.

We may approach the situation of those unequal to the strain of a rushing, distracting world, more considerately by reflecting that the time comes in most lives when the problem is to simplify activities. Many of us, however normal, become more deeply entangled than we should.

When men retire, they retire to a simplified life, one that still affords occupation and stimulation, but with lessened cares and greater ease. If we will regard the problem of the neurotic in the same light, we can regard the asylum as a retreat where life goes on in terms suited to the tastes and capacities of the inhabitants. It will not lose touch with the great world without, but will provide community life within its own walls.

Many fine and worthy men and women have a low resistance to misfortune and an extreme reaction to it when it comes. If in addition the circumstances for recuperation are not favorable, you have about the hardest struggle that any human is called upon to bear. You have a cripple crawling up hill; the very strength that he needs for the effort represents the very lack from which he suffers. Those who make the grade deserve hero medals: but all they ask is peace of mind.

Once more let a human document tell the tale:

I have had two mental breakdowns, one thirteen and the other ten years ago. My recovery in both cases was fairly rapid, as I was in good circumstances and conditions were favorable. For a few years I seemed to be all right. Of course, I am of a nervous temperament. For the last four years I have had a series of reverses and misfortunes that have left me penniless and in impaired health. Now the situation is this: I am falling into the identical condition that caused my previous breakdowns. In fact, the circumstances are now much worse than in those earlier years. I now find my condition highly unfavorable. I feel that I am unable to cope with the black situation as it stands. I do not know where to seek assistance, nor have I any one to consult with. At the present moment things have combined to drag me down about as low as a man can go. The strain I am laboring under is tremendous. I do not confide in any of the members of my family as none is in a position to be of practical assistance.

The notion that when the mind fails, it fails completely and that one is either completely fit or completely unfit to lead a normal life, needs drastic correction. The shattered, the disorganized, even the disordered mind still retains many of its functions; it goes but does not go well. It is equal to simple tasks and responsibilities but not to complex ones. It usually fails gradually, or with periods of slumps and partial recoveries and relapses.

In the houses of mental shelter likewise are many mansions. Many dwell there inert and unaware, others resigned and hopeless, some in protest and others in pitiable joy, and few of these with responsibility for their residence. But far larger is the company of those ill-fated voyagers who stand uncertain in the decision whether to attempt recovery while continuing crippled at slower pace on the open seas, or make for a temporary harbor. A human soci-

ety will increase its provisions for the safety of its members by recognizing the need of houses of mental shelter. That, too, is one of life's solutions.

Simple Salvations

Nothing appeals more strongly to the average American reader than a success story. Small beginnings—great endings: that is the harbor for which many a craft sets out. But the accounts of how they arrived, whether by favorable wind or shrewd navigation, are strangely bare of enlightenment. More illuminating is a recent compilation with a more definite aim explaining "Why Men Fail." That is a far more important matter, for it goes to the roots of personality and the variety of psychological deficits that cripple endeavor and mar the chances of success. The book of "Why Men Fail" gives the opinion of a group of psychiatrists well acquainted with mental failures, and analyzes the types of handicap and disaster that brought about shipwreck. Though it has not the lure of a best seller, it might be a best helper and first-aid kit to many a human vessel in distress, to read sincere human documents telling in their own stories, "How and Why I Failed." Success stories are pretentious, misleading, often irrelevant; but everybody reads them, for they seem to say: "Go and do likewise; see how easy it is, and I had no better start than you." Failure stories have the more pointed moral, though they adorn no tale: "Do not do as I did; profit by my example." Being a confession and not a vaunt, a reality and not a pose, they have a higher value as guides for mental navigation.

But more profitable than either stories of success—of fair voyages and happy harbors—or of failure—of mishap and abandonment and turning back to port for shelter

—are the stories of recovery, of those who found solutions for handicap and misfortune and came back and carried on—not "up and doing" nor "down and out" stories but "down and up" stories. For that is the tale of most human voyages, in these instances accentuated by a more serious "down" or a more significant "up" than falls to the common lot. Not "How I Succeeded," nor "How I Failed," but "How I Came Back" is the story which to me, perhaps to thousands of others, makes the closest appeal.

I select, to begin with, as a human document a rather simple formula of recovery, yet one that bears upon other cruises,—reaching harbors after weathered storms by different and more difficult routes. Here is the tale of the "Hard Labor Cure":

When I read of those suffering from neurasthenia and kindred ills, I feel that many could be helped by my experience. To be concise: Age, twenty-five; printer and proofreader; long hours exacting work. Could not go to church or to a theatre without a collapse (unless I had a back seat), and all such stuff. Heart terrible, always afraid of dropping dead; small bottle of brandy in one pocket, tablets in another; and so on.

Took a job at hard manual labor outdoors. Home at night, blistered hands, sore all over, dead tired. Instead of worrying about dropping dead, hoped I would drop dead so I would not have to get up next morning. Cured in three weeks, but stayed with the job enthusiastically for four months, and gained twenty pounds. At the old work of printing and reading for the last three years and never sick a day. Some time please tell some of the sufferers on the verge of insanity to try this hard labor cure. Of course it would not do in all cases, but my guess is that it might clear up a lot of the wreckage.

No! It would not do in all cases,—quite impossible in

some; but a dose of the same medicine may well enter into the remedy for a variety of similar break-downs. Work with big muscles is nature's restorative prescription; it relieves the too intensive strain of work with small muscles, associated as that must be with mental tension, and relieves from small cares as well. It has likewise a special power of relief for a most common accompaniment of nervous impediment—having health on the mind. One of the worst features of being down is the constant reminder that you're not up and doing. To the man of active desires, who has been carrying on, the "down" is an interruption of a career, a disaster of lost time and hopes deferred, and a fear lest this slump is the end of it all. Physical assurance through regained activities in the muscles is always an aid, often the decisive one. The call of the great outdoors for which the gymnastic indoors is but the city-man's substitute, heralds a return to nature and a route to recovery.

But the will to recovery remains the one indispensable support; the will to work and to exercise expresses it through the muscles. Such is a success story of recovery.

By way of contrast, another human document tells of an attempt to stay up and come back, not by hard labor, but by hard thought. It raises the interesting theme of why knowledge fails to cure.

Please advise me in regard to an inferiority complex. I have studied the history of philosophy, political philosophy, also natural law, psychology, etc. I have two strong faculties of construction and attention, and a well-developed sub-faculty of intuition. The only time I come into my own is when great issues come up such as "monarchy vs. democracy," "inferiority of races." I am 36 years old, a wounded war veteran, have no bad habits, but cannot pull myself together.

The feeling is common among sufferers, but illusory, that if only they knew more, they would suffer less. For the great majority the road to health does not go through the gate of knowledge,—which if followed unwisely leads to the valley of confusion. The average man cannot by taking thought or taking courses or reading books add a cubit to his stature in body or mind. Knowledge rightly absorbed helps; it may be added to other good foundations for mental health. But other things are more fundamental. The sources of right living arise from deeper roots. Books, even good books, are no substitute for life.

What must be said with all consideration to the army of citizens seeking to find themselves, is that their salvation lies in wholesome human relations; family and friends and a job into which one can throw one's energies wholeheartedly, supporting interests by way of sport or the love of nature, zest in simple pleasures and joy in rewards as they come. With these established, other good things may be added unto them.

A student who experimented with a dozen health-fads came to the common-sense conclusion that there was no substitute for food. There is likewise no substitute for life; for living is made up of human attachments and enthusiams and sympathies and sharing your interests with those of like tastes. That is living, no matter what else life may bring or fail to supply. It is not a matter of a program; it is a natural and normal attitude toward the satisfaction of living. Failing in this through whatever cause, you are likely to find yourself in a tangle, with the snarl mostly of your own making.

You may decide that you have an inferiority complex when you simply don't know how to live, don't let yourself go enough to live freely. You may decide that you have great gifts and can discourse on monarchy and de-

mocracy, and your failing be not a genuine superiority complex, just a false direction of energy. You would be better off cheering on the bleachers, cultivating your garden, playing with your children.

You may say you have no bad habits in the ordinary sense; but this entire statement is a confession of the bad habits of a confused attitude toward self and life. How to alter a life habit that you have grown into through false leads, poor opportunity, neglect, fortunes of fate or man, is not a matter for a paragraph of advice or a month of training.

Live and learn is right, but living comes first; what most needs to be learned is how to live. Recovery is readjustment from false ways of living to right ones; but the condition requiring it is aggravated by the disasters of fate and the handicap of temperament. Steering back damaged vessels to safe harbors is the most difficult phase of piloting, and recovery is its notable triumph. All the fundamentals of right living are ways of solution—back to physical nature, back to human nature—work in the great outdoors, and rest in the great indoor hearth of wholesome human relations. Such is the burden of recovery stories, turning failure into success.

Cure by Confession

The most talked-of movement in modern psychology is psychoanalysis. Its name, when baptized forty years ago, was the "talking cure." Far more ancient is the religious confessional. That also was a talking cure to relieve mental distress, as well as to provide advice and absolution. Both are cures by confession, and that bedrocks on the still broader and simpler relief through expression.

Psychoanalysis is ambitiously fundamental, and if

basic, must rest on something familiar. It has ever been embodied in usage and ceremony; for those are the folk ways of primitive psychology. Bottling up troubles makes them worse; when the pressure gets too great the lid comes off, and geyser-like the emotions gush forth—anger, or panic, or rancor, or grief, or anguish, or misery in varied form seeking outlet. Relief of tension is as familiar as getting up and stretching on the "bleachers," taking a turn around the block, blowing off steam, giving some one a piece of your mind, indulging in a good cry or a good laugh, getting "it" off your chest and out of your system.

It isn't "murder" alone but any emotionally disturbing unrest that will out. The confessional of the psychoanalytic technique is original in that it probes to find a subconscious source of agitation. Church and clinic may be brothers under the skin, but they go so far under that they diverge in their temper and their findings. The language of psychoanalysis every one knows, and all talk glibly of conflicts and complexes; those who are burdened by them feel the urge to unburden, which is responsible for all variety of confessionals. At this point I can cite a human document.

Is there any place in this city (either in connection with a clinic or a laboratory) where an intelligent, well-educated person, thin-skinned and sensitive and aware of conflicts and complexes that tend to militate against a useful and constructive life, can go to "talk about herself?" I am not so totally disorganized as to warrant putting every consideration aside for a long course of psychoanalytic treatments. I can afford neither the time nor the money. I am in moderate circumstances and earn my own living. But I feel strongly that some heart to heart talks with an understanding person would help to

unravel certain twists which I believe I understand mentally but have not yet fully dealt with emotionally.

The "talking cure" has always been in vogue, will always be so, and is proverbially and actually utilized more freely by the voluble daughters of Eve, following a clue of nature more wisely than the silent sons of Adam. The fundamental question is "Why and how does confession cure?" This important inquiry the psychoanalysts, who stake their practice upon it, have strangely overlooked, yet with one notable exception. Dr. Schmalhausen discusses with keen discernment: "Is consciousness curative?" Yet on this issue also, a reflective layman—like the other inquirer, a laywoman—presents a reflective human document.

I have thought a lot about psychoanalysis and have questioned a conclusion that seems pretty generally to be taken for granted. Why should mere awareness of your trouble cure you?

You have symptoms that take you to an analyst. Suppose he does trace them to an Oedipus complex—an organ inferiority—or to some other painful psychic maladjustment (which according to his own theory you have yourself relegated to the unconscious because too painful for consciousness). By what process does pointing the finger at the sore spot cure you of the effects of the wound?

Psychoanalysis is concerned with something deeper than the day's perplexities on which we seek advice, and also by putting our views into words make them clearer to ourselves. It is a personal problem that troubles, the source of which is inside, not outside. The patient feels that he is a victim and cannot help himself; so he seeks aid to become a victor over his symptoms. If, as in some cases, the patient is vaguely troubled or is the victim of

symptoms seemingly unrelated to his worries, the cure by psychoanalytic disclosure is an exploration among those hidden repressions. It brings them to the light of day, where, like ghosts, they disappear because clarified and understood. But, if, as is true far more commonly, the victim is quite too well aware, though not in all ways correctly, of the source of his tortures, the talking cure must proceed quite otherwise. But why does confession cure?

The reason is fairly simple but its statement difficult, for like all things deep it is too deep for ready utterance. Dr. Schmalhausen's answer runs about thus:

Item number one: We all more or less dramatize ourselves and rehearse our fate in self-pity, yet often with so vague and evasive an emotion that we reel and stagger with uncertainty. Talking draws off these dribblings of oozy emotion into one distinct stream, which because it must be put into words redirects attention as the effort relieves tension.

It isn't that consciousness is curative; quite the contrary. Having things on your mind is just the trouble, and the popular slogan of advice is right: "Forget it." However since these intimate troubles are on your mind, the confession, by gradually lowering your resistance to their expression, affords relief. You let down the gates of the dam of resistance little by little and so prevent a flood. You help to transform emotion into thought, to see your plight more logically.

Item number two: You tear the situation to pieces and consider it piecemeal. Thus dismembered, it no longer seems so formidable as in one overwhelming hopeless mass.

Item number three is the unloading, the relief that comes by transfer to another who now helps you to help yourself; and

Item number four is the realization by which you are aided by discussion to pierce your own illusions, to be critical, to see yourself from the outside and take yourself in hand.

For it is not the act but the content of confession, not the analysis but the nature of the difficulty that determines procedure. A friend may be a better outlet of confession than an analyzer, an analyst better than a friend. Many of us need some one with whom we can talk of ourselves intimately. Every person who is at all complexly organized finds something painful in the contrast between what he or she would like to be, feels that he could be under favorable circumstances, and what he is or must be. Each must be his own severest critic. There is no serious maladjustment, but enough discrepancy between the goal and the reality to produce a disturbing sense of failure. Salvation is sought by psychological means, and this kind of talking which is good for the soul, even the well soul, is particularly so for sick souls.

But confession is more and other than conference. It carries a tinge of guilt and a laying bare of its protective secrecy. By its very nature it deals with something sensitive, intimate, private; these sheltering sheathes of emotional reticence should be respected. Psychoanalysis is delicate vivisection; and it is ever a nice question how far one can go with benefit in showing to a tortured sufferer a dissected specimen of his own emotional anatomy. Skeletons, if there must be such, are more appropriately placed in the closet than in the entrance hall. "The vast harm perpetrated by some of the crude surgeons of the soul who call themselves orthodox psychoanalysts" is such that it may wreck as well as salvage, and make more morbid the very tendency that the procedure is intended to correct. To this Dr. Schmalhausen agrees, adding also

in wise parallel that thinking may make us mad as well as set us free.

Cure by confession is valid with the validity of experience, however practised, under whatever system. Psychoanalysis should not be magnified nor glorified; it is endowed with no magic. It must steer close to nature's way and with profound respect for the emotional sanctum that nature has provided for the most delicate roots of human growth. Cure by confession is a responsible undertaking. Psychoanalysis is a valuable probe but no magic sesame. Confession is good for the soul when a right-minded confessant meets a right-minded confessor.

Changing the Scene

The art of mental piloting has developed a vocabulary. The most familiar word in it is adjustment. It is indeed the clue-word to the personal equation: The one factor is the situation to be adjusted to; the other is the person who does the adjusting. For all but the privileged few (and it may not wholly be a privilege) the situation is in large measure set; it must be met; they must adjust to it as best they can, and in the "best" are they put to test. Hence the great emphasis and the patient study of the mechanisms and motives—the stresses of feeling and the controls of reason—by which a favorable adjustment is to be secured, and by the same token an undesirable solution avoided. As a rule we cannot much alter the environment or shape the world more nearly to our heart's desires. We can issue our commands to the environment or wish it otherwise; but it does not obey. Mohammed must come to the mountain.

Accordingly most of the problems and the attempts at their solution that have been passed in review, are

devices for moulding the traits of the personality to a favored adjustment to condition, however severe or for the time unfavorable such condition may be. But the situational side of the equation demands its due consideration. More closely considered we may find ourselves not quite helpless to alter its contours, and in the last resort there is ever the solution of changing the scene. With the increasing facilities to shift our habit, we can go elsewhere, transferring ourselves to another and more favorable environment. That is often the best way out, or an indispensable part of the total solution.

There are so many and such endlessly variable situations that no one is typical. The human document which may serve as a sample, reads:

It was with keen interest I read your article about getting into ruts in life, as I have got into a rut myself. I am twenty-four years old and live in a humble home with my parents. My folks are so strict, it is impossible to entertain in our home. Until a year ago I never attended a theatre or knew how to dance and do so now only without their knowing it. I have a very good secretarial position, but am receiving the maximum salary. Living in a mill district, and wanting to make the best of circumstances, I have made friends with the mill working people. They have been very good to me and I have tried to act loyal to them, but do not enjoy their company. I could not think of the boys in a marriageable way—and the girls seem to lack the fineness of manner and ambition that are so admirable. I am restless to advance in life, but do not know which way to turn.

In this situational problem there is nothing to be corrected on the personal side, much on the environmental. The problem will occur more and more frequently as the true opportunities of democracy are appreciated. To be educated,

to have tastes and desires out of one's class, costs something in the way of maladjustment, temporarily; but it is worth it. For this is the road that many have traveled and along it attained the higher satisfactions, though it starts with dissatisfaction.

Nobody can change this environment; fortune may do so. If done fortunately the problem is solved. For thousands of people with problems great and small growing out of an unsuitable environment, have found salvation by breaking away and establishing themselves as they would wish to live. In these mobile, democratic days it is easier to move than under the more rigid social conditions of the past, when so many were fixed in the setting and station into which they were born.

The economic aspect of changing the scene is responsible for the great problems of emigration, from the less promising environments and immigration to the more promising ones. Pioneering and the frontier and the call of the West and the drift toward the cities all show the same motive. Psychological factors play their part. Puritans and Huguenots also found solution in changing the scene.

Changing environments may become too easy and too tempting. It is not always the best solution, and should never be lightly considered. At times it is better to stay and adjust. Yet getting away, being thrown on one's own responsibilities to shape or choose one's environment, is indispensable to a rich independence of character. We chafe and fret in an unsuitable environment; and solution by changing the scene, is often, as in this case, the right route to the right harbor.

Adjustment is the problem of all of us. When the qualities on the basis of which we adjust are at fault, it is in ourselves that the remedy lies; when the situation to which we

must by force of circumstances adjust are the main factors in the maladjustment, it becomes a situational problem. Few cases are purely one or the other; but when one factor dominates, we can give it precedence.

Above all we want and have a right to live with our kind, with those whose tastes and ways of living meet our standards. Nothing is more constantly wearing than to have to adjust to a situation that makes no appeal to our powers of adjustment—indeed, offends as well as thwarts them. We all need stimulation to keep at our best; the environment must supply it.

But if it doesn't and can't, what then? Then we may consider that to some extent we make our environment. Surely there must be in all but the most hopelessly dull communities, some persons with similar tastes to ours, even with similar problems. It would be a glorious bit of philanthropy in the truest sense—the love of one's fellowmen—to provide a means of bringing congenial persons together. With even a single outlet of social intercourse, with some place where one can be oneself, the tolerance for the rest becomes easier. The number of instances in which home is but a shelter and not a congenial center for expressing one's true self are sadly numerous. The clash of tradition as well as the gap in taste is often the source of it; it may be irreconcilably so.

In personal decisions the environment that counts is always the social one, the adjustment to other persons, in whose personalities the ways of living come to expression. Marriage is a most intimate mutual adjustment; and both parties may in their own way be thoroughly worthy and adjustable, but yet so mismated that the change of scene called separation is the only solution. The constant presence of irritations impedes even more than the absence of encouragement. For we need the urge to adjust as well as

the capacity; and where love rules, adjustment will go far to alter one's ways.

The capacity to adjust becomes a factor in meeting the situations that life in a growing environment presents. The changes from school to college, from the shelter of home to being thrown on one's own, from poverty to wealth no less than from wealth to poverty, are all adjustments that test the quality of one's powers. Fortune is a great scene shifter, and from one act to another in the drama we call life, the actor must adjust to his part. Quite as commonly it is not we that change the scene, but the scene that changes and we must change with it. Some, after reverses, have to begin life over again; some change their occupations, or circumstances make it necessary to do so. Change of scene is as often a problem as a solution. Nothing endures forever; times change, we age, loved ones go, homes are broken up, conditions alter. We reflect, as did the Greek philosophers, that life is a flux; we never dip twice in the same stream. Adjustment to changing fortunes plays a leading part in the success of our pilotings. Life is not one voyage but a succession of ventures. Time and tide wait for no man; we must be prepared at every stage to seek solution in change of scene. To recognize the favorable moment taxes wisdom and foresight and avoids vain regrets. Because the scene changes, and because we must ever consider in critical issues the wisdom of changing the scene, does the problem of adjustment acquire its complications.

Solutions by Faith and by Joy

I HAVE emphasized the importance of the psychology of recovery. The art of convalescence needs to be developed. Physicians do not cure; they aid recovery. The healing power of nature is a precept as ancient as medicine. The

same processes by which we keep going are the resources for recovery; and many are the solutions followed by the seekers for the normal life. Again the ancient saying: As many opinions, as many minds, as there are men—and as many solutions of the problem of living as the different tempers and settings of lives. They appear reflected, if sketchily, in these human documents of the stricken seeking the ways of recovery.

I often wonder why you do not recommend spiritual help by means of minister, rabbi or priest. It seems to me that a great deal of trouble in nervous breakdown is caused by lack of faith in one's self—in one's God-given powers. These people have forgotten how to pray—there is not enough joy in their lives. I believe prayer is the creator of joy. "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." It seems that most cases of neurasthenia could be cured through the encouragement of a real spiritual guide (person or book) as well as wise rest and wise work.

Certainly it is an aid to mental fitness, and a mighty one, to feel by whatever faith or conviction you can command, that you are living in a rightly (and if you can add it) a benevolently regulated world, in which you reap what you sow, and that when in distress you can make an appeal to that same spirit of righteousness, however formulated in creed or code. All that is something to live by. Without some conviction that despite the battle and the struggle, there is something worth living for as well as something to live by, a hopeless despair or feeble failure awaits the despondent under nervous stress.

But the psychologist, though he has not one but a collection of lasts, must stick to them, shoemaker or tinker (mender of "souls," according to the ancient pun)

that he is. He may, like the military commander, advise his men to trust in God and keep their powder dry, and be content to be of service mainly in the matter of fit ammunition for the battle of life. Nor does he subscribe to the doctrine that God is on the side of the biggest battalions. The cause determines the morale and that moves mountains.

The psychologist must recognize things as they are. He subscribes without reservation to the doctrine of joy; how to get joy into lives is a problem in which he is anxious to do his part. But the paths of joy are various, and fortunate are they who can use the path of prayer. There is little need to advise that path for those who tread it; for they do so of their own accord. But the psychologist, like all other men, knows many who find their codes and creeds in other directions; so he must speak to and for all.

His central purpose, like that of the shoemaker who sticks to his last, is to fit his advice to the feet of those who wear the shoes on their humble earthly pilgrimages, urging the pilgrims, as they journey, to rejoice and pray at what shrines command their loyalty. It is at times difficult for those of one faith to understand the attitudes and reticences of those of another. Tolerance should come easy to those who must professionally consider and understand all sorts and conditions of men and the rich varieties of human nature.

We are all steering for the same harbor, but trust to different solutions for our troubled situations.

Next in order of discussion is the solution by sympathy. Standing on one's own feet is the order of nature; no one can pilot the life of another. This is as true psychologically as morally, and underlies Lincoln's sagacious utterance, with human slavery in mind, that no man is

wise enough to control completely the fate of another. But we lean, and properly, on others and give and find support in the relation. Solution by sympathy enters into the life of every normal man and woman, and comes to the fore in the psychology of recovery. Yet there is danger, and a real one, in the habit of leaning; the art of sympathy,—the giving of it and the receiving—each as blessed as the other—requires wisdom as well as good will.

The human document that gives me my text, adds so wise a comment that I accept it all.

The splendid sympathy of your diagnosis is fine; but it is only because I have learned the value of spiritual toughness that I am able to keep myself from misusing it. That is my criticism of psychological diagnosis. It is overbalanced on the side of sympathy, and we convalescents are under the constant temptation of sitting down in the gutter of spiritual pauperism.

Spiritual toughness can be kept distinct from hardness and bitterness by the following considerations:

First. It is not directed against others, but against one's self.

Second. It is not an attempt to do without love and sympathy, except when they cannot be had.

Third. It is to be considered as a part of one's fighting equipment, and not as an end in itself.

Fourth. The tender appreciation of the suffering of others which it seems to destroy is probably not genuine sympathy at all, but only a disguised outlet for one's own self-pity.

Fifth. Genuine love, joy and peace are to be looked for by the convalescent at the far end and not at the near end of the struggle.

This is a keen analysis worth pondering over. Unques-

tionably self-pity is a terribly wasting and wasteful emotion. It is a great temptation for all sensitive souls; at the worst it leads to an enhancement, and at best a continuation of one's misery. Courage is the prize virtue for all, and becomes the indispensable one for those who are trying to get back on their feet. Yet that is the double trouble—that with the waning of health the basis of courage wanes also. When you most need it, your condition is least fit to provide it.

None the less, the morale of the uphill struggle is the indispensable equipment. Not apathy, not indifference, nor even the martyr's resignation, but a more active virtue to take the blows, heed them less, and work for the peace and the victory at the end of the trail. Whether we call it spiritual toughness or not, that is the wise policy.

The sympathetic pilot is under temptation to overdo, especially if affected by personal experience of the need of sympathy; for pilots are human, and it is well for them and their passengers alike to remember that redeeming, if limiting fact. Spiritual toughness, like cynical indifference or stoic determination, may also be carried too far, much too far. In the sophisticated world of to-day, in which the solution of rising superior to our own emotional frailties is sought by so many methods of such dubious value, the caution may be made impressive. There is a false attitude toward securing a peace of mind that is not a reflection of too "proud to fight," but of "too proud to admit the continuance of the conflict." A troubled resignation emotionally is as corroding as an unresigned acceptance. What remains vital and normal and should never be lost, through however noble a courage, is the power to give, the capacity to receive sympathy,—

and, yes, even the need of it as a wholesome support and stimulation. To be wholly independent of it is not a wholly normal self-sufficiency.

But the only proper note of conclusion is the normality of content. And on that I have so wholesome and so sprightly a human document, that I give it a welcome place.

Is there anything wrong with a person who is contented? I don't mean lacking in ambition, mentally or physically. When I read the unrest and the longing for details about one's most hidden thoughts, I fear that there must be something backward about me.

I can enjoy a good steak without an X-ray examination of a steer; possibly this is so because as a child I was never "psyched." We were spanked if we didn't listen to reason suitable to the mind of a child. Nothing was ever put out of our reach. If a chair was in our way we had to use instinct to either go around it or get "bumped." We were watched but we did not know it.

We meet life in the same way. This business of thinking that because one forgets his umbrella it is due to either repressed sex impulse or of some great tragedy that has happened in life, sounds like a lot of "hooey." The human mind contains more than umbrellas, and it is conceivable that under the stress of living conditions one might easily forget an umbrella and even one's teeth.

Your writings are not sex-soaked, and they sound quite applicable to one who isn't even a scholar. You don't careen too much one way or the other. The only thing a "contented person" can take in is balance.

Nature puts a premium on the normal. If we depart too much from it, nature steps in and loads the dice in favor of the normal. You can't breed a race of giants by selective mating; the trees do not grow into the skies. If

the great, great majority of persons did not have a tendency to be normal, in mind as well as body, the human race would long since have been a collective nervous wreck. To be healthy and content and go about your business and enjoy life and have no "innards" to speak of, and no complexes, and leave nerves to the nervous, is and should be the common lot.

But the balanced life doesn't mean the insensitive or indifferent life. It isn't that you don't know what fear and worry and grief and indignation mean, that you can't be aroused or excited and depressed and sullen, but that you take all these things normally without exploding or collapsing.

Life is and should be normal for the great majority. The world isn't a clinic, and the doctor's point of view is limited, to say the least. Some of us must have constant contacts with the abnormal and study their kind; for that, too, is part of nature's dispensation. But we must be careful not to get a one-sided view of human nature, either by professional bias or by personal experience.

The psychology of normality is the pilot for the art of recovery; what we wish to recover is our normality. And the normal is in some measure the joyous, or we shouldn't be able to carry on. Solution by joy is the warrant of a happy humanity. There could be no more fitting wish for all sympathetic occasions, as one traveler hails another or says farewell, than: "May you reach the harbor of happiness!"

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